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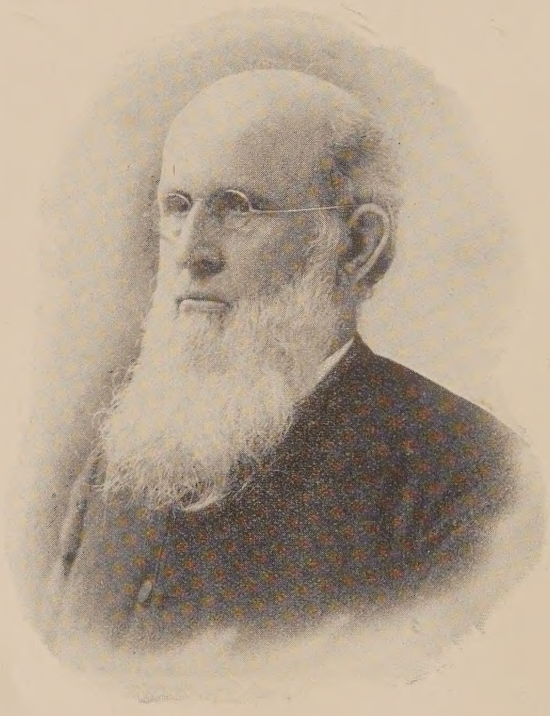

J. H. Moore.

SOME BRETHREN PATHFINDERS

By ELD. J. H. MOORE

Author of
"Our Saturday Night," "New Testament Doctrines," "The Boy and the Man."
Also, Retired Office Editor of the Gospel Messenger

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By J. H. Moore

INTRODUCTION

Eld. J. H. Moore, the author of this book, needs no introduction to the Church of the Brethren. For more than fifty years his name has been a familiar one among the Brethren because of his active connection with our church papers. During all these years there has been a steady stream of church literature from his ready pen. There have been but few men, if any, in all the history of the church, who have more vitally influenced the work of the church. He has been indeed one of the Brethren Pathfinders. As such it is fitting that something of his life should be included in this introduction.

John Henry Moore was born in Salem, Roanoke County, Va., April 8, 1846. In 1850, his parents moved to Woodford County, Ill., and six years later to Cedar County, Mo. Here they were building up a prosperous home when the outbreak of the Civil War made their lives unsafe. They fled hastily, leaving all of their goods behind. They settled in Adams County, Ill. Here our author received some of the meager school advantages of those days. He satisfied his thirst for knowledge by carefully reading many of the best books available in history, literature and religion. At the age of thirteen, while yet in Missouri, he had united with the Church of the Brethren. Here in Adams County, Ill., he made the acquaintance of Eld. George Wolfe, one of the greatest of all Brethren Path-

finders. This acquaintance and experience created in him a great interest in the leaders of the church, which has continued to the present and has resulted in this most interesting volume.

In 1869, while living near Champaign, Ill., Bro. Moore was called to the ministry. Although he had a natural handicap for a public speaker, he studied carefully how to speak effectively. For sixty years he has adorned the Christian ministry with grace and dignity and has faithfully witnessed for the truth. Three years after entering the ministry he sent forth his first pamphlet, "Trine Immersion Traced to the Apostles," probably the most widely circulated doctrinal treatise (now in tract form) ever published by the Brethren. In 1876 he located at Lanark, Ill., where he began what was to be the chief work of his life. He became one of the editors of the *Brethren at Work.* In 1883 when the *Brethren at Work,* having been moved to Mount Morris, was consolidated with the *Primitive Christian* under the name of the *Gospel Messenger,* Eld. Moore became the office editor. For this work he was by nature and preparation most admirably fitted. But before he should do much of it, another experience awaited him.

Because of the health of his family, Bro. Moore moved to Florida in 1884, where he lived seven years. While in the South his first wife died in 1888. Her name was Mary Bishop before her marriage in 1871. To them were born four children, one of whom was James M. Moore, well known to the readers of this

volume. Eld. Moore later married Phebe Brower, daughter of Eld. George Brower of Mexico, Ind. She has been his faithful companion during the most active years of his church service, and now they are spending the evening of their lives at Sebring, Fla.

After the death of Eld. James Quinter in 1888, Eld. D. L. Miller became editor of the *Gospel Messenger.* Eld. Moore was then invited to return and resume his former editorial work. He again became office editor of the *Gospel Messenger* in 1891. For twenty-four years he continued in faithful and efficient service. It is safe to say that during this time he was in closer touch with the Brotherhood than any other man. Those were important days in the development of the church. By his wise direction of the *Gospel Messenger,* both in policy and contents, he was able to encourage progress and at the same time keep the confidence and support of the conservative part of the church. He was one of the most familiar persons at our Annual Meeting. He was not one of the long speakers of that meeting, but many a decision was put in form by his keen thought and ready pen.

Eld. Moore's great service has been largely one of the pen ministry. During his thirty years of active work as office editor of the church papers, he wrote on every subject that was of interest to the church. He possessed what some one has characterized as "the Dunker genius" in knowing what the Brotherhood believed and wanted, and he knew how to express it in writing. With this editorial work he was too busy to

put much in permanent book form. In 1898, he visited Bible lands but expressed his observations only through the *Gospel Messenger*. In 1910 he published a most interesting little volume entitled "Our Saturday Night." This contained some of the best articles that the author had written during the years in connection with his editorial work. His unique way of stating and illustrating important truths made this book both valuable and profitable. In 1914, he published "New Testament Doctrines." This book was not of the usual type of lengthy dissertations but consisted of short, pointed, interesting articles on the fundamental and practical church doctrines.

After the author retired from editorial work in 1915, instead of settling down to an easy life in some Brethren community, he and Sister Moore located in the little town of Sebring, in the woods of South Florida, where there was not another resident member closer than fifty miles. Now there are over two hundred members and four meetinghouses in the one county. While in the South he maintained an active and sympathetic interest in the church publications. He has observed the many changes that have taken place in the church and has often expressed his views in the *Gospel Messenger*. A few years ago he wrote for *Our Young People* an interesting series of autobiographical articles entitled "The Boy and the Man." And now for a full year he has interested the readers of the *Gospel Messenger* with what many consider his

very best writings, "Some Brethren Pathfinders."

Those who have followed the author in this series of articles need no further introduction. The author has made a permanent contribution to the history of the church. Much had already been written about some of these characters before, but Eld. Moore has carefully sifted fact from fiction and has given us authentic information in a way that makes very interesting reading. No other man in the church is so well fitted to do this work. Though he is of more than four score years, his memory is clear and his thought is keen.

He has been a member of the church for more than seventy years. During this time he has known and has been interested in every active leader of the church. No man is more able to put a proper estimate on the worth of a leader and his service than is Eld. Moore. He has been personally acquainted and associated with most of these of whom he writes. He himself belongs to this illustrious company of Brethren Pathfinders. Nearly all of his comrades have crossed the river. We praise God that he has been spared to give us this valuable information about these men of God. We have welcomed the chapters as they have appeared one after another in the *Gospel Messenger*. We now welcome the permanent volume that enables us to read them again and preserve them for the coming generations of the church.

Otho Winger,
President of Manchester College.

North Manchester,
Indiana.

PREFACE

WHILE passing the chapters of "The Boy and the Man" through *Our Young People* one of the leading elders and writers of the North suggested that I broaden out my story sufficiently to take in a wide range of our years of experiences and associations with the outstanding leaders of the Brotherhood for two active generations. I wrote him that our story was for the boys and girls, and that later on we might have something to say pertaining to the part that we were, by the grace of God, permitted to play as a man among men.

After thinking the situation over carefully and praying over it, we decided to have our story appear under the general title of "Some Brethren Pathfinders," and as we advance with the story the reader will soon understand the fitness of the title. Some of the men who are to play an important part in these narratives were indeed pathfinders in civilization, opening up the wilderness of the West, industrial pursuits, education, mission enterprises as well as religious and church activities in general. Through the wilderness land, in things material as well as in fields of mental attainments and religious achievements they blazed the way and generations follow in their trail.

Strictly speaking our story will not be of the reminiscence type, and yet there will be a good deal along that line in it. Nor will it be intentionally and strictly biographical, but rather a moving picture of the dif-

ferent characters named along with their ever changing surroundings. For more than fifty-five years we have been in close touch with our church leaders from the days of Eld. D. P. Sayler, Eld. James Quinter and on down the long line of noble Christian men and women. For practically two generations we have known all of them, and some of them quite intimately. We have witnessed the genesis of every activity relating to our fraternity, have taken an active part in the growth and development of most of them; have seen some of our strongest men, best writers and best preachers, come upon the scene and then disappear beneath the sod of mother earth; we have seen the beginning of every school in the Brotherhood, have watched them in their growth and their trials, and now come to tell you in these chapters a few things—maybe many—that relate to the lives and work of the noble dead, the struggles through which our activities passed, and maybe some of the changes, some for the better, and some not, that have come to our beloved Church of the Brethren.

In tracing the story of the different leaders we find frequent use for the name "Dunkard," the name by which our people have been designated by nearly all of the early historians of the middle west. We employ the word in the American form rather than the German, Tunker or Tunkard. It would appear that in Germany we were first called Tunkers, dippers, and later Tunkards, the "ard" being added to express the

repeated form of our baptism. The reason for this is briefly explained near the close of the last chapter.

Our story, "Some Brethren Pathfinders," was prepared for the *Gospel Messenger* in which it was published, with no thought whatever of making another book, but the demand for the story in book form was so encouraging that its appearance in this form was decided upon before two-thirds of the chapters found their way into the *Messenger*. The volume is now sent forth as a tribute of respect to the religious heroes of the wilderness, along with the leaders in thought and achievements, who have left for the present and coming generation a heritage grand and true in the genius of the Church of the Brethren. We praise God for the part we were permitted to play with them. All honor to the noble dead.

The Author.

September 25, 1929,
the fortieth marriage anniversary of
J. H. and Phebe B. Moore.

CONTENTS

	Page
Introduction	3
Preface	9
Farming and Boat-building	15
Finishing the Boat	20
On the Ohio River	26
Reaching Kentucky	31
Life in Kentucky	36
The First Church in Missouri	41
A Plunge Into the Wilderness	48
Wilderness Life, Joys and Sorrows	54
The Great Earthquake	61
A Church Organized	67
Some Unfaithful Ministers	72
Helping in Civic Matters	79
The Debate	84
The Kentucky Committee	89
Downfall of the Kentucky Churches	95
In Adams County	101
Wolfe's Wide Influence	106
The Grand Old Man	115
Elder Isham Gibson	123
Dr. D. B. Sturgis	131
The Candlestick Removed	138
A Four Hour Sermon	147
Elder William Gish	153
A Group of Pioneer Workers	160
Black Hawk War Times	167

Christian Long 175
Our First Book 181
Annual Meeting Righting Itself 189
Finding an Editor 194
Our First Church Paper 201
The Man Who Stood Foursquare 209
A God Sent Man 217
A Typical Christian Gentleman 225
A Typical Missionary 234
Our First Foreign Missionary 242
Our First Successful School 252
The Man Who Dared to Act 262
A Financial Venture and Success 270
A Coming Leader 278
The Man of Many Values 285
A Defender of the Faith 294
A Wise Counselor 300
The Methodical Man 307
Uncle John Metzger 314
Rocking the Old Ship 324
Breaking With the Brotherhood 332
Lewis W. Teeter 342
A Busy Teacher, Preacher and Writer 349
A Literary Critic 358
Explanatory 364

Some Brethren Pathfinders

Farming and Boat-building

It was early in the spring of 1800, in Fayette County, Pa., on the eastern bank of the Monongahela River, that three men might have been seen hard at work completing a large flat bottom boat. It was at a point about ten miles west of Uniontown, the county seat, a town that was laid out in 1776 but not incorporated until 1796. In the southeastern part of the county is the district known as Great Meadows, where George Washington constructed Fort Necessity in 1754, and where General Braddock was buried after the defeat of his army by the French and Indians in the war of 1755. In fact, it was on historic ground where our three earnest men were employing their time on their well designed boat.

By occupation they were farmers and boat builders, working with their crops in the growing season and building boats when not needed by their farm work. They had been in the county thirteen years, having crossed the great Allegheny Mountains in 1787, coming from the southeastern part of the state. The country was then new and covered with forests in their virgin state. Here and there were small settlements, with now and then an isolated village. The Revolutionary War had closed only a few years before, and

all of the country, much of it in its wild state, extending from the Great Lakes on the north to near the Gulf on the south, and west from the Atlantic to the Mississippi River, was what then constituted the United States of America. Politically speaking, the whole country was in an unsettled condition. The States had secured their freedom, and for a few years there was a very loose form of government. It is said that before Washington took charge as the first President, March 4, 1789, "the United States got on without any national government for nearly six months" (Britannica). Such was the state of affairs when our industrious family decided to leave the well civilized east and cross the mountains into what was then looked upon as the wild and dangerous west.

When this trip was undertaken one of the boys, Jacob, was ten years old, and the other one, George, seven. More than likely the trip was made in a large four-horse wagon, and the distance traveled, over a military road, not far from 250 miles. The venture beyond the mountains, for it was a venture, was not altogether free from danger. The government was not sufficiently organized to insure the protection of life and property beyond the western border of the fairly well settled east. To pass beyond the Allegheny Mountains was to enter the very sparsely settled frontier, and those who made the venture at that early date had to take the risk. But there was something in the make-up of the father of these boys that prompted him to turn

his face towards the wilderness west rather than settle down and give his family the benefits of the civilized community.

By nationality he was a Pennsylvania German, better probably a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and at the time he made this trip may have been not far from forty years old. His ancestors were of German descent, came into the new world at an early date, settled in Lancaster County, and there he was born about 1750. He grew to manhood on a farm, became a member of the Church of the Brethren, then called the German Baptist, but more frequently the Dunkard Church. In due time he was called to the ministry and later ordained to the eldership. Judging from the age of his oldest son, Jacob, born in 1777, we should think that he may have been married in 1776 near the age of twenty-six. His mother tongue was the German, and it was in this language that he did his preaching. He could talk the English, but doubtless depended upon the German for his reading.

Like most enterprising members of his day, that is before the war, he knew about the Christopher Sower publishing house, read his German newspaper, and while it was published kept his almanac hanging on a peg in his log farmhouse. Being a wide-awake preacher, he of course attended some of the Annual Meetings, where he met Eld. Christopher Sower, Eld. Alexander Mack, Jr., and other pillars of the church. Since he spent about seventeen active years of his manhood

among the churches in Lancaster County he became quite familiar with the doctrinal claims of the church, her church usages, and was therefore well fitted for carrying the gospel into new fields. In the course of his rounds it is reasonable to presume that he visited the members at Germantown, worshiped with them, and may have preached for them. It must have been an easy matter for him to see Benjamin Franklin, frequently, and even to be acquainted with him. He doubtless saw Washington a number of times, and saw the day when it was his privilege to vote for him as the first President of the United States. Not only so, but it could easily have been his privilege to look upon and even shake hands with half of the famous signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Then he resided in Lancaster County during the whole period, seven years, of the Revolutionary War, and knew something about the hardship of war times. Of course he took no part in the war save to administer to the needs of the suffering ones. The war time was a dark period with the church, as well as with the colonial states. However, after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown and the close of the war, matters began to brighten up with the Brethren as well as with the country at large. It soon became known that practically all of the country, as far west as the Mississippi River, had fallen to the newly formed nation, and that the best of it would soon be opened up for settlement. This fired the hearts of thousands, and

not a few of them began planning for entering some section of the new and marvelous domain. For the Brethren the day of church expansion was beginning to dawn, and there were those ready and waiting for the call to enter the new Macedonian field, to take with them their families, their wealth and their religion.

In the number, and perhaps well forward in the front rank, was Eld. George Wolfe, the man about whom we have been speaking. Just why he bore the name George we are not at this date fully prepared to say. More than likely his father's name was Jacob, for that is the name he gave his oldest son, and is a name that continues with the descendants to this day. Like most Germans he had been industrious, had accumulated considerable property, had a good German wife, two promising boys, Jacob and George, at least one daughter, and as we have seen, had made his way across the mountains to the eastern side of the Monongahela River, into a locality about forty miles south of where Pittsburgh now stands, which place had for more than fifty years been a military post, under different names, but during the residence of the Wolfe family in Fayette County, was noted as a very disorderly community.

While Eld. Wolfe and his two sons were completing their boat, the building of boats was beginning to assume considerable importance in the little but growing town of Pittsburgh. The place had been incorporated as a borough in 1794 and was destined to become a leading commercial center for goods to be transported

in great Conestoga wagons from Philadelphia and even Hagerstown, Md., and then to be sent by boat—that is flat bottom boats—down the Ohio River and on to New Orleans. At this time, 1800, there were many boats on the rivers leading into the Mississippi and several of them had been built by the firm of Wolfe and Sons. The elder and his boys rushed the work on their boat, for if possible they wished to get started on their trip down the river in the early part of April.

Finishing the Boat

Aside from farming and boat building what has this family been doing all these thirteen years? The father was a minister fully imbued with the missionary spirit, and doubtless did a good deal of preaching. Now and then he came in contact with Indians, but his policy was to deal with them on the William Penn plan, treating them kindly and rendering to each one justice. By some writers he is thought to have been the first Brethren elder to have located west of the Allegheny Mountains. This is probably incorrect, for as early as 1776 we find members owning property in the vicinity of where Meyersdale now stands. In 1784 Eld. Christian Hostetler, his brother John and some others of Lancaster County, purchased over 2,000 acres in this community. Other members had settled there before. This was about forty-five miles east of where Wolfe settled in 1787, and began his work in laying the foundation for what became later known as

the Uniontown church. He doubtless visited the members in Somerset County as well as those in Washington County, about the same distance to the northwest. There were other near-by points where members had located and exerted sufficient influence to fasten their name onto places, such as Dunkards Creek, Dunkards Bottom, and Brothers Valley. While in a way isolated, still he kept in close touch with other Brethren communities and the Brotherhood in general.

Two stories have been published of him, both doubtless incorrect. One is that he was a commissioned officer on General Washington's staff during the Revolutionary War. He was not that type of a man. Being an ordained elder in the church in good standing would preclude the possibility of retaining his official standing in the church in Lancaster County while serving as a military officer. He is also thought to have been the son of Michael Wohlfahrt, a member of the Conrad Beissel faction at Ephrata, Pa. This could hardly be for Wohlfahrt seems to have been classed with the "solitary brethren," unmarried, and therefore left no children. He was born in the northeastern part of Germany about 1687, came to Pennsylvania when thirty-six years old, was baptized the next year and died in the Ephrata Cloister, May 16, 1741, aged fifty-four and nearly five months past, possibly nine years before Eld. Wolfe was born. Furthermore, the name Michael does not appear in the records of the Eld. Wolfe family, while George and Jacob continue to this day.

However, this Michael Wohlfahrt was a very interesting character.

But as work on the flatboat progressed the situation the country over grew daily the more interesting. Washington, the "Father of his Country," had died the year before, John Adams had succeeded him as President and Alexander Mack, aged eighty-eight, was still living at Germantown. The Indians were still making trouble farther west, in parts of Ohio, Indiana and at other points. On the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers boats were going and coming bringing news relating to the conditions all along the rivers from New Orleans to Pittsburgh. The news, some of it at least, may have been months old, but it was news all the same. Past this section where the Wolfe family lived there was a steady flow of emigrants, coming from the east and passing overland seeking homes in the unsettled west, especially in Ohio. Most of them loaded their families, a few household goods and some provisions, into covered wagons drawn by oxen. There was another class that made their way down the Ohio River, aiming to settle in Kentucky or southeastern Missouri. For this class the Wolfe and Sons firm had been making boats. Among the number was Daniel Clingingsmith from the eastern part of Pennsylvania. He made the trip not far from 1795, a few years in advance of the time set for the Wolfe family to start, and it is but reasonable to presume that the Wolfe firm constructed the flatboat onto which he loaded his family

and goods. We are to meet him again in this story. One year later, Dec. 6, 1795, Eld. Christian Hostetler, mentioned above, sold his farm, 216 acres, in Somerset County, and moved to Kentucky. He was an elder in the Church of the Brethren, and he and his sons purchased 1,500 acres of land in Shelby County nearly seventy miles southwest of where Cincinnati now stands. As he had originally come from Lancaster County, Pa., and was well acquainted with Eld. Wolfe, it is but reasonable to feel that the Wolfe firm had something to do with the boat that carried the Eld. Hostetler family to its destination. We are to meet up with this intelligent German family later.

To the Wolfe family things were getting interesting and even exciting. Family after family of members, some of them preachers, had gone down the river and scores in covered wagons were passing day after day. Everyone passing had some news to tell, while letters from those who had already selected homes had much to say about the new and untamed country they had entered. We may consistently imagine that the two young men, Jacob and George, pushed their part of the work with all speed, for they wanted to be off on the exciting trip down the river. They were both fine young men. While they had enjoyed few school privileges still they were well developed physically, strong of body and limb, quick in action, fleet on foot, skilled in the use of the rifle, the fishing rod and mentally alert. Having grown to manhood on the frontier, they were in a

sense the children of nature. George was especially witty, well informed, a real thinker for his age, and argumentative almost to a fault. He did not have access to many books, but what he read he made his own. He possessed a wonderful analytical memory and seldom forgot anything he read or heard. And being a young man of fine physique, of great strength, witty and fearless, he easily became an outstanding leader in his community.

The two young men made a splendid team for handling a boat. For years they had been schooled in making and managing boats on the river. We do not know the size of the Wolfe boat. It was probably twelve feet wide, may have been three feet wider, and near forty or fifty feet long, on the side of which one of the young men may have inscribed THE WOLF. A part of it, as was the custom for such boats, was inclosed and covered so as to protect the family from rain. On it were stored a wagon, some horses, a few cattle, some chickens, household goods, farming utensils and provisions for months. There were rests for long sweeps (oars) with which to propel the boat as needed, and a large steering paddle in the rear. Besides there were long steering poles to be used where the water was not deep.

To step aboard and carefully examine an emigrant boat of this type, just when it had been loaded and everything made ready for the long trip through wilderness stretches, must have been a matter of interest. It

was, so to speak, a floating house that was to be the home of the family for weeks. But by and by all things were ready. It was near the first of April, 1800. The day and the hour had been set for leaving the state and the community to which those occupying the boat were never more to return. For miles around the neighbors were there to see the elder and his family off. He had been preaching to them for years, had solemnized their marriages, helped bury their dead, and had probably baptized not a few of them. It was an impressive occasion, as all such departures were in those pioneer days. There was a brief but pathetic season of prayer, the last song sung, "be with us till we meet again," the farewell greetings, and as the young man of twenty years, standing near the stern of the boat, with his long guide pole in hand, lifted his coon skin cap in special recognition of the group of young people, young men and maidens, who had been his comrades, no one ever dreamed that in the fine make-up of this uneducated youth were the elements and natural gifts destined some day to make him famous, the leader of men, and to give occasion for recording his name upon scores and scores of pages of history, magazines and papers. Amid the tears, the farewell tokens, and the waving of handkerchiefs, the boat was shoved from the shore, guided into the swift current of the winding Monongahela River, and rounding the bend, with its precious cargo, disappeared forever.

On the Ohio River

At the start the course was north, then west, past the present city of Pittsburgh, and then north and west until the Ohio River was reached. The speed of the boat was regulated largely by the swiftness of the stream. There were other boats on the river, many going and some returning. At that period of our history, there were no railroads and a growing traffic was carried on upon the waters extending from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. In a way it was an interesting period of development.

The downstream journey was considered easy enough, but to bring a loaded boat from New Orleans up to any of the points along the upper Ohio was a laborious task often requiring months. At the end of the down trips the boats were often sold, and the lumber in them utilized in constructing buildings. In building their boat the Wolfe family probably had this in view. On reaching their destination they would have lumber enough to erect a fairly comfortable farm building.

We are not advised of the number of persons occupying the boat. It may have been of sufficient size to accommodate another family or two, at least there were in all likelihood other men besides the elder and his two sons. These would have been a help in handling the boat in the spring when the waters were high and the current swift on account of the spring rains

and melting snows. Day after day the boat wended its way southward and westward as flowed the great Ohio River between Ohio and what is now known as West Virginia. There were no cities to grace the banks on either side. Here and there, miles apart, a small village, just a few houses, might be seen. One great almost unbroken forest lined the stream for hundreds of miles. Here and there mountain slopes on the Virginia side came into view, and on the other side were vast stretches of unoccupied, untamed and fertile lands. The scenery, with everything in its virgin state, must have been beyond description—a trip never to be forgotten.

Daily life on the boats as the weeks slipped away was not without its charm and interest. It was anything but monotonous. With the ever-changing scenery the lover of the beautiful and fascinating might have wished that the voyage could go on forever. In the passing woodlands were plenty of deer, wild turkey and other game. An hour on shore with the unerring aim of the rifle of either Jacob or George might easily have meant enough venison or wild turkey for the better part of the week or longer. With a bit of fishing tackle an ample supply of the best of fish at any time was an easy and sometimes an exciting proposition. At one end of the boat, probably the stern, was a low log pen, say five feet square, filled with earth to the depth of eighteen inches, and lined with stone around the edges. Over a blazing fire on this

temporary hearth, the mother hung her cooking pots, and here she, assisted by her daughter or daughters, prepared the daily meals and baked the corn pones to satisfy the craving appetites of the active crew that manned the floating vessel that was her home, her kitchen, her dining room, parlor and sleeping apartments all combined. Or, she may, on leaving her Pennsylvania home, have insisted on taking on board her nice cooking stove, and with that properly installed, she could have done her cooking with more ease and comfort.

With the horses to feed, the cows to milk, and the few chickens to look after, there was constantly a farm-like air about the surroundings. Of course there was no cat on board, for the Wolfe family was of typical German ancestry, and the Germans as well as a lot of other people, did not believe that it meant good luck to move cats. But we naturally suspect that Tige, the family dog, was a most welcome passenger on board the floating "Wolf," but on limited space, and having nothing to chase, and no place to do chasing, he hardly knew what to do with himself. However, several times during the trip he had opportunity to work off some of his doggish energy when one of the young men, out of pure mischief, pushed him overboard just to see him swim, and beg to be hauled aboard again. We say out of pure mischief, for there has always been a streak of clean innocent fun running through the Wolfe family.

At this time Eld. Wolfe was not far from fifty, possibly a little older, and his wife was about the same age. Jacob, the older son, was twenty-three and George, twenty. There was one daughter. (See *Gospel Visitor,* 1853, page 165.) We have no information regarding other members of the family. The young men, whatever number there may have been of them, looked after the management of the boat. Among the household effects there were a few books, not many, and the elder whiled away an occasional hour reading, and especially did he give some attention to his German Bible. The mother, like most of the elderly women of her generation, loved the knitting needle, and while enjoying the constantly changing scenery, seated in her rocking chair, passed many an afternoon hour with her knitting. She did the knitting for the different members of the family as well as for the help. There was the wash day and drying the clothes on a line reaching part of the way across the deck, but no ironing, we imagine. At night the boat must be anchored at some point in still water, possibly tied to an overhanging tree by means of a strong rope. Supper would be eaten, all lights extinguished, the low humming of a German hymn, the evening prayer, and then quiet and sleep for the night.

Such trips, however fascinating, were not without their dangers. Here and there were roving bands of Indians, some wild animals, the panther, the bear and wildcat. Not a few boats were con-

structed with boarded up sides, behind which men could shelter themselves in self-defense, when fired upon from the shore. The Wolf was not likely thus equipped for Eld. Wolfe had found that he could get along with the Indians by treating them kindly. Still, Tige was on deck all hours of the night, and though his eyes might be closed, his ears, dog like, never slept. A bit of noise, so faint as not to reach the human ear, causing a low growl from Tige, would quickly bring the young men from their bunks ready for any emergency. Such was life on the historic Ohio in these early pioneer days, when most of the country west and north of the river was still a wilderness.

By and by, as one day succeeded another, and a week or more had passed, all those on board realized that they were passing between Kentucky and Ohio, the former their proposed destination. Kentucky, though first entered by Daniel Boone in 1769, had after many bloody struggles with the Indians been admitted as a state only seven years before. Jacob and George, like most of the young men and boys, had become intensely interested in the exploits of Boone, the famous Indian hunter. Boone having become dissatisfied with the state on account of the way he was treated in a land deal, had, at the time, left the country and taken up his residence some forty miles northwest of St. Louis.

Of all the vast west gradually opening up for settlement, no section had been more widely and more

favorably advertised than Kentucky. Eight years after Boone and his brave comrades entered the territory, 1777, the entire white population only slightly exceeded 500, and these were found mainly in the eastern part of the state. At the time the Wolfe boat was passing the population, practically altogether by immigration, had grown to over 400,000, while just across the river to the north, not yet a state, was Ohio, that could lay claim to only a little more than 45,000 souls. Finally Cincinnati was reached, then a modest village, eleven years old, where the boat was probably tied up for a day or two, to afford opportunity to rest, lay in supplies and pick up what news was afloat. Thirteen years before the first newspaper in Kentucky, and the second west of the Allegheny Mountains, had been started at Lexington, and some copies of this, falling into the hands of the boat family, would have proven of immense interest on account of the news in general.

Reaching Kentucky

THE boat may have remained at anchor a few days. We do not know how those aboard spent the time, but we are wondering what might have happened if the elder had decided to locate near Dayton, fifty miles to the north, where members from the east were already establishing themselves with a view of building up churches. In fact, there was already an organized congregation in Warren and Hamilton Counties, only a

short distance away. A day or two before the boat had passed within something like a dozen miles of the residence of that real pioneer preacher, Eld. John Countryman, forty years old at the time, who is said to have been the first Brethren preacher to settle in the state. He was born in Rockingham County, Va., and in 1793 had traveled across Kentucky, then crossed the Ohio River and established himself in what is now known as Adams County. Just why Eld. Wolfe did not try to get in touch with some of these members we know not. Had the younger, George, then twenty years old, settled in the Miami Valley, he might, with his marvelous ability, easily have become one of the most influential men in the state. But he who holds the destiny of men and kingdoms in his hands bade the historic family lift anchor and move on.

We are not advised of the second stopping place for the night, but it was doubtless on the Kentucky side of the river, and not more than twenty-five miles from Mt. Eden, Shelby County, the home of an old friend, Eld. Christian Hostetler, who had been for years one of Eld. Wolfe's colaborers in the ministry while the latter resided in Fayette County and the former in Somerset County, Pa. The Hostetlers were well to do people and records say that the father, on Dec. 6, 1795, sold his farm in Somerset County, 216 acres, and moved to Mt. Eden, where he and his sons, some of them Dunkard preachers, purchased 1,500 acres, organized a church and built a meetinghouse in the town,

on the lot adjoining the present residence of Dr. James W. Snider. This was beyond all question the first Brethren churchhouse erected west of the Allegheny Mountains, and the church may have been the first one organized in Kentucky. In a former chapter it was stated that the boat that conveyed Eld. Hostetler and his family down the river to near their Kentucky home may have been built by Eld. Wolfe. This was five years before. But why did not Eld. Wolfe tie up long enough to ride across the country and visit his old friend? We do not know, and maybe he did, but at any rate destiny had the boat continue its voyage.

So far navigation had been attended with little danger, but on reaching the point opposite where Louisville now stands, 130 miles from Cincinnati, the whole family realized that they faced a serious proposition, one dreaded by all those doing business on the river. Here the river has a drop of twenty-six feet in two miles, a wonderfully swift current for large flat boats. For the Wolfe boat it meant every man at his post with poles, sweeps and steering paddle to keep the floating craft rightly headed in the rushing current. To safely steer a well loaded boat through these rapids for two miles was no child's play. It required nerve, skill and strength, but the father as well as the young men was brave, almost daring, and performed the feat with perfect safety to the great relief of a nervous mother.

Another hundred miles and they were where Green River enters the Ohio from the Kentucky side. Now

began the real tug of war, for with sweeps, poles and even ropes handled from the shore the boat must be worked up stream. This called for strength, patience and physical endurance. The destination of the family was Logan County in the southern part of the state and meant a river trip of at least sixty miles and then twenty or more miles by land. But just how far the boat was taken is not known. As there was a great demand for well made river flat boats, the father may have sold it, and then conveyed his goods by wagon across the country. At any rate, we soon find Eld. Wolfe and his family at the end of their long journey, permanently located. Some historians say in Muhlenberg County, while others have the place of residence in Logan County. The evidence seems to be pretty well balanced, but we are inclined towards the latter.

Eld. Wolfe doubtless purchased a farm and settled down to business. He was a well-to-do man, and could afford to have about him the necessary farming conveniences of the times. Having his two sons with him meant farming results a little in advance of the ordinary. While the elder was industrious and enterprising, he was also deeply interested in the work of the church he represented. Just why he selected this part of the state as his field of operations must remain a matter of conjecture. He must have known something about the members who had located here five or more years before he did. Some of them were from Pennsylvania, but most of them had emigrated from

Virginia and North Carolina. The former, of course, made the trip on the Ohio River, while the latter made their way into the state over what was then known as the Mission Road, that is through the Cumberland Gap. In 1775 Daniel Boone, with about thirty men, was employed to open up a road through this famous gap at a point in the Cumberland Mountains where the southeastern part of Kentucky joins Virginia and Tennessee. It was a dangerous undertaking on account of the Indians. Several of the men were killed before the road was completed sufficiently for foot travel and pack horses. It was not widened out and made available for wagons and carts until 1795, or five years before Eld. Wolfe settled in the state. So if any early members emigrated into the state from the south and east, they had to make their way through the mountains on foot and carry their goods and supplies on pack animals. The unavailable condition of the road for wagons before 1795 made the Ohio River route very popular. But after the opening up of the road for vehicles the rush of eastern and southern emigrants became very great. It was after this date that most of our people entered the state.

So far as church work and the planting of churches are concerned our story has brought us to an interesting period. In the next chapter we are to learn something about the churches in Kentucky.

Life in Kentucky

In the southern and middle part of Kentucky, well to the west, is a group of five counties, Muhlenberg, Logan, Simpson, Warren and Grayson, all but the latter joining each other. In these counties, or most of them, we find very early settlements of Brethren, just how early can hardly be determined at this late date. It has been said that as early as 1760 Brethren began locating in Simpson County, in the extreme southern part of the state, and considerably west of the center, and soon after formed an organization. We can hardly understand how a settlement could have been effected in the territory, then a part of Virginia, at so early a date. Even Daniel Boone, the fearless hunter, trapper and Indian fighter, did not venture into the territory until about 1768. With other daring hunters he then spent two years hunting and trapping in the wilds of Kentucky. In 1775 he was employed to cut a bridle path through Cumberland Gap so people could enter the Kentucky region on foot or horseback. But as before stated, the road was not opened up for wagons until 1795. The Indians were so plentiful and overran the territory so thoroughly that Boone and his large party were captured in 1778 and taken to Detroit.

Soon after Boone opened the Mission Road through the mountains (1775) people, some riding, many walking, began rushing into the territory in the very face of danger. Not a few of them were picked off by

prowling bands of Indian riflemen and shot down in cold blood. The historian tells us that between 1783 and 1790, a period of only seven years, about 1,500 white people were either killed or captured. This, of course, does not include the hundreds who were killed during the previous eight years following the opening of the road mentioned above. The sacrifice of life, men, women and children, was terrible. But the country, by land speculators, was boosted up as being something marvelous, and this gave rise to the rush for homes. The grandfather of Abraham Lincoln lost his life in this rush, being shot by an Indian in 1784.

In the early stream of emigrants that flowed into the territory through the Cumberland Gap and down the Ohio River, may have been a few of our people, but not many. Our people were enterprising enough, but being of the nonresistant type they had no disposition to rush onto a veritable battlefield. After 1792, when Kentucky was made a state, matters quieted down and then it was that the Quakers, Mennonites and Brethren appeared in considerable numbers upon the scene. Other denominations were largely represented. In 1781 practically a whole Baptist congregation, on foot and horseback, pastor and all, emigrated from Virginia, holding regular services along the route and entered the state with its original organization, numbering over five hundred. It was called the traveling congregation. Churches soon sprang up all over the state, schools were established and matters were put into good run-

ning shape while the western part of Indiana, mainly so, Illinois and the rest of the great west were yet a wilderness. In the first constitution there was a provision to the effect that no minister should be permitted to hold a civil office. This pleased the Brethren well enough but it went against the grain of preacher politicians in most of the other churches.

After Eld. Wolfe got himself and family fairly established in Logan County, the point he reached in the early summer of 1800, he began to get in touch with the several groups of members in Grayson, Muhlenberg, Warren and possibly Simpson Counties. Any of them was probably within a day's ride on horseback. Eld. Gasper Rowland was the first Brethren minister to preach in the state, date not known, but probably as early as 1795. April 1, 1800, he ordained Joseph Rowland and John Hendricks. The latter lived on a farm in Logan County. We are not advised as to the date when a few of the early churches were organized. The Muhlenberg church, however, was not organized until June 8, 1814, or fourteen years after the Wolfe family entered the state. The organization was effected by Joseph Rowland. There was in this county another congregation known as the Long Creek church, which was organized by Eld. Joseph Rowland Sept. 20, 1826. The church in Warren County was known as the Drake's Creek, and was organized by Gasper Rowland of North Carolina, but no date is given. Judging from the fact that Gasper instead of Joseph Rowland had

charge of the ordination we naturally conclude that it was one of the older congregations in the state, organized sometime before 1800. By Joseph Rowland the Grayson County church was organized Oct. 2, 1814. This congregation later published some of her outstanding principles. The last of this southern group of churches to be organized, so far as we know, and as already stated, was the one on Long Creek, Muhlenberg County, Sept. 20, 1826. In all probability none of these congregations had a meetinghouse for the reason that when a general meeting was called for the western churches, in 1820, it was held in the home of a member named Hoffman, in the Muhlenberg County church, probably the strongest congregation in the state. But here we will leave the narrative of the activities of the Brethren in Kentucky and for a few chapters take up the further story of the Wolfe family and associated circumstances, with the promise of returning to the Kentucky incidents later on.

So far the junior George Wolfe, twenty years old when he entered Kentucky with his parents, has not figured very prominently in this narrative. He is soon to come to the front, and in several chapters play an active, far-reaching and interesting part. In the rush of emigrants from the east into Kentucky, there were many more unmarried men than single women, so that getting wives for the men was a problem. It is said that when young George reached the age of twenty-three there was in his community but one single woman

of matrimonial age, and that her hand was most earnestly sought by two men, one a young lawyer, and the other George Wolfe. The woman was of typical Dunkard ancestry, and so was George, both raised on farms, and this gave the farmer young man the advantage in the contest for the young woman's affections. Well, George won out, so on March 3, 1823, George Wolfe and Anna Hunsaker became husband and wife. This so exasperated the young lawyer that he threatened to give Wolfe a thrashing and told him so. George tried to reason the case with him, saying that Anna had made her choice, that the knot was now tied, and that there was no use in having any trouble over it. Finding that the lawyer would not listen to reason, George told him that if he thought a little spindling lawyer could whip a strong man like himself, he could have the satisfaction of trying it. This settled the matter for all time. Young Wolfe was a man of peaceful methods, almost to the extreme, but he was large enough, strong enough and brave enough to take care of himself and his rights should it become necessary to resort to the physical.

Just where his brother, Jacob, then twenty-six, got his wife we are not told, but both of them, along with young Abram Hunsaker, were ready for some thrilling adventures. In search of homes they were ready to plunge still further into the wild and dangerous west. Leaving them while they work out their plans and get things in shape for the venture, we will go in search of

the Daniel Clingingsmith, who came down the Ohio River five or more years in advance. We are now entering the most pioneer period ever known in the history of the Brethren.

The First Church in Missouri

Daniel Clingingsmith of eastern Pennsylvania, probably Lancaster County, started down the Ohio River about 1795, possibly five years before the Wolfe family made their trip. More than likely, as already stated, the boat used by Bro. Clingingsmith was built by the Wolfe firm, or the former may have employed the latter to help in its construction, as was sometimes the case. At any rate, he got his boat, loaded his goods and family thereon, and after the usual weeks of toil, reached his first destination, possibly in Kentucky, where he gathered information regarding conditions in southeastern Missouri, which at that time belonged to Spain.

A while before this an extensive body of land was given to Major Geo. F. Bollinger for bringing a large number of emigrants from North Carolina and settling them in what is now known as Cape Girardeau County, Mo., about forty miles to the northwest of Cairo. Many of these emigrants were classed as Pennsylvania Dutch, and among them possibly a dozen families of Brethren. They had come from Pennsylvania to North Carolina and learning through Major Bollinger

of the splendid openings for settlers in Missouri, decided to make the change. As the Mission Road, through the Cumberland Gap, was made available for wagons in 1795, it is likely that they made the trip that year, striking the Ohio River at some convenient point and then continuing their way by boat until they reached Missouri. This was the only way to reach their destination with any degree of comfort, as the southern part of Illinois was then a perfect wilderness, with only an occasional settler or hunter. Cairo, as a city, was undreamed of.

A bit later our Daniel Clingingsmith probably continued his journey in the boat that had conveyed him from Pennsylvania. Passing down the Ohio River to where it enters the Mississippi, he made his way up the latter about forty miles and on landing found the North Carolina members opening up farms on Whitewater Creek. Here he finally settled on a 300-acre tract of land that came to him in the form of a Spanish grant. Shortly before the passing of the great Louisiana territory, including Missouri, from Spain to the United States, 1803, Lorimer, representing Spain, made a grant of 300 arpens of land to each of 164 men for services rendered in punishing the Indians near New Madrid, and sure enough the name of Daniel Clingingsmith appears in the list of these 164 men as given in Houck's History of Missouri, Vol. 2, pages 191-2. Being a member of the Church of the Brethren he of course could not serve as a soldier, but may pos-

sibly have served as a teamster, quartermaster or cook. At any rate he got his 300 arpens of land, arpen being the Spanish unit and name for our word acre. This matter of the Spanish grant is mentioned in certain records made by Eld. John Clingingsmith, the son of Daniel Clingingsmith, which records are yet to serve a very important part in this story. In the course of a few years other members came, some by boat down the Ohio River from Pennsylvania, some from Kentucky and others from North Carolina. In this way quite a prosperous settlement was formed on Whitewater Creek, sometimes called Whitewater River. This was in Cape Girardeau County, which in course of time became a very prosperous part of the state.

At this time, near 1800, the whole of Missouri, save a few points near rivers, was one great wilderness overrun by Indians and wild animals. To the south of where the Brethren had settled, fifty miles, was New Madrid, with a population of 780, about which we have something exceedingly interesting to say in another chapter. To the north near seventy-five miles by river, and sixty miles below St. Louis, was the old town of Genevieve, established in 1735 and the first permanent settlement in the state. Here were rich lead mines and great smelting works, where lead was mined and shipped down the river to New Orleans and then across the ocean to Europe. The place had a population of 940. The population of St. Louis at the time was just fifteen less. To the northwest of St.

Louis was St. Charles, with a population of 875, making 3,522 for these four river towns. As there were only 6,028 white people in the entire territory at this date, 1800, it will be seen that there were only a little more than 2,500 for the smaller river settlements, including those in Cape Girardeau County. Not more than a few hundred had found their way into the interior. As early as 1723 an unsuccessful attempt had been made, and a big pile of money wasted, to establish a settlement on the Missouri River in what is now known as Carroll County.

We are telling all this to show how our people, at an early date, ventured into the wilderness west in order to secure homes and lay the foundation for churches. But why, one may ask, did they venture into the extreme southeastern part of Missouri, when it was yet Spanish territory, and contained less than 6,000 white people? There may be several reasons for such a move. In the first place, Major Bollinger was a man of wonderful power and influence, and the way he talked to our people when he visited them in North Carolina, about the productive lands in Missouri naturally stirred their enthusiasm for the west, where land was cheap, climate mild and opportunities unbounded for men of enterprise. Then just to the west of Cape Girardeau County a tribe of friendly Indians had been located. This made the country safe from Indian depredations. Besides, the Mississippi River was to become the great outlet for all products raised

in the immense territory to the north, the west and the east. No one dreamed of railroads in those days, and of course the river was to be the only outlet for the shipment of grain, cattle, minerals and everything else. Scores of rowboats, and even sailboats, were already passing from St. Louis to New Orleans, carrying northern products south, and returning with southern products and imported goods from Europe.

It was a period of wonderful vision, marvelous possibilities, great excitement and tremendous speculative schemes. Development of the country, the improving of river traffic and the securing of settlers from the east and even from Europe was all the talk of the land speculators. Near sixty miles to the north of where the Brethren lived, and on the east side of the Mississippi River, was the then celebrated city of Kaskaskia, established in 1695, which as early as 1735 had a population of fully 6,000. It was then looked upon as the metropolis of the great west, and this long before anyone ever thought of Chicago. Just to the north of Kaskaskia, a short distance, were immense fortifications, costing more than a million dollars. To the place came men of wealth and ladies of fashion. All of this spelled prosperity and coming greatness for the immense Mississippi basin. Well, our people with their simple form of religion were in the very midst of all this excitement and speculation. It was a land of liberty and plenty of land too for everybody, with the great river as an everlasting outlet. Who would

want a more favorably situated country in which to live? Thus they thought and with their ideal religion they worked and worshiped. They looked upon themselves as a highly favored body.

Among the first members in this early Missouri settlement were Peter Baker, John Miller and Joseph Niswinger, all of North Carolina. We have already mentioned Daniel Clingingsmith from eastern Pennsylvania. There were others whose names have not been preserved. The first minister to visit the settlement and preach for the Brethren was Eld. John Hendricks of Logan County, Ky., who formerly came from North Carolina. He seems to have visited the place several times and baptized a number of converts, Isaac Miller being the first one to receive the rite. They were also visited by the senior Eld. Geo. Wolfe, who as noted in a former chapter, had located in Kentucky. He and Eld. Hendricks were closely associated in work among the isolated, and probably did a good deal of traveling together. The distance from Logan County to where the Brethren lived was, as the crow flies, about 160 miles, but by water or along roads, rather bridle paths, such as they had in many sections in those days, was considerably over 200 miles. It is, however, probable that the trips to Cape Girardeau County were made by water, mainly on large rowboats, requiring a week or more at best. This shows the earnestness of these consecrated pioneer preachers. These members in Missouri had no meetinghouse, but

held their services in homes. The first love feast was held in 1810 at the home of Joseph Niswinger, and was in charge of Eld. John Hendricks. This was the first Brethren love feast held in what eleven years later became the state of Missouri, a feast, so to speak, far out in the wilderness part of the United States, in fact, outside of Kentucky, the first feast ever held west of the Wabash River. There was not then even the semblance of a church in the whole territory of Illinois. We are not advised of the number of members at the feast, but judging from certain data to appear in a future chapter, we should think there were about thirty. Bro. John Hendricks was the elder in charge, and probably organized the church at the time of the feast. He was so thoroughly interested in the congregation and so greatly pleased with the country and the general outlook that he soon afterwards began laying plans to dispose of his property in Kentucky and locate in the community. Of this more will be said later.

These members were a happy band of believers, wonderfully favored by nature and grace, and yet in their midst was, to all appearances, an innocent leaven destined to make possible, and necessary, one of the saddest chapters to appear in this series of articles. For the present we will leave them in their contented and prosperous state of grace and nature, while we return to Logan County, Ky., to see what plans have been worked out by the three young men for our next chapter.

A Plunge Into the Wilderness

We now take up what is to be the real vital part of this story, leading up to marvelous results in the history of the Brotherhood, especially the western part of it.

In a former chapter we left young George Wolfe, his brother Jacob and Abram Hunsaker in Logan County, Ky., making preparations for a trip into the wilderness of southern Illinois, which at that time, 1803, was included in part of what was known as the Territory of Indiana. At this point we run up against the most difficult historical problem to be met in this entire narrative. When in 1893 we wrote our extended sketch of Eld. Geo. Wolfe for the Brethren Almanac we had access to but one record dealing with the Far Western Brethren, and that was the one prepared in 1885 by Eld. John Clingingsmith, son of the Daniel Clingingsmith referred to in the previous chapter. This Eld. John Clingingsmith was born in Cape Girardeau County, Mo., March 19, 1815. He was baptized by Geo. Wolfe in 1842, knew his history as no other man aside from the Wolfe family knew it, and died in 1887. Now we have access to other records. One by John Wolfe, son of Geo. Wolfe, born in 1811. Another by D. B. Gibson who knew much of the personal history of Eld. Wolfe. Still another, written from Union County, Ill., in 1904 and published in the *Weekly Inter Ocean,* Chicago, Aug. 31 of that year.

And finally, the History of Alexander, Union and Pulaski Counties, Illinois, a volume of over 900 pages, published in 1883 while many people, well acquainted with Eld. Wolfe, were still living. There are also other records.

As to the time young George Wolfe left Kentucky for the wilds of southern Illinois, these records do not agree, but after weighing the evidence pro and con, and in connection with outstanding historical data, we are inclined to accept the date given in the large well-written history referred to. In fact, this work makes mention of George Wolfe more than twenty-five times and gives him a very creditable and prominent standing in the very early history of southern Illinois. From page 266 we quote:

"In the year 1803 . . . the first white settlement was made in the territory now comprising Union County. This feeble colony thus braving the wilds, the dense forest and its almost impenetrable undergrowth, consisted of two families, namely, Abram Hunsaker and George Wolfe. They had come down the Ohio River and up the Cache, hunting and fishing, and finally started on an overland route, intending, it is supposed, to strike the Mississippi River and ascend the same to the settlements of Kaskaskia and Cahokia. These wanderers encamped one night a short distance from where Jonesboro now is, and the next morning the men found that they had to replenish their meat supply, and they shouldered their guns and in a few

minutes killed a large and fat bear, and in a little while after getting the bear they added a fine turkey gobbler to their store. They were so delighted with the land of plenty, both of game and excellent water, that they concluded to rest a few days, and before the few days had expired the men were busy at work building cabins in which to house their families and make this their permanent home."

The writer then goes on to pay quite a compliment to these two men, who were not only the first white settlers to enter what is now Union County, but lived here quite a while, two years or more, without seeing other people. Then follows a record of this, that and the other one until a desirable and prosperous community was formed. The report, however, published in the *Inter Ocean* says that the men, after camping one night, became so well satisfied with the country that they erected cabins and then sent for their families, but John Wolfe, son of George, says his father did not locate in Illinois until five years after he was married, that is in 1808. So here we are up against these published records.

To our way of thinking the story resolves itself into something like this: Sometime after George Wolfe, twenty-three years old, was married in March, 1803, he and his brother Jacob, three years older, along with Abram Hunsaker, talked matters over and decided on looking beyond Kentucky for a place of residence. They had heard of the wonderful prosperity of the

country around Kaskaskia and Cahokia, where more than half of the white people in Illinois Territory were then living, and decided on looking into the situation. So it was decided that George and Abram should take a hunting trip up through southern Illinois and, if practicable, pick out a good place for a settlement, nearly all of the country at the time being a perfect wilderness, abounding in wild animals, and from which all of the Indians had but recently been driven, though still somewhat exposed to Indian raids from southwestern Kentucky.

Having thus decided the two young men, strong and resolute, fitted up their boat, supplied themselves with plenty of ammunition, good guns, some provisions, a few tools, in fact a regular hunter's outfit, including trap, and started down Greene River, then down the Ohio River until they came to the mouth of the Cache River, and up that they pushed the boat, through forests almost as dense as a jungle, always camping out of nights. Having gone up the river as far as seemed advisable, they hid their boat in some nook, then started out on foot, guided alone by their sense of direction. And by the way, George possessed a faculty for direction almost as unerring as the compass. Day or night, on the great prairies or in the dense forest, he never lost the sense of direction. This made of him, as he was, a typical hunter and guide. But here we have these two young hunters, within less than two miles of where the town of Jonesboro, the county seat

of Union County, now stands, feasting on bear meat and wild turkey, the only two white men in all the wild untamed region round about. Here our historian, as quoted above, finds them in the fall of 1803, constructing two log cabins, a fine winter job. The logs had to be cut, brought together, notched at the ends and put together in order. Clapboards for roofing had to be split, punching split and dressed down for the floors, fireplace built and plastered with clay, and all this done without the driving of a nail. It was primitive work for sure. With an ax the logs could be cut and notched. With a frow the clapboards could be split, and in the absence of a drawing knife, smoothed a bit with the ax. Any place a nail was a real necessity a hole could be bored with the auger, and a pin, whittled out with the ever present jack-knife, driven in. With these few simple tools the pioneer could construct his log cabin without paying out one cent of money, and this is just what Wolfe and Hunsaker had to do. They had no horses, no mules and no oxen. Everything had to be prepared and brought together by main strength.

While constructing their cabins, clearing and fencing a few acres of ground, they lived month after month on the wild game they shot or trapped and the nuts found beneath great hickory nut and walnut trees. Then there were hazelnuts in abundance. No better nut ever grew than the large shellbark hickory nut. After a heavy fall frost a bushel or two might

easily be picked up inside of a few hours, and the nuts would keep in good condition for a year. Of course, they had no bread of any sort, and could not have until a crop of corn could be raised from the few grains they carried with them for that purpose. Like the common run of pioneers, they learned to regard the rather dry meat of the wild turkey as their bread. They needed more ammunition, powder and lead, than anything else, and with this they amply provided themselves before leaving Kentucky. With lead they could make their own bullets. They probably used ammunition solely on large game, bear, panther, deer and wild turkey, and being good marksmen made every shot count, so as to make their supply of powder and lead go as far as possible.

They had no use for money, for there was no one to pay it to; had no occasion to purchase anything, and no place to buy things even if they so desired. They had no neighbors, did not see a human being inside of a year or more. There was no tax assessor and of course no tax collector. The two men had to provide for their living as the days, weeks and months passed. Their clothing, from head to foot, was made by themselves from the skins of the wild animals they killed. A few good bear skins made a splendid mattress and covers for a rudely constructed bed in one corner of a cabin. They had no books to read, no papers, no magazines, no letters to write and received none. In all this time young George Wolfe had no word from

the young wife he left in Kentucky, nor could she hear from him. She simply knew that he was somewhere in the great dense forest of Illinois Territory, dead or alive, she did not know which, and that it might be a year or even more before she could have the pleasure of greeting him. She was a brave woman and had faith in George.

But candidly, why all these privations, experiences and hardships in a vast wilderness cut off from friends, relatives and even common civilization? It is simply a process, under the management of God and nature, for the making of a marvelous preacher, different of course from the present day college and university method.

Wilderness Life, Joys and Sorrows

HERE are two young men, George and Abram, at work on their primitive cabins in the dense and trackless forest of southern Illinois, and that too without a neighbor within a score of miles or more. But some one asks, "How could they, without anything to read, pass the long winter nights?" By the light from the blazing fire in the fireplace they could spend hours making the moccasins needed. These were made of deerskin. Trousers and coats were made of the same material, using finely cut strings, made from buckskin, for thread. There were nuts to crack, walnuts to hull, and by the fire they hung thin strips

of meat to dry. They found plenty to do, and had things to talk about. Of course they did not know what was going on in any part of the world outside of the small circle constituting their hunting grounds. They had no matches and in fact they did not need them. With a piece of flint, the back of a good knife blade and some punk, found in the woods, they could make fire. And by means of punk they learned how to carry fire in their pockets a whole day at a time. The pioneer man may not have been educated, as we speak of education, but he had brains and knew how to make use of them in meeting the conditions of his day and generation.

These young men were located about forty miles north and a bit to the west of where the city of Cairo now stands. Building cabins, clearing and fencing a couple acres of land, with a few tools they had, and picking up their own living at the same time, was a slow process, but with them, days, weeks and even months did not cut much of a figure. The thought of a home for the family nerved them to the task. But in due time things were worked into living shape, and in some way they got in touch with their families and friends. Possibly by use of the boat they had kept at a safe place they made their way back to Kentucky and then began the preparations for moving. Just how long this took can not be even imagined. On a boat of some size they might have made their way along the watercourse they had traveled before. They needed

more tools, some living supplies, some cattle, a few oxen, so as to do some farming and work into the cattle business, for be it remembered that they were the first and only settlers in a section of the country large enough for one entire county. With this in view it is more than likely that the move was an overland trip, crossing the large streams where there were ferry conveniences, and on reaching the Illinois side of the Ohio River they might have followed the old buffalo and Indian trail, as it wound its way through dense forests and across wild prairies. Working their way over such a route would have been a long and laborious task, but somebody had to do the thing for the first time. To accomplish all this, getting ready for the journey, and practically hewing their way to their cabins in the wilderness may have occupied months, or even a year, so that John Wolfe, son of George Wolfe, may not have been far out of the way when he said his father settled in Union County five years after he was married. Jacob Wolfe and family seem to have been in the group, and however long it may have taken to make the trip it was full of interest, adventures and experiences. Here these people, all of Dunkard ancestry, lived for a year or two without neighbors. John Wolfe, born in 1811, always claimed to have been the first white child born in that part of the state. It will be observed that in this part of our narrative we have pieced together the different stories that have come down to us, believing that there is more or less truth

in all of them, however much they may seem to differ.

The home of George Wolfe was about three quarters of a mile southeast of the limits of Jonesboro, the other two making selections near by. The first man to settle in the community, besides these three, was a man by the name of John Grammer, and of him it is said that no correct history of Illinois can be written without something being said about John Grammer, the rough diamond, hunter, trapper, justice of the peace, member of the first legislature, state senator, dressed in buckskin, much of the time barefoot, who could neither read nor write, yet was eloquent, a marvelous influence in legislative halls and a terror to every politician opposing him. Aside from his own kindred he was George Wolfe's first neighbor, both in their early days of the unpolished and ready type. They probably lived on adjoining farms.

Later other families came. They had heard of the new settlement and decided to cast their lots with the hardy pioneers who were first to spy out the country. Some of these emigrants were from North Carolina, coming by way of Kentucky, while others from the east had made their way down the Ohio River in boats. While the community was thus growing the people did not feel themselves entirely free from danger. Indians would now and then visit the country. As late as 1812 ten crossed the river from southwestern Kentucky and inside of a few hours massacred a number of lone settlers, and this, too, in such a cruel manner as to leave

the mother of an unborn child dead, and the infant impaled on a stake. There were also dangers from wild animals and the possibility of getting lost in the vast stretches of dense forest, to say nothing of exposures to be endured. Just a few years before Wolfe and Hunsaker began work in the woods a colony of 126 persons from Virginia, who had made their way down the Ohio River, landed on the Illinois side and undertook to make their way across the lower point with the purpose of reaching a location a short distance above Kaskaskia. The distance they had to travel, mainly through dense forest, 135 miles, required twenty-six days, and so great was the suffering on account of exposure that within a few months after reaching their destination more than one-half of the little colony was dead.

News of such disasters was carried back to the state whence these unfortunate emigrants came and for the time being had a tendency to check the rush of men and women into a veritable wilderness. But this is only a sample of what had to be endured by the advance pathfinders of civilization. Only the brave and hardy men and women dared face the obstacles. Cairo had not even been thought of. Kaskaskia, the largest city in all the west, of 6,000 or more souls, was seventy miles to the northwest, and no road to the place. Thirty or more miles away were a few points on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers where a small amount of goods might be secured in exchange for the pelts of

wild animals killed by the settlers. As late as 1812 women were still grinding corn with a hand mill for the meals needed day by day. Of the young women one historian says that none of them played on the piano, but they made music with the spinning wheel. They planted cotton, cultivated it, picked and ginned it, wove the cloth and made their own clothing. They early learned to be strong, healthy, brave and industrious.

But while thus enduring the hardships and the joys of a frontier life, along with bidding a hearty welcome to every newcomer, something happened that filled every heart with sadness in the Wolfe settlement. In former chapters we told how Eld. George Wolfe with his family made his way down the Ohio River on a flat bottom boat and how he located with other members of the Church of the Brethren in Kentucky in 1800. There we left him going from church to church preaching the Gospel. He seems to have been a man of ample means and was in a position to give much of his time to mission work. He was closely associated with Eld. John Hendricks, formerly of North Carolina, but living at this time probably in the congregation where Eld. Wolfe held his membership. They both visited the little body of members in Cape Girardeau County, southeastern Missouri, as well as the friends who had located in Illinois. These trips were always hard ones, requiring days of travel and much exposure, with scant accommodations. How many trips he made

to the homes of his two sons, Jacob and George, we know not, but going by way of the members in Missouri, then to the north by way of Kaskaskia, and then planning to make his way across the wild country to his children, he undertook the long and dangerous journey just once too often. This was in 1809. For that day he was considered rather an old man, possibly sixty, for such a long and lonely trip, with all of the attending exposure and privation. But on reaching Kaskaskia he was taken down with typhoid fever, and just how long he lingered we are not told, but long enough, doubtless, for one of his sons to reach his bedside. But here he was far away from his wife and other kindred, in one of the strongest Catholic communities on the Western Continent. He was a devout man, a typical pioneer missionary, willing to spend and be spent in the interest of his Master's work.

Had he any friends in Kaskaskia? He certainly had. However, we imagine that his younger son George and Abram Hunsaker, comrades in hardships, had hastened to his sick chamber, and that everything possible was done to save the life of the earnest and efficient minister and elder. The fever had too strong a hold on him, so surrounded by those who had so tenderly administered unto him, he fell asleep in Jesus, and that too without seeing either of his two sons in the church for which he had surrendered his all. So his mantle was wrapped about him, and in a lonely grave in the near-by cemetery, he was laid to rest, be-

ing the first Brethren elder to die and be buried in what we now know as the state of Illinois, and probably the first member of the church to pass over any part of her soil. Could he have lived four years longer, and then could have known what happened on behalf of his sons, in their new homeland, his heart would have been filled with joy unspeakable. Of this we are to be told in another chapter, and not of this only, but of the most remarkable occurrence known to the history of the great, far-famed Mississippi Valley. All of this as environment is leading up to the making of a man blessed of God and honored by men.

The Great Earthquake

Our story has brought us to the year 1811 when Kaskaskia on the river of the same name, and near where it empties into the Mississippi, was the seat of government for the Territory of Illinois. At this date the population of the entire territory was just a little in excess of 12,000 and more than half of the people lived within twenty miles of the capital. But as the year was drawing to a close something startling happened. In fact, two things took place, one belonging to nature and the other to art, one the work of Providence through nature, and the other the work of man.

Far-seeing men, men of wealth and business, had reached the conclusion that the great Father of Waters

and all the other rivers entering it, were to become the wonderful arteries of commerce for the central part of the nation. They reasoned that on these rivers could be carried all the possible products of the soil as well as the products of industries of every type, and that to be located near one of these rivers meant to have an unsurpassed market outlet for all time. To this end speculation in lands for colonization and the laying out of town sites were moving up to the high water mark. Boats by the score were appearing upon the rivers, all however, propelled by long oars and sails. It was a free game for everybody who felt disposed to own and handle a boat, large or small. The boats carried the produce of the land down to New Orleans, to be shipped abroad, and returned with the products of other lands. To those wishing to travel it was certainly an easy, though not a rapid way of going. To the man of vision it meant the ushering in of an age of marvelous industry.

But early in December, 1811, a steamboat, the New Orleans, was launched at Pittsburgh, Pa. It was the first steamboat to plow the western waters. Down the Ohio River it came, puffing, whistling and lashing the water. The news of the river monster traveled faster than the "fire boat," as many called it, and here and there the banks were lined by people, some of them coming quite a distance to see the floating craft go by. To all of them it was, of course, the opportunity of a lifetime to look upon the first steamboat to venture

out upon the great waters of the untamed and in part the unexplored West. On December 18, just as the boat was entering the waters of the Mississippi River, occurred the greatest and most remarkable earthquake ever known in the history of the country east of the Rocky Mountains. Those on the boat could see the trees waving and nodding in the absence of wind. Some trees would bend half way over, then spring back again. The earth rose and fell like laboring in great pain. Islands disappeared and others came upon the scene. In places the earth opened and streams of water and mud rose to a great height. At one great upheaval the waters of the Mississippi River were seen to run up stream only to come rushing back a bit later. Day and night the convulsions continued. At New Madrid, on the Missouri side of the river, and a short distance south of where Cairo now is, a large tract of land, timber and all, sank to a considerable depth, forming a lake sixty miles long and from three to twenty miles wide, and now in sailing over the waters of this lake one is astonished at beholding, far below, gigantic trees in great numbers, all looking like a mighty water covered forest, miles and miles in extent, constituting one of the most remarkable under water scenes on the American continent. For three days the earth and waters heaved and groaned and sometimes roared like the sound of heavy artillery. Some of the boats on the rivers were sunk, others were tossed out on the shore and many lives were lost, and a vast

amount of property destroyed. The steamboat lived through it all, and continued her course down the river.

The disturbance, however, continued more or less for six months before everything in nature quieted down. The incident caused an immense sensation in all the adjoining sections and gave rise to many fears, some theories and a bit of superstition. Some of the more superstitious said that this thing of trying to run a boat by "bilin' water" so greatly displeased God that he, in this earthquake, gave proof of his disapproval of such business. With the two things happening on the same date, the credulous had what seemed to them a self-evident point that they made use of in conversation as well as in the pulpit, for all there was in it.

But it is an ill wind that blows no good, and it is right here that we come to the real turning point, for good, in our far-reaching story. The excitement resulted in a wonderful religious awakening all over the country. It spread to every settlement and into every town. The preachers took advantage of the conditions and people of every grade were swept into the churches by the dozens. In the Wolfe community a Methodist minister held a revival, probably in the spring of 1812, and many of the settlers, most of them being of Dunkard parentage, applied for membership. Among the number were George Wolfe, then thirty-two, his wife, his brother Jacob and his wife, fourteen in all. George Wolfe was naturally of a religious turn, but very ar-

gumentative and a man of decided views. The preacher at once organized his converts into a class and appointed Wolfe as class leader. Agreeable with the rules of the Methodist Church they were to meet regularly for worship and the study of the Scriptures. In due time the new leader had his class assemble at one of the homes. He had no experience in such meetings and therefore had to map out his own course.

The first thing he did at the opening of the meeting was to address his people about as follows: "Brethren and sisters, we are now organized into a church. I have pondered and prayed over this matter, and I conclude that if John Wesley is the savior we are all right, but if Jesus Christ is the Savior we are wrong." It is said that this laconic speech from the young leader filled the hearts of the other members of the class with amazement. They hardly knew what to think of such an abrupt way of approaching a matter needing consideration. But some of them were thoughtful enough to say: "Christ is our Savior," and then asked, "But what shall we do?" Then it was that Bro. Wolfe said: "Let us send to Kentucky for a Dunkard brother to come and baptize us." This pleased all of them, and to it all agreed. In the assembly was a young man about twenty-four years old named Hunsaker, probably Jacob, a brother of Wolfe's wife, and with him it was arranged that he should go to Kentucky for a minister. The trip was a long one, and meant not less than a week, or even more on the road. The meeting

closed with a happy feeling on the part of all, for they felt sure that they were doing the right thing. They had been brought up in the faith of the Brethren, had heard the doctrine preached time and again, but being separated from the church, far out in the wilds so to speak, they hardly knew what would be for the best. The two Wolfe brothers had buried their father just three years before and that led them to thinking. Then the awful convulsion of the earth, when it at times would seem that everything might go to pieces right under their feet, had awakened a religious feeling in the hearts of the rest. They appreciated what the traveling evangelist had done for them, but somehow it did not appeal to them as just the right thing. It was not in keeping with what they had been taught. But now since they were sending for a preacher of their way of thinking, their hearts were certainly filled with gratitude. The next morning, or as soon as he could get ready, our young man starts for a minister of the Gospel, surely a God-sent messenger.

A Church Organized

THE coming of the minister, his preaching and the baptizing to take place in the near-by stream soon, became the talk of the sparsely settled community. Whenever two or more met, at the cabins or on the road, something was said about the meeting, the time to be arranged for after the arrival of the preacher. George Wolfe, the appointed class leader, and the outstanding public-spirited man of the settlement, was taking the lead in making the necessary preparations for the place of meeting. It may have been the point where the Methodist preacher had held his revival.

Everybody soon learned that young Hunsaker was on his way to Kentucky. A considerable part of the route lay through sections that were still in the wilderness stage, with only here and there a small settlement and not even the semblance of a village until the Ohio River was reached, and then after crossing the river on a ferry boat a long ride to near the middle of Kentucky. His people would hardly be looking for his return short of ten or more days, but to the surprise of everybody, after an absence of only a few days he returned, accompanied by the preacher, Eld. John Hendricks. They had met on the road, Eld. Hendricks being on a visit to his friends in the territory, for he had a number of friends in the Wolfe settlement. The meeting of the two men was a surprise to each, and after the necessary explanation there was much rejoicing.

This Eld. Hendricks was another typical pioneer preacher. As a missionary he was just the type of a man for the wild and thinly settled west. He was then not far from sixty-five years old. He was born probably in Pennsylvania or Maryland, emigrated to North Carolina in an early day and from there he moved into Kentucky. While yet in North Carolina he was ordained to the eldership, April 1, 1800, by Casper Roland, another typical pioneer missionary. He knew the Wolfe family when they lived in Kentucky, and had probably visited Jacob and George Wolfe, some of the Hunsakers and others in Illinois a few times, so on this special occasion he was not an entire stranger to the people of the community. But the news of his arrival was soon carried to every settler within reach, and on the day appointed for the meeting everybody was present. Even John Grammer, the rough diamond, uneducated politician, George Wolfe's neighbor, dressed as usual in his buckskin suit, was doubtless on hand.

Eld. Hendricks never had a more attentive audience. It was a case almost like that mentioned in the tenth chapter of Acts, where Cornelius, his kinsmen and near friends awaited the coming of Peter, the preacher sent for, who was to point out to them the way of salvation. We have no information regarding the text for the occasion and the subject treated, but the Brethren preachers of that day were no men to shirk duty or sugarcoat their sermons for the sake of a little

popularity. They knew the gospel and then they knew how to present it so people could understand what it meant for them. So after the close of the services the entire congregation repaired to the bank of Clearwater Creek, where there was plenty of clear water and a good place to administer the rite of baptism. There were fourteen men and women to be baptized. None of them were in their teens. All were people of mature age, and knew what they were taking upon themselves. A season of prayer at the water edge, and then the elder entered the stream, leading George Wolfe by the hand. George was tall, well proportioned, strong, a fine specimen of real American manhood. The elder had him kneel, then after taking his confession, renouncing Satan and the sinful pleasures of the world, and promising to live a life of obedience until death, proceeded to administer the rite, immersing him into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Then came the consecration prayer. One by one all the others were thus baptized.

The occasion was an impressive one, exceedingly so. It was the first baptismal service for the Brethren in Illinois, and the first time that many of those present ever saw baptism administered by trine immersion, and yet if John Wesley had been present, and had been requested to administer the rite, that is just what he would have done, for of him it is said, in Moore's life of Wesley, Vol. 1, page 425, "When Mr. Wesley

baptized adults, professing faith in Christ, he chose to do it by trine immersion, if the persons would consent to it, judging this to be the apostolic method of baptizing." Eld. Hendricks might have told the audience this, and for aught we know he may have done so. He could also have told them that the threefold immersion held a very important place in Christendom, for of every ten persons immersed, taking it the world over, nine were baptized by trine immersion and one by single immersion.

After holding a few more meetings, comforting and instructing the new converts, Eld. Hendricks left for his Kentucky home, but in the course of several months returned and proceeded to effect an organization. When it came to holding a choice for a minister, George Wolfe stood out against it strong, saying, " I have looked over the brethren carefully and I conclude that there is no one of us qualified for the ministry." And when chosen it took some plain talking on the part of the elder in charge to induce him to accept the call and take up the work. He probably received the unanimous vote of the other members, and had their perfect confidence. This made him the first and only resident Brethren minister, save one, in the vast region west of the Wabash River. At the same meeting, and the same time, his brother Jacob and George Davis were installed as deacons, thus placing the little congregation in good shape for work. Eld. Hendricks was doubtless retained as the elder, and had intended

to return shortly and ordain George Wolfe, but he died the following spring, so it was arranged for Eld. Adam Hostetler of Shelby County, Ky., to come and complete the work. Some writers say it was John instead of Adam. We are strongly inclined to think it was Adam, as we have no record of a minister in the large Hostetler family by the name of John. In the family there were Abraham, Adam, Christian and Joseph, all ministers, living near Eden, Shelby County, Christian being the father of the two first named, and Abraham the father of Joseph, the "boy preacher." On this mission Eld. Adam Hostetler was accompanied by a young preacher about twenty-three years old, known as Peter Hon, or Hahn, a talented young man of whom more will be said later on. The ordination, however, was in charge of Eld. Hostetler, a minister with whom Wolfe became acquainted while living in Fayette County, Pa. The Jacob Wolfe mentioned above was the father of the George Wolfe who, in course of time, emigrated to California.

This ordination service took place in the spring of 1813, when Eld. Wolfe was thirty-three years old, and only about one year after he was baptized. It will thus be seen that in these early years of pioneer work the Brethren could not be charged with being slow about fully equipping ministers of little experience, when necessary, for the work entrusted to them. Here was a properly organized congregation of fourteen members, far out in the wilderness, so to speak, and

every one of them, preacher and all, young in the Christian experience. We do not recall another like instance in the history of pioneer mission work. But under the circumstances that was just the right thing to do. The little band of believers, while in the very flush of their first love, was put in shape to take care of themselves, and to push out in the Lord's work. Most assuredly the hand of the Lord was in all this as we shall see in the further development of this story.

Some Unfaithful Ministers

Eld. Wolfe seems to have demonstrated marked ability as a religious leader almost from the very start. The little band of believers had been entrusted to his care and he fully realized the responsibility resting upon him. As the years of experience came to him he grew in favor with God and man. Historically speaking he was, in company with his friend Abraham Hunsaker, the first man on the ground, struck the first ax in the interest of the settlement, and was now the only resident minister in the community, in charge of the first organized church to come upon the scene, ready to preach the Gospel, to baptize believers, to solemnize marriages and help bury the dead. He appears to have been a man of ample means, industrious, economical, a thoroughgoing business man, farmer and stockraiser. He is also said to have studied medicine, political economy and other things that enter into the development of state and church. In other words, an

all-around community man, just the sort of a man needed in a new, undeveloped country.

He had from early manhood known much about the Bible, especially the New Testament, and was well acquainted with the history as well as the faith and practice of the Brethren. Following his conversion he got down to study. He was always a close thinker and a natural logician. Into his community moved members from other parts, some from Kentucky and others from the eastern states. Not a few were received by confession and baptism, and as the year came and went the church grew in size and influence.

Eld. Wolfe took a broad view of his mission as a leader. He visited and did some preaching for the Brethren in Kentucky, 150 miles distant. To the southwest of his home, forty miles, and on the other side of the Mississippi River, was the small band of members, mentioned in a former chapter. This little group had been cared for by his old Kentucky friend, Eld. John Hendricks, who had died in the spring of 1813, just as he was getting ready to move with his large family to Missouri. His family, however, made the change of location and in the number was a talented son named James. It is altogether probable that James may have moved in advance of the rest of the family, for we find him in the ministry at a very early date, maybe before George Wolfe was elected and installed. At any rate, Bro. Wolfe visited these members, and on Saturday, Oct. 17, 1818, ordained Bro. James Hen-

dricks to the eldership. The two became very close friends and visited each other quite frequently. They were both good preachers, prudent elders and watched over their flock with fatherly care. As a result there were two ideal western churches well lined up with the faith and practice of the Brotherhood save in the method of observing some of the love feast institutions. The two churches also had a good standing with the Brotherhood as we shall now see.

Just about the time of the ordination of Eld. Hendricks, or possibly before, something happened. And right here the historian has a task in trying to harmonize dates. Our early writers were not always dead sure about their dates. In a former chapter we said something about establishing a church in Shelby County, Ky., near seventy miles southwest of Cincinnati. The leaders in the movement were of the Christian Hostetler family, three of them preachers at the time. This was as early as 1795. After getting his sons well located on farms, the father, Christian, moved into Ohio. We have also noted that Adam Hostetler, accompanied by Peter Hon, went to Illinois and ordained Eld. George Wolfe. Right after this, these two brethren, Hostetler and Hon, along with others, got to preaching strange doctrine. This came to the ears of one of our Annual Conferences and it was deemed proper to appoint a committee to visit the churches in Kentucky, and, so far as practicable, remedy the situation. The strange doctrine had such a misleading in-

fluence as to draw that godly man and fine pioneer preacher, Eld. Joseph Rowland, into the meshes. The committee appointed for this was composed of Samuel and John Leatherman, George Wolfe and James Hendricks. This committee called the Kentucky members together, one writer says in 1816, may have been later, and after hearing the complaints, rendered their decision, which resulted in the expulsion of Adam Hostetler and Peter Hon, and would have included Joseph Rowland but the members of his own congregation pleaded so earnestly for him, and he made such a satisfactory confession, that he was retained in the ministry and later on was restored to the eldership.

As a result of this action the work in Shelby County commenced going back so far as the influence of the Brethren was concerned. Hon was a very able preacher, just in the prime of his coming manhood, and a man who had a marvelous influence over his congregation, having the faculty of reaching and arousing the feelings of those listening to him. Associated with him was a young man, Joseph Hostetler, the son of Abraham Hostetler, the "boy preacher," eloquent, talented and influential. He is said to have been the leading spirit in destroying the Brethren interest in Shelby County, and in course of time we find the whole Hostetler family of the community in the Christian church. Hon continued changing from one theory to another, doing much preaching in Highland County, Ohio, where he made quite a short-lived stir, but fi-

nally died a disappointed and unsuccessful old man, near eighty years old. Had he and Joseph Hostetler, both men of fine ability, remained true to the church and her principles, they might have easily become the outstanding leaders of the Brethren in Kentucky, been the means of building up many churches in that state, and then passed into history as worthy of honorable mention. But to this they would not consent. They declared that the Lord's Supper, as observed by the Brethren, was nothing but the Jewish passover, and then adopted single immersion for baptism, thinking that by dropping some of the Brethren practices and taking up with the popular idea of the single backward action in immersion, they could sweep the country. To these they added other grave departures, and so completely failed in their efforts that their names are now practically forgotten.

Under the circumstances there was but one logical thing to do, and that was to unfrock them, and since they would not agree to abide by the decision of the committee and the rulings of the Brotherhood, to withdraw fellowship in full. The facts regarding the appointment and personality of this committee, and the action are gathered mainly from an old report left by Eld. George Wolfe, and mentioned by his son John in the *Brethren at Work* for Feb. 23, 1882. Wolfe and Hendricks seem to have been left in charge of the rest of the situation in Kentucky, of which more will be said later. But the apostasy of Hon, the Hostetlers

and those associated with them, was the beginning of the Brethren's lost cause in this promising state. The death of Eld. John Hendricks a few years before, and now the unfaithfulness of strong and hopeful preachers in Shelby County seemed to spell failure. As for Eld. Joseph Rowland, a most devout and useful man, he came so near losing his membership that he probably never fully recovered from the spiritual shock and setback, yet he pulled himself together as best he could and continued his work.

One of the great mistakes made by Peter Hon, as already mentioned, was the adopting of single immersion. About this time some of the churches in the east were disturbed, in a small measure, by the same question. Trine immersion had always been the practice of the church, but from the English Baptists there came a few very devout people, who desired to be admitted to membership on their backward single immersion. At first the Annual Meeting refused to sanction any departure from her well established custom, but later, 1821, under the influence of some ill advised charity, decided that such persons might be received with the understanding that they first be instructed regarding the true and correct form of New Testament baptism by trine immersion. Later on the brethren in Conference saw the inconsistency of have two forms of baptism, and in 1834 decided that no more should be admitted to membership with their backward single immersion. This ended our experience with single im-

mersion. The fact of the matter is, that for a period of a bit over twelve years the good, well meaning leaders in Conference lost their bearing, but when they saw their mistake were prompt about correcting it. As for sprinkling and pouring they never, even for a moment, considered them valid forms of baptism. As for Hon, he learned, when it was too late, that the New Testament claims of the Brethren and single immersion did not go together, that the coming in of single immersion meant the death knell to his little band of worshipers. It may be a matter of interest, right here, to note that among the several groups of members, large and small, that became separated from the mother church, this, and a similar movement in the Bachelor Run church, Indiana, 1848, were the only ones to adopt single immersion, and they soon came to naught.

At this period in her history Kentucky was in a state of confusion politically and religiously. It was the dumping ground for schemers and dreamers, and wave after wave in sentiment and theories swept the state from east to west, and only the stronger kept level heads. Some of our own people, as considerate as they were, were caught in the whirlpool and in time lost their religious footing. Among them they needed a strong, well-balanced leader, the very thing they did not have. In this condition we, for the present, leave them, and go with Eld. Wolfe back to his little enthusiastic flock in Illinois.

Helping in Civic Matters

Eld. Wolfe was now (1818) becoming a man among men and as such was held in confidence by his neighbors. In his community he was the outstanding preacher, as good and as entertaining as the best of them. Besides, he was a man of affairs and that gave him prestige and influence in the locality where he was known. The historian in the History of Alexander, Union and Pulaski Counties, Illinois, published in 1883, has much to say about him, generally referring to him as "George Wolfe, the Dunkard preacher." Sometimes as "Eld. Wolfe," the "Dunkard preacher Wolfe" and one time "the good old Dunkard," and still another as "Father Wolfe." He speaks of Wolfe's work as a Dunkard preacher, and Abraham Hunsaker as "kind of a striker," meaning a helper. The word striker, a backwoods expression, comes from the custom of calling the assistant, using the sledge hammer, in the blacksmith shop, the striker. So Abraham Hunsaker, possibly related to Eld. Wolfe, traveled much with him and assisted in his work, maybe as a song leader and a help in other ways.

In another chapter we have mentioned John Grammer, Wolfe's close neighbor, the talented man who could neither read nor write, who dressed in buckskin, went barefoot many times, and sat year after year in the legislative halls, and took a leading part in the proceedings of the house as well as the senate. Bro.

Wolfe had another neighbor equally unique, but of a different type. His name was Dr. R. W. Books, and he lived on a farm near Wolfe. He possessed a thorough classical education, had traveled much, and mingled with the cultured, read the best of books and in fact was a polished up-to-date scholar. Mingling with men of this type, one of rare influence in politics and the other a man of fine educational attainments, and often having them in his congregation when he preached, easily enabled Eld. Wolfe to acquire the self-reliant, graceful and homelike poise that was ever characteristic of him in the presence of men of distinction.

The day had come for his ability and influence to be recognized more distinctly. The population of Illinois had increased from 12,282 in 1810 to 40,156. He could recall the day, fifteen years before, when he and Hunsaker were the only two settlers in what is at present known as Union County, but since then the number had grown to 1,800 souls. On Dec. 3, Illinois became a state with the capital at Kaskaskia. Union County was duly organized and a commission appointed to select and fix a permanent seat of justice for the county. Eld. George Wolfe, then a Dunkard preacher of five years' standing, was the first one named on the commission. The commission made choice of ten acres on the farm of John Grammer, within three quarters of a mile of Eld. Wolfe's residence, and the town, Jonesboro, named after a Baptist

preacher by the name of Jones. Later the figures of Wolfe and Jones appear on the county seal. And until further provision could be made the court was to convene in the home of Jacob Hunsaker, Jr. Among the names handed in by the sheriff for the first grand jury was George Wolfe. People had gathered from all surrounding sections. It was the first term of court, held in a large log cabin, belonging to a member of the Dunkard church. With the first case in hand the sheriff marched the jury out to the edge of the woods, where they found the grand jury room on a log lying beneath a great forest tree. Here in the edge of one of nature's great forests they, with becoming solemnity, thrashed out their verdict, whether guilty or not guilty, we are not advised.

Of the crowd that had assembled, the historian says, it being near the middle of May, some were barefoot, not a few wore coonskin caps, some were dressed in buckskin, and practically all of them reached the place either on foot or on horseback. It was indeed a typical pioneer gathering, in a community that had been a veritable wilderness only a few years before.

Looking over the county records we notice that the first to have their cattle "marks and brands" were Jacob Wolfe and George Wolfe, showing that these two brothers were largely in the cattle business. Under the new arrangement George Wolfe performed the first marriage ceremony, and in the business of solemnizing marriages seems to have the lead, and by the

records is shown to have officiated at the first marriage in the county. In an amusing way the historian tries to play off a joke on him, saying that when solemnizing a double marriage "the good old Dunkard married the double couple as *men* and *wives,* and not as he states (in his report) as man and wife. But we are told that the marriage return was good and strong enough."

In some way, in the early settlement of the community Eld. Wolfe and his brother Jacob were drawn into the Masonic fraternity, their names appearing in an early list of members, but on duly considering the nature of their mistake they withdrew from the lodge and ever afterward remained true to the principles of the church regarding oathbound and secret societies. As the population of the country increased there were camp meetings in abundance, but Eld. Wolfe had nothing for revival meetings of this type. For him they were too exciting, too much given to the emotional and not enough to reason, the Word of God and sober thinking. Instead of the "mourners' bench" and its excitement and agonizing cries for mercy, he believed in telling the people candidly that in true New Testament conversion men and women should believe on the Christ, repent of their sins and be baptized for the remission of sins, being assured of the gift of the Holy Spirit. He then held and so taught that those who had put on Christ in baptism should continue steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship. This

was his idea of the plan of conversion, and people coming to the church under his preaching generally remained true to their vows.

He stood in much better with the Baptists in spite of their differences in the form of baptism and the importance of observing the New Testament ordinances. In the county was a Baptist preacher named Jones, of considerable influence. About the year 1817 the two held a joint meeting in the community, each man remaining true to the doctrine of his own church. Both of them were able men of splendid standing and their meetings produced quite an awakening for miles around. At the close of these meetings, with their hats on it would seem, they stood in the presence of the large audience and shook hands, indicating that as Christian ministers they were on the best of terms with each other, regardless of their clear cut denominational differences. So deeply and so permanently did this impress the hardy pioneers of every class that thirty-three years later, in 1850, when it was decided to adopt a seal for Union County, the scene of the two preachers, Wolfe and Jones, shaking hands, was engraved into the seal, and now every time the seal is made a part of a Union County official document, Wolfe and Jones may be seen standing side by side. Thus the impression made by Eld. Wolfe in his pioneer days was such as to perpetuate his name, and even his appearance for centuries to come.

The Debate

Illinois having been admitted into the Union in 1818 as a free state, emigrants from eastern states came in large numbers, locating principally in the middle and southern parts. Heretofore most of the early settlers had come from southern states, and some of them brought their slaves with them. Wolfe and his people threw their influence on the side of a free state, thus helping to make Illinois a more desirable home for the Brethren. Among those entering southern Illinois there were a number of Brethren families, and this gave our people a strong representation in Union County, where they had not only a well organized congregation but a church building, the first Brethren meetinghouse erected in the state. It was probably a large log building and stood on the road between Anna and Saratoga. It was known as the old Dunkard church. The historian says that George Wolfe and his people organized the first church in the county, and that this old church was their place of worship. So far as we know there was not another member in the entire state aside from those under the care of Eld. Wolfe. It was not until ten years later that they began settling in other localities.

While Eld. Wolfe took an active part in building up the community in which he lived, and in helping to put the affairs of the county in shape, he declined all political honors, even refusing later on to be con-

sidered as a nominee for governor. He told his friends and admirers, and he had many of them, that he was a preacher and not a politician, that his mission in this world was to preach the gospel. Mounted on his trusty horse he went from point to point delivering his message. He had a strong, graceful and impressive way of speaking and the people of every class, common and educated, heard him gladly. He had work in Kentucky as well as in southeastern Missouri needing his attention and splendid ability.

In his rounds he ran up against the Catholics in Kaskaskia, the then strongest hold of Catholicism in all the west. Here they had a well attended college, and other Catholic institutions for the training of priests and nuns. The town was founded by them, built up by them and had become the religious, political, commercial and military headquarters of the upper Mississippi Valley. Eld. Wolfe was challenged to a debate with a gifted Catholic priest. To accept the challenge would be like attempting to beard the lion in his den, with all odds in the lion's favor. But when it came to a matter of duty in defense of his religious claims Eld. Wolfe backed down for nothing. So far as we can get at the date it must have been in the year 1820, at which time Wolfe was forty years old and had been in the ministry seven years.

The elder was then in prime condition for his best mental efforts. He possessed a marvelous personality, stood erect and was thoroughly self-possessed. He

had associated with men of distinction and was perfectly at home with the most gifted and influential. He feared God but neither man nor beast. The debate as it progressed created a wonderful excitement. The people turned out in great numbers. The new governor of the new state, Shadrach Bond, was there and is said to have presided. Tradition says the governor of Kentucky attended the discussion. Wolfe understood his Bible, and knew how to tell its story, and all through the debate held his gifted opponent right down to the Book, telling him what the Word of God demanded, and that the Catholics were not in their teaching, claims and manner of life doing what the Book said. And so skillfully and forcibly did our pioneer preacher meet his opponent at every point that after the discussion was over Governor Bond was heard to say that for an uneducated man Wolfe was the profoundest reasoner to whom he ever listened.

The victory was so complete and the excitement and feeling so intense, that the governor knew the life of Eld. Wolfe would be in danger as he proceeded on his way home, so entirely unknown to him and without his consent, he ordered a bodyguard for his protection. On the morning of his departure from the tavern where he had been stopping, and after bidding his friends good-by, he mounted his horse only to immediately find himself surrounded by a band of soldiers, under the command of an officer to serve as an escort on a part of his journey. This act of itself

created no small sensation. But the governor had great admiration for one who had done as much for the state as the elder had accomplished, and meant to make his return to his people as safe as possible.

The debate gave Eld. Wolfe quite a reputation in Kaskaskia, among the state officials, military officers and others, as well as in other parts. As a preacher no man in southern Illinois had a finer standing. He now devoted himself to looking after his spiritual flock, his farm and other lines of business. Right here much might be said about incidents relating to his life and experiences, but this story is already lengthening out, and we have seen only half of the man's life, still we venture on one incident that will interest the reader.

In a former chapter we said that our pioneer man possessed a sense of direction that seemed almost as reliable as the compass. It made no difference how extensive the forest, or however dense the timber through which he traveled, without trail or marks of any sort he never got lost. He always knew the directions. It was related to me by one who knew him for years, that on a certain occasion, when he still lived in his cabin, and when southern Illinois was yet a vast wilderness, without roads, and only here and there a lone Indian trail, he was approached by a stranger, who said that he knew in what part of the territory the place was that he wished to reach, but did not know how to find the point without a guide. He had been

informed that Wolfe was at home in the woods, a real "woodsman," and could be depended on as a guide, and wished to secure his services for the trip. Having him point in the direction of the place in the territory he wished to reach, the two started on the long horseback ride through forests unknown to the white man. It is related that so exact was Wolfe's keen sense of direction that he missed the point, a new settlement, by not more than a mile. One may ask how men could manage to live for days when traveling through uninhabited sections. For the pioneer that was easy. With a few corn dodgers in his saddle bags, a light weight frying pan fastened to the side of his saddle, and a trusty rifle in front of him, he could shoot his game, fry his meat over a campfire, eat his meals, and rolled up in his hunter's blanket, sleep on the ground at night. This was the way some of the advance settlers lived while they opened up the forest, built their cabins, and laid the foundation for not a few of the strong congregations that now dot the land. Who would dare say that these brave people, men and women, were not thoroughgoing missionaries in heart, soul and action, and worthy of all the honors that we of this day may bestow on them?

But Wolfe in this part of the story had now reached a period in his life, about 1820, when he must take a far broader view of his religious responsibilities than those merely pertaining to his immediate community. With a keen interest we shall keep in touch with him as he broadens out in his activities.

The Kentucky Committee

Eld. Wolfe is now called to a special council in Muhlenberg County, Ky. It may have been before the debate or soon after. At any rate it was in 1820. He was accompanied by Eld. James Hendricks of Cape Girardeau County, Mo., and possibly others. The Annual Meeting had appointed another committee, all eastern elders, to a further consideration of the conditions among the "Far Western Brethren," as the churches in Kentucky, Missouri and Illinois were designated. Four years before another committee, of which Wolfe and Hendricks were a part, had expelled some of the unfaithful ministers in Shelby County, and the others probably left the church of their own accord, while the more faithful members likely emigrated to Illinois, Missouri and other church communities in the state.

In Kentucky there were several churches. We are not sure of the number. The first was known as the Drake's Creek congregation, in Warren County, probably the oldest of the group. Then the Muhlenberg church, Muhlenberg County, was organized Wednesday, June 8, 1814. The third, Grayson County church, was organized on Sunday, Oct. 2, of the same year. Some writers mention two others, one in Simpson County and the other in Logan County. We know nothing of the dates of their organization or their history. The counties named were fairly well grouped,

placing the churches not so far apart. Omitting the church in Shelby County we have probably, all told, five congregations in the Blue Grass State at the time of this meeting, with some scattered and isolated members in other parts, numbering possibly less than 250 communicants, counting thirty-five or forty members to the congregation, and making allowances for the scattered membership. Forty members to a congregation for pioneer churches would be a safe estimate. Including some added later on and those in Shelby County the estimate might be brought up to 300. This estimate is all out of line with the estimates made by H. R. Holsinger in his "History of the Tunkers," and certain writings by that fine antiquarian, Abram H. Cassel, both of whom place the number at 1,500. But neither of these writers seems to have analyzed carefully the real situation. Fifteen hundred members divided up among six churches would mean 250 members to the congregation. We had no such churches in any part of the west in those early days. Some 1,500 members and an average of forty to the congregation, would made not less than thirty-seven churches for the state. In 1820, or even ten years later, the Brethren could claim no such representation in any western state. This indicates that the estimate published by Holsinger was made without careful regard for facts.

At this Muhlenberg meeting several points were taken up for consideration, some of them involving the two churches in Missouri and Illinois, and that made

it necessary for Wolfe and Hendricks to take an active part in the deliberations, though they were not, strictly speaking, a part of the committee. The main points had reference to eating the Lord's Supper before the rite of feet-washing, and also to what was then known as the single mode of feet-washing. There were other points regarding fashionable dressing, the final restoration doctrine and the personality of the devil. But eating the supper before the feet-washing service appears to have been the more vital point. The personality of the devil was only a matter of speculation and easily disposed of. The final restoration doctrine as a theory had long disturbed our people in many parts of the Brotherhood and needed only a little explanation. As regards fashionable attire, all of our pioneer preachers were strong advocates of plainness. With the right kind of teaching the leaders were endeavoring to keep the different congregations properly lined up. But the time of eating the Lord's Supper and the single mode of feet-washing proved to be the problem, and especially the former.

Wolfe and Hendricks were both able men, good reasoners and well informed, men of great faith, deep piety, and a high order of spirituality. With their piety, ability and resourcefulness in argument they made a splendid impression on the committee, and after considering the problem for hours the brethren from the east finally told Wolfe and Hendricks to continue in their way of observing the two ordinances, feet-

washing and the Lord's Supper, until they learned better, then make the change. This showed a fine spirit upon the part of the eastern brethren and was appreciated by the western members, of whom Wolfe and Hendricks were at that time the recognized leaders, and were continued in charge of the Kentucky situation. But this thing of making them prosecuting attorney, judge and jury in their own case was to them a new method of disposing of what had been to all the western churches a serious problem. It sent the two elders back to their churches in Illinois and Missouri with something to think about.

Now comes the touching point in the manner of life lived by these preachers of the wild and thinly settled west. Some weeks after Wolfe reached his home, at Jonesboro, Union County, Illinois, he received a long and carefully written letter from some of the eastern brethren, in which the supper question was quite fully discussed. They made it clear to Wolfe that while the supper was made ready, and was on the table, it was not actually eaten until the Master had washed the feet of his disciples and resumed his place at the table. After going over all the scriptures cited, and comparing them with the reasoning set forth, he became convinced that he had been in the wrong, and that the eastern Brethren were right in engaging in the rite of feet-washing before eating the Lord's Supper. Instead of sending this letter to the Brethren in Missouri, he mounted his trusty horse and rode forty miles,

through the thinly settled country, in order to present the letter and its points to Eld. Hendricks in person. After the usual greeting and formalities Wolfe addressed Hendricks about thus: "Well, I received a letter from the eastern Brethren, and I believe that they are right." For the moment this almost dumfounded Hendricks, who began casting about in his mind as to whether Wolfe himself had been led astray. But like two good friends and faithful leaders and students they, together, got right down to a close and careful study of the letter and scriptures referred to, and in a little while Bro. Hendricks also became convinced that the Supper, as a communion service, should be eaten after the rite of feet-washing.

After the two elders became fully satisfied that they had been mistaken they both presented the matter to their churches, and all the members saw that there could not possibly be any room between the Supper and the communion for feet-washing, for it is said in the sacred narrative, that as they did eat Jesus took bread. But with this matter under advisement they also agreed that there was no time for the salutation or anything else while passing from the supper to the communion service. And so they were all united in observing the love feast ordinances by first reading a part of John 13, to be followed by feet-washing, the single mode, then the Lord's Supper, passing the loaf and cup to the brethren and sisters alike. Together

they sang a closing hymn and passed the kiss of love as a farewell greeting.

Wolfe and Hendricks continued to look after the work in Kentucky. In the meantime some of Wolfe's home members had spied out some very desirable land, a large body of it, in Adams County, 200 miles to the northwest, not far from a good market point on the Mississippi River, and a goodly number of them were preparing to move to the new location. In fact, beginning with 1827 over thirty of them made the change inside of a few years. While this was going on Eld. Joseph Rowland, the most active elder in Kentucky, a real missionary, went over into Rutherford County, Tenn., and on Saturday, May 20, 1826, ordained to the eldership a young minister, twenty-three years old, named Isham Gibson, and four months later, Sept. 20, organized the Long Creek church, Muhlenberg County, Ky., the second church for that county. Soon after this he and Eld. Joseph Dick of Kentucky moved into Sangamon County, Ill., which place they reached in 1828, thus leaving the churches in Kentucky greatly weakened in leadership.

In an "Ancient Document," bearing date of June 20, 1830, see "History of Churches of Southern Illinois," this Eld. Joseph Rowland names four churches in Kentucky, viz., Drake's Creek, Grayson County, Muhlenberg County and Long Creek. Were there any more? If so, why did he not name them? He says, "And in all the above churches are bishops, ministers

and deacons." This would indicate that in 1830 these four congregations were fully organized and seemingly in good working condition. But what became of them? Who knows? Up to 1831, that late at least, Elders Wolfe and Hendricks visited them. Some records say that in 1826 they were waited on by another Annual Meeting committee. Did they discipline them? From what Eld. Rowland says, four years later, we would naturally conclude that they were in peace, in good standing, and in proper working condition. But what became of them? We shall see.

Downfall of the Kentucky Churches

In the former chapter we left the four known churches of Kentucky in properly organized condition, and seemingly good standing. Since they in course of time disappeared from the map it is but natural that we should inquire into their further history and fate. There are different stories, and at these we shall take a calm and deliberate look.

We are quite sure of the correctness of our story up until the present date, 1830. It is only after this that this historic ground on which we trod seems to be a little shaky, in whatever way we may view the situation. H. R. Holsinger in "History of the Tunkers," as noted in the former chapter, says that after the churches in Kentucky were repeatedly visited by Annual Meeting committees, 1,500 members were ex-

pelled, and that many of those thus expelled left the state and settled in other parts, leaving the churches in Kentucky weak, but cites no authority for his statement. M. G. Brumbaugh in his splendid "History of the Brethren" makes mention of this expulsion on the authority of Abraham H. Cassel. In our collection of data we are not in possession of what Bro. Cassel may have written on the subject. There is nothing in the early Conference minutes to justify a statement of this sort, and if there is any reliable proof to the effect that this large body of members was expelled in Kentucky we have not been able to run it down. As we have already shown, the report of so large a membership is unreasonable, absolutely incorrect. At most there could not have been more than seven congregations in the state. The churches in Logan and Simpson Counties are uncertain. The Shelby County members had been expelled, leaving only four well certified churches as named by Joseph Rowland. Any way you may figure the membership falls far short of the 1,500 that Holsinger and some others say were disowned. Three hundred should be considered a very conservative estimate.

But so far as our records show none of these churches, save the one in Shelby County, were ever expelled. What we are here saying disposes of the situation regarding the Shelby County church. Now, about the other four. What became of them? In 1815, as stated briefly, there was born in Cape

Girardeau County, Mo., a man named John Clingingsmith. His father, Daniel, was among the first to settle in Missouri. This John Clingingsmith married the daughter of Eld. James Hendricks, elder of the church in Missouri. He thus became associated with Eld. George Wolfe, and as his father-in-law and Eld. Wolfe had charge of the Kentucky churches during the period of their trouble, it was an easy matter, and naturally so, for him to be well informed regarding the fate of these churches. Eld. John Clingingsmith kept a diary in which he makes mention of incidents relating to the Far Western Brethren. He disposes of the Kentucky situation by saying, " It seems that these Kentucky brethren finally all went astray, probably followed Hostetler and Hon." While the memory of Bro. Clingingsmith does not always serve him perfectly, still his conclusion regarding the fate of the Kentucky members seems to us the logical one.

There was not a strong man among them. Joseph Rowland, the most active elder in the group of churches, had gone to Illinois, and taken one of their trusty elders with him. In 1831, as we shall see later, Eld. Wolfe left Southern Illinois. During the decade following Eld. James Hendricks, a main standby, died, thus leaving all these southern congregations in Kentucky, Missouri and Illinois without a leader. What ought we to expect of a group of small churches with no outstanding leader to strengthen them against the false teachings of the generation? But listen a mo-

ment. Just at that time a great religious wave was sweeping over Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and some other states. A leading spirit, in Kentucky, in this awakening was Barton W. Stone, an emotional man of eloquence and great power. Another was Alexander Campbell of Northwestern Virginia, by far the most widely known and the most talked of preacher in the Western Continent. He was a farmer, preacher, author, editor and debater, a man of marvelous learning. In Cincinnati he held two debates, one with the infidel, Owen, and the other with Percell, a Catholic, that gave him almost world-wide notoriety. He was just eight years younger than Eld. Wolfe.

Mr. Campbell became separated from the Baptists, taking with him the backward single immersion as his form of baptism, and began preaching a doctrine almost identical with that held by the Brethren until the candidate, for membership, entered the water. He held to the authenticity of the Bible, the divinity and bodily resurrection of Christ, the New Testament as the Christian's rule of faith and practice, the literal interpretation of the Word, adult baptism, the necessity of faith, repentance and baptism for remission of sins, holding that baptism played its part in the process of conversion, regeneration and the new birth. This was just what the Brethren had been preaching for years, only with his great learning, breadth of thought and power of expression he could present the different doctrines more clearly and forcefully than the common

run of our preachers. Everywhere he went, discoursing on these themes, our people heard him gladly. In fact, he captivated them. On the form of baptism he was a champion in defense of immersion, but said very little about trine immersion, only as he would run up against it in historical quotations.

In Kentucky our people had no gifted man to keep them well informed regarding the superiority of the evidence in support of trine immersion as the apostolic form of baptism, and as Mr. Campbell traveled up and down through the Blue Grass State, as he did time and again, preaching the early part of the Brethren doctrine so clearly, scores of them dismissed the thought of the threefold immersion, and some of our other church doctrine, and fell in with this movement. B. W. Stone in a measure preached the same doctrine, only his method was more emotional. It was this type of teaching that captivated many of our people and led them astray. This is the class of teaching that turned the heads and won the hearts of Peter Hon and the Hostetlers, causing them to accept single immersion and then to fall in with the Campbell movement. Hon stood apart from the movement, but he gave up his trine immersion and accepted the single form. As proof of what we are here saying we cite Landon West in Brethren Almanac for 1890 and the " Descendants of Jacob Hochstetler " by Harvey Hostetler, page 60. All this and other considerations lead us to conclude that the members of Kentucky, whether few or many, went

astray for the want of wise and vigorous leadership, and that aside from those in Shelby County, were never expelled.

One more consideration, as we shall show in a coming chapter. Early in the history of the Brotherhood the doctrine of final restoration got a firm hold on a number of our ministers. It was a type of speculative theology that fascinated them. The doctrine spread into North Carolina and some of the communities there became kind of a hotbed for this and other misleading speculations. We find the doctrine passing through the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky, seemingly poisoning the minds of half the ministers in the state, and even disturbing those in Missouri and southern Illinois. And this was at a time when Universalism was sweeping over the country. As people viewed the doctrine of final restoration in those days, it was only a step from the theory to that of outright Universalism. This is another thing that misled not a few of the Kentucky members. When people once get to the point that they unqualifiedly accept this doctrine and preach it, there is little opportunity of getting them to take much interest in obeying from the heart the form of doctrine once delivered unto the apostolic saints, or to become much concerned about preaching the gospel in heathen lands. This whole story about a large number of members rushing into Kentucky at an unreasonably early date, building up many prosperous churches, all to be expelled in a wholesale manner, is without historic foundation.

In Adams County

While Eld. Wolfe was doing what he could to strengthen and stabilize the cause in Kentucky he was yet to grapple with two other big propositions. A number of his Union County members had moved to Adams County and it looked as though the rest of them might follow suit. When Illinois entered the Union in 1818 she came in as a free state. A little later Missouri was admitted as a slave state. Kentucky was also a slave state. A large per cent of the early immigrants came from slave territory and now began agitation in favor of so changing the constitution as to permit the owning of slaves. The legislature decided to put the question of amending the constitution up to the people. For eighteen months the excitement ran high. Newspapers took sides and the state was flooded with pamphlets, tracts and circulars. Public speakers were everywhere. Fearing the possibility of freedom losing out, Eld. Wolfe took the field in opposition to making Illinois a slave state, and such an influence did he wield that a writer in the Quincy, Ill., *Herald,* some years later, said that Wolfe did more to make Illinois free soil than any other man in the state. The slaveholders were defeated, and the Brethren as well as others congratulated the Dunkard preacher, as he was called, for the part he had so ably taken in the interest of freedom.

After having resided in Illinois for twenty-eight

years, reaching out in his labors to Kentucky, Missouri and several counties in southern Illinois, there came to Eld. Wolfe a turn in the road. For him the hand of destiny pointed to Adams County, to which part of the state the majority of his flock had already emigrated. He sold his possessions in Union County and the year 1831 finds him domiciled on a large tract of fine farming land eighteen miles east of Quincy. He was then fifty-one years old, right in the prime of his physical and mental manhood, and one of the most brainy preachers in all the region round about. In a little while a love feast was held on the premises of one of the well-to-do farming members. A meeting-house was erected near the village of Liberty and the work of the church started in good earnest.

Eld. Wolfe was not long in building up a reputation. The people in Quincy heard about him and on Sundays some of them would drive out to the church, eighteen miles, to hear him expound the Word. Hearing so much about what was going on out at the Dunkard church, one of the Quincy clergymen decided that he would go out and see for himself. That day Wolfe preached on the love of God, touching on non-swearing, non-conformity to the world, and the atonement. His discourse was a long and able one. He often preached two hours, and always kept his congregations interested to the end. He never used notes. The clergyman returned to the city and told his congregation that Eld. Wolfe knew more about the true prin-

ciples of Christianity than any man he ever met, and further said, that if we had more like him we would have better churches and a better world. He concluded his report in this way: "I heard more gospel from that peculiar man than I ever heard before."

Eld. Wolfe and his people had not been in Adams County very long before a draft was levied for men to do military service in the Black Hawk War. He and some of his brethren were drafted. He at once mounted his horse and rode off to the capital to have a talk with the governor. He so greatly impressed the governor with his fine, pleasing and intelligent personality that he is said to have been received with marked cordiality. The governor listened to his story, how he had come from the east, settled in Illinois when it was yet a wilderness, how he had built up and nourished a body of law-abiding Christian people on New Testament principles, that as they understood these principles they could not and would not accept military service, and if there was no way to avoid, or be excused from military duties, they would have to return to the places whence they came. But the governor at once told him that he and his people need not leave the state, that they should remain right where they were, for, added the governor, we need people like you to produce supplies for those who engage in the service. The governor turned to his desk and quickly wrote an exemption notice excusing the elder and all his members from active military service. Returning home with this

document, he read it to his people. It made quite a sensation in the neighborhood for a few weeks. But the elder could show the executive signature and seal back of the exemption notice.

Even after this Eld. Wolfe did not find it all smooth sailing. Hearing that many of the members held to the final restoration doctrine, the ultimate salvation of all mankind in the far distant ages to come, the Universalists entered his community and undertook to poison the public mind with their no future hell, no fire and brimstone doctrine for the wicked, claiming that God loved his people too much to provide future punishment for the worst of them. When one comes to think of the situation it is only a step from the radical phase of final restoration to the milder form of Universalism, and Wolfe had a job on hand to meet the shrewd Universalist and protect his own people. But he did it, and did it well. At the same time Spiritualism was making its inroads into practically every section. It was a mysterious religious philosophy and appealed immensely to the superstitious and believers in dreams and spooks, of which class there were only too many in those days. Against this type of false teachers the faithful shepherd had to warn and properly instruct his people.

Then into the county north of him, at Nauvoo, the Mormons swarmed, and from this their headquarters, undertook to overrun the whole country. Their religion was a cunning mixture of Old and New Testa-

ment institutions, along with the teachings found on some mysterious, unearthed golden plates, the fruits of a prolific dreamer. The Mormons of that day were the most deceptive people to be found in religious circles. Besides they were persistent, as wise as serpents but never as harmless as doves. Wolfe had to meet them in open conflict, or like some other elders, lose some of his members. He not only thoroughly indoctrinated his people, but he exposed the Mormon heresy to the core. Had he been like some ministers he might have resorted to the philosophy of Gamaliel, and of the Mormon advance said: "If this counsel or work be of men it will come to naught." The Mormons would not have asked for any better treatment than to be left alone. Wolfe knew that while Gamaliel was a very level headed man, not converted however, and had given the Jews some splendid advice regarding their treatment of the Christians, his advice was not good in all cases, and especially when applied to the Mormon movement. So he met the issue face to face and saw to it that the flock entrusted to his care and protection was not neglected and scattered. In this respect he displayed the qualities of a true shepherd. We are to see more of his fine work.

Wolfe's Wide Influence

THE church being well established in Adams County, known as the Mill Creek church, Eld. Wolfe proceeded to broaden out in his work. He made some trips to Cape Girardeau County, Mo., where Eld. James Hendricks was in charge, visited the members in Pike County, to the south, and then extended his labors into Hancock, the county north of his own. In the meantime a talented young minister, a school teacher, named Isham Gibson, had settled in 1829 in Morgan County. He hailed from Tennessee, where he had been called to the ministry at the age of twenty, and three years later ordained to the eldership by Joseph Rowland. When he and Eld. Wolfe met they fell in love at first sight and formed an attachment for each other that was severed only by death. Besides Gibson there were in his community two other ministers, viz., John Dick and Joseph Rowland. They soon gathered around them a strong body of members, with Eld. Gibson taking up his residence in Macoupin County near by and becoming the leading elder. It is said that after becoming acquainted with Eld. Isham Gibson, Eld. Wolfe visited his church every year for twenty-five years in succession, traveling a distance of over 150 miles, always on horseback, in making the trip. The two elders were much together. Both of them were profound Bible students, well informed, thoroughly rooted and grounded in the principles of the church of which they were members, and strong in the pulpit.

Probably no two pioneer preachers ever worked together more harmoniously.

Through Eld. Gibson, Wolfe got in touch with Dr. D. B. Sturgis of Bond County, Ill., an elder of rare gifts, fine personality and a forceful speaker. He then went over into Jefferson County, Iowa, preached for the Brethren and organized the church in 1844, it being the second Brethren church organized west of the Mississippi River. The first was the Cape Girardeau church, Mo., for which Bro. Wolfe had ordained their first elder, twenty-three years before. About this time this elder died and when Wolfe was asked to preach his funeral, he said he did not know whether he could or not. "For," said Wolfe, "Hendricks thought a thought, and I thought as he thought." Eld. Wolfe had many good friends, but no better one than Eld. James Hendricks. The two had worked much together, and his death was a great personal loss.

Having incidentally heard of Eld. Wolfe, Bro. Jacob Negley, recently settling in Fulton County, invited him to attend their feast in the fall of 1849. When he came he met Eld. Samuel Garber and others from Ogle County, the county in which Mt. Morris is located. This led to his visiting Northern Illinois, where he met with Eld. Joseph Emmert, Eld. David Rittenhouse, Eld. Christian Long and others, the latter the ablest preacher in the District at the time. The college at Mt. Morris then belonged to the Methodists, and Bro. Wolfe was invited to preach in the chapel. He

had for his subject, " A Sound Mind," and treated it in a masterly manner. At Arnolds Grove, which was at this early date the strongest congregation in Northern Illinois, he discoursed on the New Testament form of baptism, giving special emphasis to the threefold action. His able manner of treating a subject, his profound knowledge of the Scriptures, and his fine poise before the public impressed each one of the large audiences assembled to hear him with the thought that he was preëminently a strong man.

Here he was laboring among the churches, his field of operation and personal acquaintance extending from middle Kentucky to near the northern limits of Illinois, and his great intellect easily overshadowing that of any Brethren preacher in all the west. He had met and got on the best of terms with all of the elders of any influence west of the state of Indiana. His deep personal piety, childlike simplicity and marvelous ability as a preacher of the gospel had won the love and even admiration of every member with whom he had come in contact. So great was his ability as a preacher, though he often preached two hours, it is said that no one ever left his congregation because he was not interested.

In the county where he lived he wielded a wide influence. He, a man of splendid business ability, had accumulated considerable property, and was in a position to devote practically all of his time to the interest of the church. His son David was a member of the

state legislature, and this, along with his fine standing otherwise, gave the family a considerable degree of prestige not only in the rural sections but in the city of Quincy itself. So favorably did he impress the leading men of the county that Senator Wm. A. Richardson was heard to say that he regarded Eld. Wolfe as one of the profoundest thinkers the state of Illinois ever produced.

This is the man who was going here and there confirming the churches, and teaching principles, though a bit unorthodox at the time, that were, under the direction of the One who sees the end from the beginning, destined to become the general practice of the Brotherhood. After 1831 and for some years, the Brotherhood in the east seems to have, in a great measure, lost sight of him and his work, and still he was pushing ahead and taking care of the Lord's flocks as he came in touch with them, a task which only a strong man could accomplish during the period in which he labored. Then later on when he came in touch with members that had moved into the country from the eastern churches, news of the man and his work began to be sent back to the home congregations, some of it correct, but a good deal of it not. This gave rise to rumors and much widespread prejudice. Even Eld. Henry Kurtz, editor of the *Gospel Visitor,* our only church paper at the time, took sides against him. This intensified the opposition. The feeling was not solely against Eld. Wolfe and his large congregation in

Adams County, but against all of the churches in Southern Illinois with which he was closely affiliated. Not hearing from the elder and his work for quite a while led to the conclusion, with not a few in the general Brotherhood, that he and his members had, like Peter Hon and the Hostetlers, gone astray. While this prejudice and feeling against him was growing in strength, he was going about doing good, forming the acquaintance and gaining the confidence of practically all the leaders west of the Wabash River.

After closing his work with the committees sent from the east to the Kentucky churches he had in a limited way lost sight of the Annual Meeting and her proceedings. Living as he did on the extreme west side of Illinois made it very inconvenient for him to attend nearly all of the Annual Conferences. The first one he ever attended was the one held in Montgomery County, Ohio, in 1850. In this meeting he probably took very little if any part. He was there to study the condition of things, and to meet some of the oustanding leaders. Eld. Jacob Negley of Fulton County, Ill., was his special friend on the occasion. His next Conference was at Waddams Grove, Ill., in 1856. In this meeting he took some part and also preached during Conference. Here he met a number of good friends from various congregations in the state. Two years later, when he was seventy-eight years old, we find him at the meeting in Carroll County, Ind.

Right here, probably more appropriately than at any

other point in this story, we may enter a bit of real thought provoking history that has been overlooked by the historian. Eld. Wolfe had a nephew, son of the sister mentioned in an early chapter, named Jacob W. Wigle, born in 1807, and baptized by him in 1827. In 1853 this nephew, writing from Oregon, says that he traveled much with his uncle, George Wolfe, had frequently been among the eastern Brethren, conversed with them on the differences between the eastern and western Brethren, and was always happy in their company. He also says that he visited the members in Iowa, those in Fulton County, as well as the members on Rock River, Illinois, and was gladly received in the communion services. See *Gospel Visitor,* 1852, page 165. This applies to a period extending from 1827 to 1852, showing that there was a good deal better feeling, and a much greater affiliation between the Western Brethren, and such of the eastern members as they came in contact with, than has generally been supposed. It gives evidence of a mutual love, interest and even fellowship quite pleasant to think about, and formed a splendid basis for the union movement to be treated in the next paragraph.

In the meantime, beginning about 1850, Eld. Wolfe's friends in Illinois, and among them some very influential elders, got busy with a view of bringing about a complete union of the general Brotherhood and the Far Western Brethren, as the churches in Adams County, Macoupin County, Bond County and some others in

Illinois, Iowa and Missouri were called. In this movement Wolfe's own church took part, and in a special way Dr. Sturgis of Bond County and Christian Long of Carroll County, Ill. As a result of these repeated efforts the Annual Meeting of 1855 appointed a committee of eleven strong elders to visit these western Brethren, look into the situation and report to the next meeting to be held in Northern Illinois. Eld. Christian Long, a special friend of Wolfe, was a member of the committee and was authorized to make all necessary arrangements for the meeting of the committee and those representing the western Brethren. The meeting was arranged to be held during the first week of May, 1856, in the meetinghouse in Adams County, Ill., Wolfe's congregation. For some reason four members of the committee did not attend. The seven present, with Eld. David Hardman, chairman, went into the investigation and with the exception of one minor incident, the investigation was a most satisfactory one, and ended with four statements as a basis of union to be presented to the Conference the week following. A member of this committee, writing us about the proceedings, says that the whole committee was taken by surprise. Here they found a large congregation, possibly 200, of intelligent and prosperous members, and as for Eld. Wolfe himself, he was in intelligence, personal piety and devotion far in advance of anything they were anticipating. Intellectually speaking, he was easily the peer of any one on the committee, and yet

in dealing with him they found him as gentle as a child. During the investigation the matter of the single mode of feet-washing came up. Eld. Wolfe told the committee that the claims of the western Brethren in this respect, were fully as good as theirs, for they could trace their descent back to the first Brethren in America. Just then Eld. John Umstead, a member of the committee from near Germantown, Pa., spoke up saying that his church always practiced the single mode. Bro. Christian Long says that the statement from Eld. Umstead was like a bombshell in the meeting. Here was a member of the committee testifying in Eld. Wolfe's favor. That settled the feet-washing question.

No committee was ever more thoroughly welcomed and more kindly treated than was this one. There being a few days to spare before starting to the Annual Meeting, the time was taken up in preaching, and during these meetings the two sons of Eld. Wolfe, David and John and their wives made application for membership and were at once baptized. As before stated, David was a very prominent man in the county, having been a member of the state legislature. The ending of the committee's work with such a fine feeling and the coming of these four prominent members to the church caused much rejoicing, not only in the church but in the community as well.

From here the seven members of the committee, with their report in hand, accompanied by Eld. Wolfe went direct to the Waddams Grove Conference. Right

here we want to correct a mistake that has repeatedly appeared in print. In his "History of the Tunkers," H. R. Holsinger has said that four members of the committee "refused to sign the compromise," as the report was called. The fact of the matter is that four of the committee, viz., D. P. Sayler, James Quinter, John Bowman and Daniel Fry, did not attend the investigation in Adams County, and therefore would not be expected to sign the document. Furthermore, the three first named were not even at the Waddams Grove Conference where the paper was presented, discussed and spread on the minutes. At the time the committee met Bro. Quinter was moving from Pennsylvania to Poland, Ohio, so as to enter upon his editorial duties on the *Gospel Visitor*. The Conference, that year, being near the home of Bro. Fry made it necessary for him to remain and help in the preparations for the meeting. The report being thus signed by the seven acting members of the committee made the paper regular. It was not, however, until three years later that the perfect union was completed.

We have now traced a movement that started when the Wolfe flat-bottom boat was launched on the waters of the Monongahela River nearly sixty years before; and a real history making period it has been.

ELDER GEORGE WOLFE

The Grand Old Man

The Western Brethren as stated are now in full fellowship with the General Brotherhood. They then numbered not far from 600 and had among them some strong and well informed preachers. As for Eld. Wolfe he was seventy-nine years old when the union was fully consummated. The Conference of the year before (1858) was the last one he ever attended. Here he doubtless met some of the leaders that he had failed to see at the meeting of 1856, among them James Quinter and D. P. Sayler. He had formed the acquaintance of Henry Kurtz, John Kline and Peter Nead at the Waddams Grove meeting. For ten years or more he had kept himself pretty well informed regarding the doings of the general Brotherhood. When the *Gospel Visitor* was started in 1851 he was among the first to subscribe, and among the first to contribute to its columns. Many did not fully accept his views regarding the better methods of conducting the love feast services, still he made friends wherever he went. However, those who stood opposed to him little thought at the time that the day was not so far off when his views would be fully accepted and made the general practice of the Brotherhood from coast to coast.

While differing with the main body of the church regarding some methods, he never for a moment questioned the correctness of her outstanding principles. On these points he stood foursquare, and stood firm.

With him trine immersion for the remission of sins, and essential to membership, was the only valid form of baptism. The little temporary ripple in the east, from 1821 to 1834, about admitting to fellowship persons on their single immersion, did not disturb him or any of the western churches in the least. As understood by the pioneer leaders, there was "one Lord, one faith and one baptism," and this one baptism was trine immersion, a baptism "into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." While Eld. Wolfe was very spiritual, almost intensely so, and highly devotional, he was an uncompromising advocate of all the New Testament institutions. To him the upper room institutions meant much, the form as well as the spirit. With other denominations he affiliated cautiously, and yet by all of those with whom he came in contact he was highly respected on account of his piety, noble, manly bearing and marvelous ability. He was too great a man to be ignored, however much he might differ with the denominational leaders of the day.

Among his own people he at all times and under all circumstances acted the part of wisdom. While holding advanced views he did not attempt to disturb the peace of the churches with them. He labored for love and unity, leaving his methods to abide their time. If the leaders of later decades had exercised the grace, love and patience of Bro. Wolfe there would have been no lopping off of groups from the original Dunkard church. It is unfortunate that his splendid example in

this respect could not have been more fully followed.

As we have seen he steadily grew in favor with God and men, and in influence and strength as well. But the honors did not all come from the religious side. Mention has been made of his figure, standing and shaking hands with Rev. Jones, a Baptist preacher, being placed on the engraved seal of Union County, Ill. This was done in 1850, nineteen years after he settled in Adams County, and about thirty-three years after the event, shaking hands, took place. He was then seventy years old. It will thus be seen that his reputation as a real pioneer pathfinder had followed him during all these busy years.

I first met Eld. Wolfe in the fall of 1861. He was then a little over eighty-one years old. In my Boy and Man, page 66, I am shown, in a picture, on a chilly October morning as I made my way along the country road and past the church where he had been preaching for nearly a whole generation. Into this congregation my parents and myself placed our membership, and now at this distant day I presume it would not be far out of the way to class me as a remnant of the Far Western Brethren. My sister, two years older than myself, became greatly attached to the saintly elder, and asked him to baptize her. Though feeble because of age he could not deny the girl's request. The baptismal scene, December and May weather, emblematically speaking, was as beautiful as it was pathetic. He lived with his son David, his wife having died some

years before, and occupied a large rear room in which were a fireplace, bed and some other necessary furniture. Here by the blazing winter fire in the large fireplace he would sit in his large rockingchair, meditating or conversing with relatives and friends as they called. In the community besides David, he had two daughters and one son, all married, well-to-do, and having families, one of the daughters the "Dunker Mother," so graphically described in the *Messenger* a year ago. In my boyhood days I spent many an evening hour in the room of this grand old man. On one occasion, when near eighty-two years old, and myself about sixteen, he expressed a desire to attend the Hancock County love feast, possibly thirty miles to the north. There being no spring wagon available he was helped into a two-horse wagon, and there, seated on a chair, accompanied by a few others, he made the trip and seemed to enjoy every mile of it, myself being the driver. We returned the third day. For a man of his age, and somewhat feeble, he stood the trip splendidly. During his life he had formed but one habit which we in these days of advanced Christian ethics would call bad, but not thought much out of the way in his day and generation. He smoked a pipe and if those who have access to the History of Carroll County, Ill., will turn to page 87, they will find him as "a representative pioneer" thus pictured, clad in his great coat and cape. While at Elgin we had a cut made of this picture for one of the House publications, but with the pipe omitted.

While nothing is said in this history regarding the name of the man represented, yet everyone who ever saw Wolfe in his best days would say that he was the man the artist had in mind while making the sketch. Were Eld. Wolfe living now, and his attention called to the evil influence of smoking, he would at once throw his pipe and tobacco into the fire. He had too noble a soul to be found persisting in a habit, however innocent it might seem to others, that would be the means of misleading anyone.

Eld. D. B. Gibson, who was personally acquainted with Eld. Wolfe, and heard him preach possibly more than a score of times, gives this description of him: "Bro. Wolfe was almost gigantic in proportions; six feet or more in height, very broad shoulders, slightly round, deep chested, heavy limbed and weighed, I should judge, about two hundred and seventy-five pounds. His head was large, very broad and protruding brows, indicating strong intellectuality; forehead receding, high and full. Hair rather auburn until whitened by age. Nose aquiline but not large. Mouth broad and jaws wide. Lips flexible. Eyes blue and deeply set under over-arched brows.

"His manner of preaching was like his personality, commanding, and yet as gentle as a child. His language was simple, easily understood even by a child, while a philosopher would sit spellbound under his preaching. I have often heard him preach two hours, but never saw a man or woman leave the congregation

because not interested. In some respects he was the grandest preacher I ever heard. His great theme was the love of God. He would plead the great cause of Christ, his doctrines, his precepts while great honest tears would course their way down his cheeks. I never saw the man who sat under the spell of his artless eloquence but what rose up with the feeling, 'I will be a better man.'

"He visited the churches in Morgan, Sangamon and Macoupin Counties [where my father lived] every year for twenty-five years in succession. The ferryman at Naples on the Illinois River in 1858 said he had ferried him over the river nearly every year for twenty-five years. He seemed so uniform in person and deportment that anyone who ever saw him never forgot him. His coming was looked for by old and young, and from all he received the most cordial and affectionate greeting. He was one of the most highly reverent men I ever met. No man ever swore in his presence. He impressed almost with awe every beholder.

"He always wore the peculiar garb of the Brethren. In 1864, near the close of his life, at a District Meeting in Southern Illinois, he was heard to say, 'Why do I wear the Brethren garb? I answer. When in 1812 I came to the church the church did not come to me. I weighed well her doctrines, her rules and her order. I joined her communion because I loved her. I became one of her number. I turned away from the world. In

fact, I withdrew from it. I reasoned that I did not love the world, but I loved the church. I will not be like the world I hate, but will be like the church I love.'

"When preaching the funeral of my oldest sister he made the world look smaller to me than I ever saw it before. Heaven, home, eternal life and eternity were made more glorious than they ever before appeared. I left that meeting resolved to live for God.

"The last time I heard him talk, and while the stillness of the grave swept over the assembly he said: 'I have preached the gospel for over fifty years. I labored much when Illinois was a wilderness. My work is now nearly done. I have, like Paul, finished my course, and if when eternity shall dawn, and as I gaze with enraptured vision on the mighty hosts of the redeemed, if in that mighty throng one soul should be numbered with the blest because I worked, prayed and preached, I shall be fully requited for all my labors.' Having thus spoken he sat down while his congregation wept."

This was probably his last public utterance and shows the feeling of the man, as he by the eye of faith took a longing look into eternity. He died Nov. 16, 1865, and thus passed into eternity one of God's great and noble men. This story might be greatly lengthened by recording other things he did and said, and what was said of him. Of him Eld. Samuel Lahman of northern Illinois, who knew him personally, one time said he never before saw a man who could better

manifest the spirit of Christ in his general deportment. In a communication to me Eld. Christian Long, a member of the committee appointed to wait on the Western Brethren in 1856, says that at the close of a series of meetings he held in Wolfe's church he had the aged elder occupy a little of the time. He says that Wolfe did not speak more than ten minutes, and in that time he named each of the nine subjects that he had treated, and that too in such an impressive and an appealing manner that there seemed hardly a dry eye in the house. Then Bro. Long added: "He certainly had a powerful intellect."

There was a time, about 1853, when practically the whole Brotherhood east of the Wabash River, was arrayed against him, and some of them intensely so. But when the hour for his departure came, twelve years later, he was permitted to close his earthly pilgrimage without an enemy. Here ends that part of our story in which we have traced the history of a great man, a profound thinker from boyhood, even through the wilderness of the west, until his triumphant entry into eternity. Considering the achievements of the man, and the period in which he lived, the story is well worth telling.

Elder Isham Gibson

So far our narrative has in a large measure dealt with the life and labors of one man. With this story behind us and the clearly defined background which we have taken the pains to describe, we are now ready to take up the stories of others, in a much briefer way however, and practically all of them will be men with whom we have been more or less associated sometime in life.

In 1821 there lived in Rutherford County, Tenn., on Stone River, a young school teacher, eighteen years old, named Isham Gibson. The ancestors were of English descent but originally from Ireland. One of his uncles lived to the age of one hundred nineteen. The father of the young man belonged to the Primitive Baptist Church. One Sunday morning Isham, his father and a neighbor rode fifteen miles to hear a Dunkard preach, not knowing at the time what the word meant. The preacher proved to be Eld. Joseph Rowland, mentioned in former chapters. His text was Matt. 9:20. Some writers say John 19:23. Speaking to us of the sermon, forty-five years later, Gibson said that the preacher helped him to something that completely changed his course in life. A little later he rode forty miles to have Eld. Rowland baptize him. At the age of twenty he was elected to the ministry, and three years later, at the age of twenty-three, Friday, May 26, 1826, was ordained to the eldership, being

probably the youngest elder in the Brotherhood at the time. He was also unmarried. This shows that some of our older elders, more than a hundred years ago, were not so slow about entrusting young men with full authority of the ministry. It is said that he baptized his father, his brother, his brother's wife and his youngest sister. Two days after the installation service he was handed the following certificate of ordination:

To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:

Know ye that Isham Gibson was ordained a bishop of the Church of the Brethren of the fraternity of Baptists, by laying on of hands of the presbytery on the West Fork of Stone River, Rutherford County, Tennessee. Given under my hand this 28th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1826.

Attest: Joseph Rowland.
Abraham Welty.

Isham Gibson was a talented young man, far beyond the average. He possessed a marvelous memory, was a good logician, analytical in his way of thinking, and had a clear, deliberate and sincere way of expressing himself before the public. The Bible was his one Book, though he read other works extensively. He was a splendid judge of human nature and knew how to make himself at home with all classes of people. He studied the doctrine of the Brethren with intensity and in time became one of the best informed brethren in the great west. In fact he became a typical pioneer preacher.

In 1829 at the age of twenty-six, he emigrated to Morgan County, Ill., near the middle of the state. On

the way he stopped in Muhlenberg County, Ky., for his young wife. They made the entire trip on horseback. Here he met Joseph Rowland, the man who had baptized him, installed him in the ministry and ordained him, and together, with the aid of John Dick, they organized the Sugar Creek church in 1830, the second Brethren church organized in the entire state. Soon after this Eld. Rowland died, leaving the bulk of the church work with Eld. Gibson. The country was still new, the population scant and the manner of life was that of the pioneer type. Many of the counties in northern Illinois were still infested with Indians. Two years before Gibson reached his new home there were not over eight families where Chicago now stands, and the survey for the town was not made until about the time the Sugar Creek church was organized.

Members began moving in from different parts, mainly Tennessee and Kentucky. This led Eld. Gibson to realize that he had a great work before him. He opened up a preaching point in the adjoining county, Macoupin, where he later settled and procured a large tract of splendid farming land. He also opened up work in Sangamon County, the county into which the young Abraham Lincoln came the year after Gibson had moved into the state. Eld. Gibson had now before him three propositions: the first was to provide for his growing family, a thing that he did by engaging extensively in farming. He was a good farmer and knew how to produce the best results. He had quite a family

of boys and made practical farmers of all of them and gave to each a farm besides. He worked hard during the day, planned well, studied of nights and blocked out many of his sermons between the plow handles. His second duty was to feed the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer. And so successful was he in this department of his labors in the adjoining counties as well as his own that he laid the foundation for four churches. The man who leads in the founding of four working churches where none existed before has not lived in vain.

His third task was the carrying of the gospel to distant points, and in this respect, for his day and generation, he had a record not often excelled. His calls took him into many parts of Illinois as well as into Missouri and Iowa. He did some preaching in Kentucky and Tennessee before coming into Illinois. Much of his traveling was done on horseback, and sometimes in a covered wagon, fitted up for camping out. He is said to have ridden one horse 5,000 miles. He did some work in Cape Girardeau County, Mo., and on his way home on the Mississippi River, his boat was wrecked in the night and those on board barely escaped drowning. He then had to walk one hundred miles in order to reach St. Louis. The river being in its flood condition, reached from bluff to bluff, a distance of eight miles. In a skiff, during a gale, he crossed this turbulent expanse of water to Illinois and then made his way

home, feeling that surely he had made some narrow escapes.

Soon after he settled in Illinois he met with Eld. George Wolfe, who then lived in Adams County about seventy-five miles to the northwest. They took to each other at first sight and remained fast friends and congenial coworkers until death intervened. They traveled and labored much together and visited each other practically every year. They were both fine and even profound thinkers, well informed, able preachers, and labored together with mutual interest. There was something about the very atmosphere of the times in which they lived, and the conditions they faced from day to day, that made them perfectly happy in each other's presence and in each other's families. It was a pioneer condition that could be felt and realized but never described.

Eld. Gibson in his ministerial work faced a turbulent religious condition, to say nothing of the superstition existing among some of the early settlers. Mormonism was a live question for the greater part of the state. Spiritualism was rife, and Universalism was disturbing the faith of many. The mourners' bench and the religious excitement accompanying its use were in evidence in most communities. The straightforward, simple and logical New Testament principles preached by Gibson brought him in contact with all these and even other elements and led to many debates. These debates and the preparations for them made him the strong,

clear doctrinal preacher he was. After the close of one of his debates, when he was thirty years old, he baptized seven of his opponent's members.

His method of treating a subject, whether in debate or in his sermons, was clear, deliberate, systematic and logical, and people seldom grew tired listening to him even for hours at a time. When just coming out of my teens I attended one of his meetings in one of nature's grand temples. Nearly everybody in the community was there, especially the young people. He stood beneath the outspreading branches of a massive oak, having for his subject the city that "lieth foursquare" (Rev. 21:16), and though he spoke for two hours, so closely did he hold the attention of the people, young and old, that not a person moved from his seat during the sermon. He spoke without notes and so systematic were the arrangements of his discourse that I can at this distant day easily recall his general outline. There were some grand preachers in those days, practically men of the soil, and Eld. Gibson was one of them.

He had a keen, logical way of saying things that went right to the spot. I was, when a young man, present in a council meeting, Gibson presiding, when some charges were presented against an elder. Gibson permitted the plaintiff to present and defend his charges in his own way. Then as a judge laying down the principles of law for such occasion he said: "To the church has been given the power to bind or to loose. But we can not bind a man without a cord. To bind an

elder we must have a gospel cord." Turning to the plaintiff he demanded the gospel in support of his complaints. The man had no gospel bearing on the points. With him it was a matter of judgment. He then asked him for his witnesses. The man could produce no witness. He alone saw the act. Gibson then quoted 1 Tim. 5:19: "Against an elder receive not an accusation, but before two or three witnesses." Addressing the plaintiff he told him that he had violated this scripture in bringing a complaint against an elder without at least two witnesses, and that it was now his duty to get up and make an acknowledgment to the church for violating the scripture quoted. He saw to it that the acknowledgment was made and there the case ended.

One of his sons, George W., married my older sister, the one Eld. Wolfe baptized, and that led up to my spending, when twenty years old, a few months in Eld. Gibson's community. His mind was well stored with information regarding the early history of our people in the west. I spent hours in his home listening to the stories that he reeled off about Eld. George Wolfe, his labors and achievements. It was from him that I obtained no small amount of the incidents woven into the previous chapters of this story, and had it not been for what he told me this story, as well as some other things that I have written about Eld. Wolfe and the Far Western Brethren, might never have appeared in print.

With the Far Western Brethren were three strong

leaders, George Wolfe, Isham Gibson and D. B. Sturgis, living respectively in Adams, Macoupin and Bond Counties. The two former were farmers of ample means, while the latter was first a farmer and then a practicing physician of good standing in the medical profession. We have told the story of Wolfe and Gibson and reserve that of Dr. Sturgis for another chapter. At the age of sixty-nine Eld. Gibson left Illinois and located in Bates County, Mo., where he died a few years later. While here he became affiliated with a group of members of the Far Western Brethren type, but not in full sympathy with some of the methods of the general Brotherhood. A lack of wisdom and charity as well, probably, paved the way for this group being merged later on with the Progressive Brethren. But for what he did in defense of the Brethren claims in the pioneer days of her history in the west, Bro. Gibson richly deserves all we have said of him in this chapter.

Dr. D. B. Sturgis

It will be observed that so far we have been dealing with men of the frontier type, the real pioneer genius. In the former chapter it was said that Eld. Isham Gibson was a farmer as well as a preacher. Nothing strange need be thought of a man being a farmer and yet a great and a profound thinker. George Washington was a farmer, probably the leading farmer of his day. Alexander Campbell, a man of extraordinary mental endowments and founder of the Disciple Church, was a practical farmer. Many a day he followed the plow and devoted his evenings to study, reading the Hebrew, Greek and Latin with ease, and preaching on Sundays. A month or more before his celebrated debate with the gifted Robert Owen, the debate that came near giving him a world-wide reputation, he was visited by Mr. Owen at his farm home at Bethany, W. Va., and took pleasure in showing the distinguished visitor over his fields of grain, over the meadows and calling his attention to the thoroughbred stock. From what the historian learns of the advanced farmers of early days, it is seen that the farm life was the soil of frontier greatness. No one thought any the less of the farmer preacher if he had plenty of brains and knew how to use them.

It is said that late one afternoon, about 1833, while raking cornstalks in the field, for burning, Eld. Isham Gibson was approached by a neatly dressed young

man known in the sparsely settled community as Dr. Sturgis, or more fully Daniel B. Sturgis. Eld. Gibson had known the young man a few years, had often had him in his congregation when preaching, and had conversed with him several times. The father of young Sturgis was once a wealthy farmer, but losing his splendid possession by going on security bonds, he moved to eastern Tennessee where Daniel was born June 17, 1811. Another move when the boy was three years old brought the family to Montgomery County, Ohio, and still another in 1822 to Greene County, Ill., near the Macoupin County line, and about eighty miles northwest of Vandalia, at that time the new capital of the state. Illinois was then very sparsely settled. Only two years before two men had been paid twenty-five dollars to move the state records from Kaskaskia to a hunter's ranch eighty-five miles, and so new was the country that the men had to use their axes in opening through the woods a way wide enough for the small cart containing the valuable cargo. This ranch became Vandalia and was the nearest postoffice for the Sturgis family. Mail was received twice a year. The nearest grist mill was twelve miles distant.

There were no schools in the community and the bright boy, ever eager for information, had to study of nights by the blazing light of the fireplace. When Daniel was fourteen years old his father died, leaving the mother and two daughters to the support of the lad. Undaunted by the handicap he determined to

make something of himself. He worked during the day and studied of nights, reading everything he could get hold of, even infidel books. One Sunday morning when about nineteen, barefoot, thinly clad, wearing a broken straw hat, he met up with Eld. Gibson, who was on his way to one of his appointments, and greeted him about thus: "Well, I presume you are like all the other preachers." "In what way?" said Gibson. "Neither believe nor practice what the gospel teaches," was the reply. "What part of the gospel do you refer to?" the elder asked. The young man then named the church ordinances and some other points. Gibson assured him that he believed, taught and practiced all of them. And thus the conversation continued until the place of meeting was reached. The boy had become so interested that he decided, in spite of his rude appearance, to enter the house, but keep out of sight as much as possible. As the sermon proceeded he became so entranced that the end of the discourse found him well up in front. Realizing his ridiculous appearance he made quick work of getting out, mounting his horse and disappearing.

That sermon took hold of him and he never got away from it. He kept up his studies, passed, without a teacher, an examination for teaching, entered the schoolroom, and took up the study of medicine. In a little while he was serving as a farmer, teacher and country doctor. This was the situation when he approached Eld. Gibson in the cornfield. In a way he

had become interested in the elder and his church, and now we find him approaching him saying that if his church had a discipline he would like to get the loan of the book. Gibson assured him that the church had such a book, and on going with him into his house handed him the small black book taken from the mantel. On opening the book the doctor explained, "Elder, this is the New Testament." "Very well," said Gibson, "that is our discipline." A little later at the age of twenty-two he entered the church by confession and baptism, Gibson performing the rite. At twenty-five he was called to the ministry, and at thirty ordained, Eld. Geo. Wolfe delivering the charge. Here is another of these interesting pioneer ordination certificates:

> "This is to certify that at a meeting appointed at Bro. Isham Gibson's, on Apple Creek, in Morgan County, Illinois, by the request of the church, Daniel B. Sturgis was ordained a bishop of the church of Fraternity of Baptist, by the laying on of hands of the Presbytery, on the eleventh day of September, in the year of our Lord, 1841. Given under our hands the day and date above written.
>
> George Wolfe,
> Isham Gibson."

There are two points of interest in this certificate, as well as in the one given in the former chapter. We refer first to the name of the church, Fraternity of Baptist. For quite a while this seems to have been the

legal name of the churches in the west, though they invariably referred to themselves as Brethren. By those not of their faith they were known as Dunkards. The second point is the age at which ministers were ordained to the eldership. Every now and then somebody, in print, criticizes the elders of a hundred or more years ago, for delaying ordination. In these chapters we have seen how George Wolfe was ordained one year after he entered the church; Isham Gibson at the age of twenty-three, when yet a single man, and now D. B. Sturgis at the age of thirty. In view of these and many other ordinations that might be mentioned, there is little reason for censure.

With the ordination of Dr. Sturgis there were just four strong elders in the west: James Hendricks, George Wolfe, Isham Gibson and D. B. Sturgis. Sometime during the year 1841 Eld. Henry Strickler settled in Carroll County, but he is not to figure in our story until a later date. Eld. Sturgis became a very diligent Bible student, and by associating and working much with Elders Wolfe and Gibson soon mastered the genius as well as the doctrine of the Brethren. He was a fluent speaker, a man of pleasing and striking personality, possessing a voice that would have been welcomed in any pulpit, and soon became widely known as a real defender of the faith. He took upon himself the double duty of preaching the gospel and practicing medicine, serving the body as well as the soul, and became efficient in both.

About ten years after his ordination we find him practicing medicine and preaching the gospel in Bond County, where he was instrumental in building up an influence that later resulted in two congregations. Here he met with much opposition and was compelled to enter the polemical arena, holding a number of public discussions with men of pronounced ability. One of them was with Sidney Rigdon, the Mormon champion of that day; the man who gave to the Book of Mormon its literary polish, and is presumed to have greatly expanded its contents here and there. Dr. Sturgis' debates took in quite a range of doctrines, but his efforts were all in defense of the church he represented, and in this respect he rendered the cause in Illinois valuable service.

Dr. Sturgis was a real Annual Meeting man. Probably no elder of his day, especially west of the Allegheny Mountains, attended more Conferences. He became well acquainted with all the outstanding leaders of the church and conversed much with them concerning the Far Western Brethren. His associations with Wolfe and Gibson convinced him that they were devout men, and sound in the faith and practice of the original Brethren Church. He soon became acquainted with Eld. Christian Long, a man of splendid ability, who settled near Mt. Carroll, northern Illinois, in 1852. Together they went to work to bring about a compromise or union between the Far Western Brethren and the general Brotherhood. Of this union we have

given an account in a former chapter. The doctor never did anything that gave him more satisfaction. He always regarded this as the crowning work of his life.

During the Civil War he moved to Goshen, Ind., where he established a spendid medical practice, and did much church work besides. In the afternoon of his life he felt a longing for the scenery of his early activities and returned to Illinois, locating in Mulberry Grove, from where he passed to his final reward March 16, 1897, at the age of eighty-five, having served in the ministry sixty-four years.

Personally speaking we were not as well acquainted with Dr. Sturgis as we were with Wolfe and Gibson, but we met him a number of times, mostly at Conferences. The last time we met him was in the fall of 1894 when we dined with him and his good wife in their Mulberry Grove home. The data entering into this chapter were placed in our hands by his son, Dr. J. Sturgis of Perrin, Mo., and Eld. D. B. Gibson, his son-in-law of Girard, Ill. In a single chapter we can use only a part of the information placed at our disposal. The other, along with much left over from the previous chapters, must be filed away probably for some future historian.

The Candlestick Removed

In the early chapters of this story we have seen how the Brethren from 1795 and on entered the wild west in two streams, one coming down the Ohio River, and the other reaching Kentucky through the Cumberland Gap, and in part concentrating in Cape Girardeau County, southeastern Missouri, where the first Brethren church west of the Mississippi River was organized, and finally, in a prosperous condition, placed in charge of Eld. James Hendricks, the son of Eld. John Hendricks of Kentucky, but formerly of North Carolina, where he had been ordained to the eldership by Gasper Rowland.

As already stated, just across the river to the east forty miles, in Union County, Ill., was the Union County church, presided over by Eld. George Wolfe. The two elders, Hendricks and Wolfe, visited each other quite frequently, probably every year and became very closely attached. It was this congenial association that strengthened, encouraged and prepared them for the isolated work entrusted to them. Eld. Hendricks now and then visited some of the Kentucky churches, and in company with Eld. Wolfe sat in council with the eastern elders as they deliberated regarding the condition of these churches. But it should be noted and probably with emphasis that these eastern elders never filed complaints against the church in Missouri in care of Bro. Hendricks, or the one in Union County, Ill., in

care of Eld. Wolfe. They limited their efforts to the Kentucky situation. Both Hendricks and Wolfe, with their churches, were in sufficient harmony with the faith and practice of the general Brotherhood as to leave their standing unchallenged.

The church in Missouri remained in a prosperous condition as long as Eld. Hendricks lived and continued in charge. The membership reached between forty and fifty which was considered good in any sparsely settled section of the west, and the members were in love and peace. They had no house of worship, but held their meetings in private residences and in well sheltered wooded sections. In 1831 Eld. Wolfe, as we have seen, moved to Adams County, his state, where most of the Union County members gathered around him. Some of the members from Missouri also moved to Adams County, among the number three brothers of Eld. James Hendricks, William, Abraham and Henry. James also visited Adams County and in time got in touch with Eld. Isham Gibson. Hendricks, Wolfe and Gibson made a splendid pioneer working trio.

Without local ministerial assistance Eld. James Hendricks remained faithful in his labors, until the summer of 1844, when after a long spell of sickness, brought on by the prod of an awl in his finger, he passed away June 5. In the fall the congregation was visited by Eld. Wolfe, accompanied by John Clingingsmith and wife, the latter being the daughter of

Eld. Hendricks. On this visit Wolfe preached the funeral of Eld. James Hendricks.

Later the congregation was visited by Eld. Isham Gibson, who forwarded Daniel Hendricks, the younger brother of Eld. Hendricks, deceased, to the second degree of the ministry, he having been elected on a previous occasion. Under the direction of Eld. Gibson another choice was made, and John H. Miller, a promising young man, was called to the ministry. Two years later Daniel Hendricks was ordained to the eldership by Bro. Gibson, and a short time afterwards moved to Adams County, Ill. In due time Eld. Gibson ordained Bro. John H. Miller, and had him placed in charge of the church. But under his care the church did not prosper as it had during the lifetime of Eld. James Hendricks, and in the course of a decade or two the church in Southeastern Missouri lost its influence and integrity, and finally its identity. There was a reason for this, and it is to this reason we now direct special attention.

Early in the history of the Brethren in America the doctrine of Final Restoration became a live issue and not a few of our people were tinctured with it. In fact it became necessary for the Annual Meeting to give the matter some consideration. The doctrine even received the attention of Alexander Mack, while he was yet in Europe. It probably secured its firm foothold mainly through the writings of Elhanan Winchester, a very prolific and fluent Baptist minister and writer, who was the author of no less than forty volumes, one

of them bearing the title of "Universal Restoration." This book, as well as his "Lectures on the Prophecies," appears to have gained a wide circulation among the Brethren, the latter a work of special merit, but the former misleading. In 1780 he settled in Philadelphia, and in time became acquainted with the Brethren in Germantown, and preached for them quite frequently. In his writings he speaks of being with them the first Sunday in April, 1781. He did considerable preaching in North Carolina, and other parts of the country and likely met with our people at a number of other points. It is more than likely that while with the Brethren in North Carolina, he instilled into them the universal restoration doctrine that later on helped to mislead a number of the southern members. Of our people he formed a very favorable opinion, and in his work on Restoration has this to say to them:

"The Tunkers, or German Baptists, in Pennsylvania and the states adjacent, who take the Scriptures as their only guide in matters both of faith and practice, have always (as far as I know) received, and universally at present, hold these sentiments. But such Christians I have never seen as they are; so averse are they to all sin and to many things that other Christians esteem lawful, that they not only refuse to swear, to go to war, etc., but are so afraid of doing anything contrary to the commands of Christ, that no temptation would prevail upon them even to sue any person at law, for either name, character, estate, or any debt, be

it ever so just. They are industrious, sober, temperate, kind, charitable people; envying not the good nor despising the mean. They read much; they sing and pray much; they are in constant attendance upon the worship of God; their dwelling houses are all houses of prayer; they walk in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, both in public and private. They bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. No noise of rudeness, shameless mirth, loud, vain laughter is heard within their doors. The law of kindness is in their mouths, no sourness or moroseness disgraces their religion; and whatever they believe their Savior commands they practice, without inquiring or regarding what others do.

"I remember," Mr. Winchester continues, "the Rev. Morgan Edwards, formerly minister of the Baptist church in Philadelphia, once said to me, 'God always will have a visible people on earth, and these are his people at present, above all others in the world. . . . In a word they are meek and pious Christians, and justly acquire the character of the harmless Tunkers.'" This Morgan Edwards was pastor of the Baptist church in Philadelphia before the Revolutionary War, and in 1770 published a History of American Baptists, in which he gave an extended account of the Brethren.

With such a fine delineation of character of the Brethren, it was an easy matter for Mr. Winchester to gain the confidence of them. He was a welcomed visi-

tor in all their homes and at all their places of worship. It is said that he seriously thought of uniting with the church, but in 1787 he went to England on a preaching tour, and in the same year published his book on Restoration. He died in 1794. His book was in the form of four dialogues. The preface, a long one, thirty-five pages, was intensely interesting, fascinating, stirring and gripping. It alone turned the head of many a devout man. The book was widely read in the United States, fell into the hands of hundreds of our people and played havoc with the faith of some of them, especially those living in Kentucky and Missouri. Even Eld. Geo. Wolfe, the strongest pioneer preacher we ever had in the West, was affected by Winchester's view of Universal Restoration, but his brilliant intellect, his marvelous reasoning powers, his broad influence as a leader, consciousness of the responsibility resting upon him, and his love for the church, as well as his unshaken faith in the general doctrines of the church, tided him and the congregations entrusted to his care, over the oncoming tide of Universalism that later proved the ruination of the Brethren settlement in Southeastern Missouri.

In the Cape Girardeau congregation the Final Restoration doctrine had been stressed to the danger point, and doubtless eased the conscience of not a few who preferred to have their own way in this world and run the risk of not having to endure punishment too long in the future state. But something else came upon

the scene. One, Hosea Ballou, called the father of Universalism in its present form, worked out a system of theology that so intensified and broadened the love of God and Jesus Christ, as to wholly eliminate future punishment, and along about 1803 proclaimed it with a zeal and a vigor scarcely equalled by any minister of the century. From the Final Restoration doctrine, as taught by Winchester, to the form of Universalism proclaimed by Ballou, was only a short step, and this step was taken by many of the Missouri members, who otherwise held to the faith and practice of the Brethren. To make the situation still worse the community, in time, was visited by Rev. Erasmus Manford, of St. Louis, editor of a leading magazine in defense of Universalism, a man who had held nearly thirty debates as a champion of his doctrine, and an adept at so blending the Final Restoration doctrine with the claims of Universalism as to present a very plausible and enticing theory. As a result the bulk of the members, who constituted the first Brethren church planted on the western shore of the Father of Waters, either went with the Manford element or drifted back to the world.

After the decline set in the church was now and then visited by Eld. Isham Gibson, and possibly by others. The last one of our ministers to visit the congregation, so far as our information goes, was Eld. D. B. Gibson, son of Eld. Isham Gibson. He knew the history of the church almost from the start, and witnessed its decline with a sad heart. Eld. John H. Mil-

ler, the last elder to have been ordained in the church, remained faithful to the last, and passed to his reward in 1865. A remaining minister, Andrew Miller, administered to the dwindling flock. He saw the church ordinances disappear, the candlestick removed and the church itself removed from the scene of action. The data we have at our disposal bring the story down to the year 1885, at which time Andrew Miller was still preaching, but for some reason his name seems never to have been entered in the Brethren Almanac. His once splendid and promising congregation was swept away and here ends the story of our first missionary effort in the state of Missouri.

The beginning was fine and promising in every respect. The ministers were efficient, fed their flock from year to year, made all necessary sacrifices and endured without complaints the hardships and privations of the frontier life. They were real missionaries. Moved in the front ranks of civilization. Some of them died at their post, but somebody, possibly some of the ministers themselves, had ventured to offer "strange fire before the Lord." The pulpit weakened. The altar crumbled and finally the candlestick disappeared—maybe forever.

While most of our historians, when treating the Kentucky situation, have attributed the disappearance of these churches to a friction between them and the general Brotherhood regarding the manner of observing the religious rite of feet-washing and the Lord's Sup-

per, it is probable that the habit, among some of the ministers of greatly stressing final restoration, as elaborated by Winchester, had as much to do in paving the way for their ultimate downfall as any one thing that may be named. It was the trifling with " strange fire " and burning it on their consecrated altars that helped to sound the death knell for these once promising churches. And what was true respecting the results of burning strange fire one hundred years ago is equally true today. As long as the Church of the Brethren will continue to offer the people only sound New Testament doctrine, and let that doctrine include the all things, you are going to find the powers of heaven standing by her, but whenever we get to offering strange fire, strange doctrines, on her altars you might as well say good-by to the good old Dunkard church with her sacred, heaven born institution. The altar that Alexander Mack and his comrades helped to reestablish can stand a lot of abuse and even neglect, but it will not stand for strange fire, nor too close affiliation with churches holding loose doctrinal tenets.

A Four Hour Sermon

THUS far in this series of articles we have been dealing with what might be regarded as missionary efforts on the frontier, an undertaking attended with as many hardships, privations and sacrifices as may be found in some of the foreign mission fields. Really a book could be written on this phase of the subject. In addition to what we have in mind, at present the story might include the initial efforts of those of our people who were first upon the scene in establishing churches in many other parts of the wild and almost trackless west. A well written story of their adventures in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Texas would abound in thrilling and heart-touching incidents. Some of them crossed the dangerous and fever infected Isthmus of Panama before an American controlled canal was even dreamed of. Others took their own lives in hand by spending months in crossing the burning plains and rugged mountains of the west, exposed to the unfriendly Indians and treacherous Mormons, in order that they might lay the foundation of some prosperous Brethren communities along the Pacific slope. These were men and women of faith and action. They moved in the van of civilization and never flinched on facing almost unsurmountable obstacles. Wherever they went they builded their altars and while contending for the faith delivered unto the apostolic saints, labored to keep the fires on the altars burning until later recruits,

less venturesome, could come to their assistance. And yet in the face of a hundred or more like missionary efforts by emigration, there are those who seem to think that our early churches were not missionary churches, when the fact of the matter is that these pioneer workers in building up churches on the broad untamed plains and in dense forests endured hardships and privations to which the average pulpit of the hour is an absolute stranger. But, back to the thread of our story.

In our last chapter we left the Brethren cause in southeastern Missouri in ruins, the result of offering strange fire upon the altar, and too close a pulpit affiliation with those who were known to stand in opposition to the outstanding principles of the Brethren. We now pass to St. Louis, not the oldest but one of the oldest points in the state. Its first settlement dates from the year 1764 and by 1800, the year the Wolfe family came down the Ohio River in their flatboat, it had a population of 925, as compared with 780 for New Madrid, just a short distance south of where the Brethren were then forming the settlement resulting in the church mentioned in our last chapter.

The scene for this story in the fall of 1845 is laid in the country six miles west of what was then the city, but may now be embraced in the city limits. Here at this date were a few members of whom nothing seems to be known aside from a flash-light view that came into our possession years ago, and so far as carefully worked out details are concerned " having neither

beginning of days nor end of life." We simply know that they were there. Possibly the only excuse that we would be justified in offering for this chapter is to call attention to the care and consideration given isolated groups of members by our pioneer preachers, the steadfastness of such members in keeping the faith, and the interest taken by the community in an unabridged sermon. The section of country where these members lived was noted for its fertile soil and desirable climate. In the spring of 1856, when a lad of ten, in company with my parents, we passed through this part of the state and were charmed with the appearance of the country. It was in the days of slavery. The fields and gardens were skillfully cultivated. The farm buildings were large, numerous and commodious. Everything seemed to be in prime condition, and finer gardens, greener meadows, and a more lovely landscape we had never before looked upon so early in the season. It was in the early part of March. In quest of a milder climate we had just left the cold, wind swept prairies of the northern part of middle Illinois. To us the contrast bordered onto the marvelous.

Just why some of the Brethren happened to settle in this locality, when the settlement was formed, and whence they came we know absolutely nothing. We simply know that at the time mentioned they were visited by Eld. Isham Gibson, and his son A. P. Gibson, then a young man, and both living in Macoupin County, Illinois. The trip was made on horseback, a

distance of about eighty miles, requiring four days' steady traveling going and coming. On this occasion, a love feast was held, with only six members at the table. The feast was conducted with the same care, and with the same reverence as though a large number had been present. The feast was attended by a large concourse of people, all of whom were deeply impressed by the service. With a half dozen devout people quietly and reverently duplicating the scene of the upper room, as portrayed in the gospels, it must have made a profound impression on the hundreds who looked on, for the report that came to us says, that while at the place Eld. Gibson preached a sermon of four hours in length, and that not a man left the audience during the delivery of the discourse. This speaks volumes for the ability of the preacher as well as for the respect of the people of the community for a religious service.

But to spend days on horseback in order to deal out the bread of life to a small group of members, to hold for them a love feast, to speak words of encouragement, and then to preach sermons to their neighbors, that would be the talk of the community for months, was just like the type of leaders who blazed the way far into the wilderness for a more timid generation to follow. They not only blazed the way, but they often cleared up the fields and aided in the establishing of churches, and almost invariably at their own expense. They never paused to count the cost. When they entered the ministry they made a complete surrender, and

when they heard a Macedonian or wilderness call, no night was too dark, no snow too deep and no road too bad, or too lonely, to keep them from performing what they considered the duty of every faithful minister. If necessary they were ready to pay the supreme price, as some of them actually did.

It would be interesting to know whatever became of this little band of members and their children. In all probability members continued to reside in this part of the state until the beginning of the Civil War, for in 1853 Brethren from Missouri communicated with the editor of the *Gospel Visitor,* and at one point the correspondent said that there were applicants for baptism. This would indicate that the report came from this vicinity, where there was no minister at the time. We are not sure that there were, in the state, other active groups in addition to the one in Cape Girardeau County, and the group whose history is to be told in the chapter following this one. Had our parents known of these members near St. Louis, when they entered the state, eleven years later, they might possibly have located among them. In that event the story we are now telling and the one following might read quite differently.

In this, the closing paragraph of this chapter, it may be pleasant to reflect a moment over what may possibly have happened at this feast. It never occurred to Eld. Gibson that in the large assembly he addressed there was a young man, in soldier uniform, twenty-three

years old, destined by the course of events, to become a popular President of the United States. Young U. S. Grant was in the vicinity about this time. He had been keeping company with Miss Julia Dent, whose parents lived in the country near St. Louis, and whom he married three years later. Since the meeting was a neighborhood affair it is not unreasonable to presume that the Dent family, along with the young lieutenant may have attended. If so, then Gen. Grant did this one time, come in touch with the Brethren. Before the month ended he was ordered to Mexico, and at the close of the Mexican War returned and took with him his young bride to the military post to which he was sent. A few years later we find Mr. Grant, then a private citizen, trying his hand at farming in the locality where he wooed and won the mother of his children. And here he had additional opportunities of meeting with Brethren. It is more than likely that the little group of members was repeatedly visited by Eld. Isham Gibson, for he was just the type of a man to keep closely in touch with members living the isolated life. In the years gone by, in the days of that grand old man, Eld. John Metzger, sometime in the eighties, an unsuccessful effort was made to build up and maintain a Brethren congregation in the city. The story of this effort, if rightly told, might make an interesting missionary chapter of itself. But we are leaving this for the pen of another writer while we, in a future chapter, hasten on to another point, in the southwestern part of the state.

Elder William Gish

THE previous chapter was devoted to the little band of believers six miles west of St. Louis, at which time, 1845, there were only two Brethren churches west of the Mississippi River, one in Cape Girardeau County, southeastern Missouri, and the other in Jefferson County, Iowa, the latter having been organized just the year before. After the settlement in the southeastern corner of the state, fifty years before, the Brethren did not take so well to that part of the west. Illinois and even Iowa appealed to them better. We have no record of a minister in the interior part of the state at this date.

But now, entering the interior, we find Isaac Shoemaker of Pennsylvania locating in Clinton County (1846) to the north of the Missouri River. Several years later Samuel Blocher, another minister, came and still later a few more members.

We are now to pass still much further into the interior, almost into the extreme southwestern part of the state, but in telling this story we will necessarily have much to say about the man peculiarly fitted for work at this distant point, viz., Eld. Wm. Gish. He had the courage to separate himself from most favorable spiritual and temporal environments and undertake the task of establishing a community of Brethren in a new and completely isolated locality, almost absolutely devoid of the conveniences of civilization. Behind all

such movements there is always a man of sterling qualities, and in this instance the man was a native of Virginia, a man thoroughly rooted and grounded in the principles of the Church of the Brethren.

But in advance of Eld. Gish was another man whose name has been only incidentally mentioned by the historian. His name was Thomas Miller and he was called to the ministry in the Raccoon church, Montgomery County, Ind., 1835. He remained in Montgomery County about twelve years and then in 1847, possibly a year later, moved into Missouri, and settled in Cedar County, and was probably the first member and minister to have ventured so far into the state. Others followed or went with him, and in a list of seventeen members a few years later he and his wife were named. He seems to have been a quiet man, and while invested with the office did very little preaching. At any rate, while not of the evangelistic turn, or an organizer of forces, he had the nerve to go far in advance and blaze the way for others to follow. When Bro. Miller settled in Missouri there was not a mile of railroad in the state, and very few wagon roads in good condition for travel. Leaving the thread of our story here, we go into Virginia in quest of the man destined to become our real standard bearer in southwestern Missouri.

William Gish, whose story we are now to tell, was born in Botetourt County, Va., April 6, 1810, and was married to Anna Sell in July, 1832. The date of his

conversion is not known, but some years after his marriage he was called to the ministry. His wife seems never to have been a member of any church. We have a record of Bro. Gish preaching as early as 1841, at which time he was thirty-one years old. He was a farmer by occupation and from 1841 to 1847 lived on the farm in Botetourt County owned by the father of Jonas Graybill, from whom comes much of this biographical information. The nearest market was Lynchburg, sixty miles distance. Bro. Gish would often load his wagon on Saturday night, preach at some point on Sunday, and early Monday morning start to market. A trip of this sort meant a full week, and gave him an opportunity to do a whole lot of thinking and sermon preparation. A man of his type could easily work out and store away in his retentive memory several sermons while slowly measuring off the miles with his heavily loaded wagon. Reaching home on Saturday he would be fully prepared for the sermon to be delivered on Sunday.

He fell into the habit of thinking while about his farm work, and prepared many of his best sermons while plowing or on the road to market. What he read he retained, knew his Bible from lid to lid, and quoted Scripture readily and accurately. And while a man of little schooling he was well informed on most questions of the day; a natural logician, a clear and close reasoner and perfectly at home in polemics. Though never aggressive he enjoyed an argument and

was an adept in resources, knew how to drive a point home and make it stick. This he would do with a smile indicating a complete absence of any feeling of rivalry.

Eld. Gish was absolutely unselfish. It is said that he kept a hired man who made all the shoes for his neighborhood, it being customary in those days for the neighborhood shoemaker to go to a family and remain in the home until all the needed shoes were made. On one occasion, in May, 1845, when the Annual Meeting was held in Roanoke County, he put his four-horse team and big wagon, with food enough to last a week, at the disposal of all the members that could be packed into the wagon, and drove them to the Conference. It was a case of the shepherd, astride the lead horse, taking his flock to pastures green. We regret that we do not have a picture of the incident to accompany this article. Just such deeds as that won the confidence of his people. The more scholarly man might have charmed them with his eloquence, but he could not touch their hearts like Bro. Gish.

About 1847 he moved to Montgomery County, Ind., and settled near Ladoga where he remained possibly eight years, and served as elder of the Raccoon congregation. Not far from 1851 something of unusual interest happened. Eld. R. H. Miller lived in the same community, was then about twenty-six years old, a man of unusual ability for his day and locality, fair scholarship, well informed, and a trained debater almost from boyhood. Debating was not then looked upon with

discredit; it was rather one of the fine arts, so to speak. The man who could defend his claims in debate was an outstanding leader. At this business Robert Miller, as his friends called him, was just a little too much for the best of them in his community. One day he incidentally or otherwise got into a tilt with Eld. Gish on some Bible point. With practically the whole Bible at his tongue's end Gish knew just how to handle the sword of the Spirit in a masterly way, and on this occasion he so thoroughly worsted his opponent as to almost humiliate him; and, who afterwards was heard to say that if a man without learning could down him in that sort of a way there was more in the Bible than he thought there was, and that he was going to study the Book for himself. And he did, and in the course of a few years he and his wife applied for membership.

In 1853, some say one year earlier, when Eld. Gish was forty years old, he and his family loaded into his big wagon what seemed practicable to take along, and drove across the state of Illinois, probably crossed the Mississippi River at St. Louis, made their way to Boonville on the south side of the Missouri River, then struck south until they reached the home of Thomas Miller in Cedar County, a long and tedious trip, settling a few miles south of Stockton, the county seat. Here he was with a small group of members, hundreds of miles away from any Brethren church, with absolutely no shipping markets. Only here and there was a small village, a few grist mills run by water, and

where all the supplies kept in the few country stores had to be transported in wagons a long distance. But why did Eld. Gish, a preacher and elder of fine ability, and a man of ample means, ever go so far afield to find his chosen field of labor? After leaving Boonville he traveled over some as fine looking country as could be desired, with miles upon miles of it unoccupied. Why did he go so far, and then select land not nearly as productive as some that he had left behind him?

Well, that was his mission point, and there he remained and fed the flock of God. About three years later my father, in search of a milder climate mainly for mother's good, moved into the same county, settling nearly twenty miles north of the home of Eld. Gish. Others came later, and we had splendid meetings when Eld. Gish would come into our neighborhood once a month. Everybody enjoyed his sermons. He was perfectly at home before the public, and was highly respected on account of his deep-seated piety. While the life was a real frontier experience, with many privations and sacrifices, still religiously and socially speaking we all enjoyed it immensely. As for Bro. Gish himself, our preacher, elder, pastor and shepherd, we had a feeling that there was no better man in the world. During our busy life we have come in contact with hundreds of ministers but no one entered so deeply into my heart as did this faithful shepherd of the Cedar County flock. There came a day, however, when he led me, at the age of thirteen, into the water and

administered to me the New Testament form of baptism.

Though much isolated the opening seemed promising for a large, growing and influential church. But the cruel war between the North and South came. The road along which traveled the preacher with the gospel of peace and goodwill became the highway of passing armies. The flock was scattered, most of the members finding their way into Kansas. Another group, including my father's family, succeeded in reaching Illinois. Eld. Gish located at Ozawkie, Kans., and became elder of the congregation at that place. Here he labored, repeatedly representing his District on the Standing Committee, until June 8, 1888, when he passed into the realm of the blest.

But what of the fruits of this strenuous life of toil and privation? Did it pay? Was it worth what it cost in labor, sacrifice and the expenditure in energy and money? Not until the dawn of eternity, when the last trumpet is sounded, and the roll is called up yonder, shall we know and understand the reasons for such far afield missionary movements. The Lord had a purpose in this Cedar County undertaking, reckless as it may seem to us, and Eld. William Gish was his chosen man for the mission.

A Group of Pioneer Workers

Before passing into northern Illinois it may be of interest to notice briefly some of the early pathfinders so far referred to only incidentally. The first one mentioned on the list is Eld. Daniel Leatherman, who was born in Germany in 1710, came to America in 1730, was baptized by the senior Alexander Mack, located in Maryland in 1757, became very prominent and died in 1790. He is said to have located in North Carolina and even visited Kentucky. This is not likely, but in company with Gasper Rowland he probably visited the few members in this part of the south in 1760. Holsinger in his "History of the Tunkers" says that these two then pressed on into Kentucky. This too is hardly probable, as Daniel Boone did not venture into the wild and hostile region until 1769, and did not attempt to move his family until several years later. The few people then in the territory were in the eastern part where we never had any churches.

Though Eld. Leatherman never entered Kentucky, still he figured in the western movement indirectly. He ordained David Martin and David Martin ordained Gasper Rowland in 1775, and twenty-five years later, Tuesday, April 1, 1800, Gasper Rowland ordained Joseph Rowland and John Hendricks, while they still lived in North Carolina. This Gasper Rowland seems to have been a typical pioneer missionary. However, we know little of his early history. He is said to have

emigrated from Germantown, Pa., to North Carolina, and was the first minister of the Brethren to have preached in Kentucky. He orgainzed the church on Drake's Creek, Warren County, but we are not advised of the date. It was probably the first Brethren church organized in any part of Kentucky. We next hear of him organizing the two churches in Rutherford and Wilson Counties, Tenn., in 1821, and 1824. This work of 1824 is the last of which we have any record. He seems not to have been influenced by the North Carolina church innovations that gave the Annual Conferences much trouble for years. Nor does he appear to have taken any part in the Kentucky disturbances, but he may have figured strongly in bringing the single mode of feet-washing from Germantown to the churches in North Carolina, and from thence into Kentucky. From the latter churches it then spread into southeastern Missouri and Union County, Ill. Still later we find it in Adams, Macoupin and Bond Counties, and finally we have it becoming the general practice of the Brotherhood. It does not require an unreasonable amount of imagination and historical deduction to reach this conclusion. So much about Eld. Gasper Rowland as a pathfinder for the generations following him.

Mention has been made of the two elders ordained by Gasper Rowland in 1800, viz., John Hendricks and Joseph Rowland. They seem to have moved from North Carolina to Kentucky soon after their ordination

and settled in the part of the state where a few churches were organized. Hendricks became especially interested in the little group of members in Cape Girardeau County, Mo., often visited them, probably became their elder and with them in 1810 engaged in the first love feast ever held west of the Mississippi River. Two years later, 1812, he went to Union County, Ill., baptized George Wolfe and thirteen others, and several months later returned and installed Bro. Wolfe into the ministry. In Kentucky he had sold his farm, was preparing to move to Missouri, but in the spring of 1813 he took sick and died. Aside from this we know nothing of his history. He came upon the scene just at a time when his services were needed on the frontier, toiled a few years, heard the call from on high and passed on.

Eld. Joseph Rowland, his comrade in the eldership, entered actively into the Kentucky work, and between 1814 and 1826 organized one congregation in Grayson County and two in Muhlenberg County. He also held some meetings in Tennessee, where he baptized young Isham Gibson, installed him into the ministry and in 1826 ordained him. In the troubles the Brotherhood had with the Kentucky churches he took an active part, and at one time came near being swept off his feet with the heretical views that were introduced in these churches by expelled leaders from North Carolina and elsewhere. He finally recovered himself, built up a good influence, and when not far from ninety years old,

in 1828, emigrated to Sangamon County, Ill., where two years later he helped Isham Gibson organize a church in that part of the state. He was then too old to take an active part in church work, and died shortly afterwards, leaving the care of the flock in the hands of the young man, Gibson, whom he had baptized in Tennessee about ten years before.

We now invite attention to another worker, who, in the Far Western Brethren movement, and the preservation of their history, deserves more credit than he has yet received at the hand of any of our writers. It will be remembered that in some of the early chapters something was said of a Bro. Daniel Clingingsmith, formerly of Somerset County, Pa., who with his family went down the Ohio River about 1795 and settled in Cape Girardeau County, Mo. While living in this county, in 1815, his son John was born. In 1834, three years after Eld. George Wolfe settled in Adams County, Ill., the family moved to Pike County, just south of Adams County, where Daniel Clingingsmith died in 1835, leaving his wife and the mother to the care of John, who was then twenty years old. The best part of a chapter might be taken up telling of the hardships endured by this family, hardships and sufferings unknown to the people of this day and generation. But John lived through it all, and in 1840 was married to Lovina, the daughter of Eld. James Hendricks, son of the John Hendricks mentioned in a previous paragraph. Two years later he and his wife were baptized by

Eld. George Wolfe, and still later he was called to the ministry and then ordained to the eldership. Almost at his own expense he built a meetinghouse, and labored free of charge to the end of his life to take care of the Lord's vineyard.

Some time in life, we do not know when, he began writing a story of the Far Western Brethren. His story starts with the organization of the church at Schwarzenau, Germany, in which he tells how Alexander Mack and his associates studied the Scripture in search of the true light. He follows the different groups of members to America, to different sections of the United States, even down into North Carolina, into Kentucky and then into Cape Girardeau County, Mo. In Lancaster County, Pa., he picks up the story of Eld. George Wolfe and traces it to western Pennsylvania, then down the Ohio River in a flat-bottom boat about as we have traced the story in these chapters, only much briefer, until 1885. He died two years later at the age of seventy-two years. So far as we know this story has never been published in full, though it has repeatedly appeared in the "Brethren Almanac," in some of our papers, and in some books in a condensed form. Had it not been for this record our knowledge of the Far Western Brethren would be quite incomplete. The story, however, needs careful editing, so as to have names, dates and incidents line up properly with facts obtained from other sources. For much of this story, up to the present time, we are greatly in-

debted to Eld. John Clingingsmith's interesting and valuable record. For this record he certainly deserves the thanks of every historian in the Brotherhood, who attempts to deal with the history of the Church of the Brethren in the great Mississippi Valley. In fact, he deserves a monument of some sort, but no one would know where to place the memorial block. He was buried on his own land in Pike County, the farm passed into the hands of strangers, his resting place was obliterated, and sad to say, "no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." He fills an unknown grave.

With one or two exceptions this ends our story of these outstanding leaders and workers in the Far Western movement. Omitting the four first named in this chapter, the two Rowlands, Leatherman and Hendricks, along with the senior Eld. Wolfe, who fell asleep at Kaskaskia in 1909, we were personally acquainted with all of them; with Eld. Clingingsmith less, however, than the others. To be able and in a position to write thus about their virtues, sacrifices and achievements has indeed been a pleasure. They were noble Christian men. Men of piety, prayer and faith. Without asking any odds, and at their own personal expense, they entered their fields of labor, and heroically faced the conditions when most of the country was a vast wilderness. Between what they endured and the so-called sacrifices of today there is no comparison. Most of their traveling was done on horseback or on foot.

In the performance of duty they faced the rain, snow and sleet. They waded through mud and frequently swam their horses across swollen and dangerous streams. Of nights, when on long trips, they lodged in wayside cabins that were wholly devoid of even common conveniences. For public services they gathered the people in private dwellings, small schoolhouses, under brush-covered arbors or under the outspreading branches of forest trees. Back of them were no mission boards to take care of their traveling and living expenses. For the self-sacrificing preachers never even dreamed of well equipped hotels, Pullman coaches or dining cars. All honor to the devout men who in the interest of soul saving and the care of the Lord's flocks, endured all the hardships and privations known to the frontier life. As we pass from chapter to chapter in this story, and call to mind some of the large and influential churches they founded, let us think of them and their labors. The past chapters have dealt mainly with the exploring and chartering of the great wilderness. From now on we are to deal with the forces that have spread out over this once wilderness section, and even farther, and as we might say from "the rising of the sun unto the setting of the same." Our next chapter will deal with a unique character, unknown in the annals of Brethren literature, a combination of romance, history and Indian tragedy. After this we shall be ready for the open field, flourishing churches, an age of marvelous activity beneath the glare of the noonday gospel sun.

Black Hawk War Times

A THOROUGHGOING historian would probably hardly care to write a history of the Brethren in Northern Illinois and Wisconsin without saying something about that unique character Adam Paine, the reputed Dunkard preacher, or missionary among the Indians of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. As a blending of romance, history, tradition and tragedy it might be made an ideal background in a most fascinating story.

Adam Paine was a real character, born not far from 1780, a man of striking personality, a missionary among the Indians, and once widely known all over northwestern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. In his missions he probably covered all the counties in the north third of Illinois. It is more than likely that he figured more or less in all the counties where the Brethren now have churches in this part of the state. It is said that in his frequent trips he would cross the Kankakee, Illinois, Rock and other rivers, that he rode a very fine horse, and that for traveling across the broad prairies along Indian trails and through the dense forests he was equipped as a typical pioneer preacher. While he sometimes made long trips alone, yet he usually had with him a cruel half-breed Indian, Mike Girty, as his interpreter. Generally speaking, they were as unlike in character and appearance as it was possible for two men to be. While Paine was a

man of fine, winning appearance, of the high moral and religious type, the Indian bore the characteristics of the low, savage and brutal nature. Paine trusted his Indian and the Indian was as true to him as a dog is to his master.

The historian describes Adam Paine as a large man, standing erect, high forehead, having black piercing eyes, and a beard, black as tar, hanging in long waving clusters over his breast to his waist, fully two feet in length. His hair was also jet black and unusual in length. He was not only a good singer, but a fluent speaker, a man of eloquence and by his magnetic force could easily draw people to him and touch their hearts. Among the Indians he possessed a marvelous influence, and by them was greatly loved and highly respected. In missionary circles he seems to have been widely known and recognized as capable of accomplishing great good with the red man.

On Thursday, July 1, 1830, a great Indian feast was held in Bureau County, Ill., about twenty miles south of Dixon. At this feast several Indian tribes were represented by their chiefs, and among the number was Black Hawk, the noted Indian warrior. The purpose of the gathering was to form a federation of the different tribes as a preparation for war against the white settlers, who had become far too numerous to suit the Indians. To this war council came Adam Paine and his half-breed interpreter. Indians were on hand by the hundreds. Paine appears to have been

on good terms with the Indian chiefs and felt himself quite at home while mingling with the braves. They looked upon him as the Hairy White Prophet, the Prophet of the Great Spirit. Here he was representing the Prince of Peace in a great war council.

The first thing on the program was the feast, food prepared and served in regular Indian style. Paine knew how to conduct himself around the red man's festive board so as to act like a Christian and to give no offense to the Indian chiefs and their braves. Then followed in Indian form and fashion the offering or sacrifice to the Great Spirit. Of all this Paine was a close observer. As soon as all this was over and everything practically ready for the council, Paine mounted a log and began to preach, telling the Indians how much better his religion was than theirs. He invited attention to the Great Master, a Man of peace, who did not fight, and did not want his people to engage in war. To preach the gospel of peace on earth and goodwill to men right in the midst of a war council and surrounded by hostile Indians was an unusual occurrence. To a devout Christian it would have been an inspiring experience to see this fine looking man, with his long black beard waving in the air, and noble in bearing, preaching real Dunkard doctrine to a band of savage warriors. Whether Paine was a Dunkard preacher or not, and it is a matter of some dispute, here he is, having the personal appearance of a typical pioneer Dunkard minister, preaching the doctrine of

the Church of the Brethren, the doctrine of peace. Judging from the impression he made by his appearance, standing with his uplifted open Bible, and preaching the doctrine he did, it is little wonder that he became known as the Dunkard preacher. This talk so stirred the Indians that many of them cried out, saying that they were in favor of burying the hatchet.

All the time while Paine was pleading with the council not to go to war with the white man, Black Hawk was sitting on the ground listening to every word, but as soon as Paine was through he sprang to his feet, and in his eloquent, fervent manner began denouncing Paine and his plea for peace. The gifted warrior was a powerful speaker and he stirred the Indian blood. It was an exciting meeting and looked as though it might terminate in a war cry for vengeance. Black Hawk had few equals as an Indian orator and was having things largely his own way. But in the council there was an aged chief, a wise old Indian, who had seen all the war that he cared to see. He followed Black Hawk with one of the most eloquent speeches for peace on record. He told Black Hawk and his braves that Paine was right, and that the red man should do his best to live in peace with the pale face man and make the best of the situation. As a result, the council declared for peace, and rejected Black Hawk's plea for a war federation. Black Hawk soon left the council, an insulted and a disappointed Indian, and in the course of a few years followed the

Black Hawk War with all of its massacres, brutality and horrors.

Following the war council we find Paine preaching at Dixon, then known as Dixon Ferry, for it was here that the much traveled road running from Peoria to Galena crossed Rock River. At this time Dixon was military headquarters for the northern part of the state. Here we find as army officers such men as Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln, and others who later became noted in the history of the country. The first named served as President of the United States, while during the Civil War Davis became President of the Southern Confederacy and Lincoln occupied the presidential chair at the White House. Here they were, all three of them, working together under the same flag, recruiting and drilling men for the prospective war with the Indians. While these military activities were going on Paine busied himself preaching the gospel of peace, being at liberty to go and come as he pleased, among the whites as well as among the Indians.

With everything in an intense state of excitement all over the northern third of Illinois, on account of the Indian uprising, we now shift the scene to Chicago, which then, 1832, was a small muddy village with a population barely exceeding twenty men entitled to a vote. It was in the early part of May that Paine on his way from Ohio happened in the tiny village where he remained two days. On the morning that he was

to leave the place he mounted a store box on the corner of what is now known as Water Street and Michigan Avenue and began singing. With his strong musical voice he soon had most of the people in the village—men, women and children—around him. Bible in hand, and with his native eloquence he held his simple audience, standing for two hours. He then mounted his horse and rode away in spite of the protest of all the men and women, who on account of the hostile conditions in the west part of the state, where the Indians were on the war path, urged him to remain with them until matters could be quieted down. At Plainfield his friends urged him to return to Chicago, but he persisted in going on, thinking that he was so well known by all the Indians as a prophet of the Great Spirit that no one would harm him. So he continued his long and lonely ride, across great prairies and through extensive timber belts. It is then stated that on a bright spring day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Wednesday, May 23, 1832, Rev. Adam Paine was slowly pursuing his way along an Indian trail through a grove of timber, humming a favorite tune, wholly unconscious of danger, when all of a sudden three rifle shots rang out, one bullet piercing Paine's shoulder and another entering the lungs of his horse. He tried to escape, but his horse, weakened from loss of blood, soon dropped, and the Indians rushing onto him struck him down while he stood with uplifted Bible pleading for mercy. One of them severed his

head from his body, swung it across his shoulder, supporting it by the long beard, and bore it into camp. Some days later the body and head were recovered and buried. Thus ends the record, very briefly told, of Adam Paine, the Indian missionary, and so-called Dunkard preacher. The story, as told by different writers, is a long one, far too long to be told in a single *Messenger* article.

The story has been woven into history, romance and tradition and is too much a part of the early history of northwestern Illinois to be ignored by any careful writer, who proposes to deal with the Black Hawk War period. We know nothing regarding his early religious life, or whence he came. Nor do we know when he entered upon his work among the Indians. With practically all of northern Illinois as his mission field he seems to have been sort of a wandering star, here and there and the other place, without any clearly settled church affiliation. One historian says he heard him preach on the public square of a town in Ohio in 1831. Possibly he came from Ohio and gathered funds for his Indian mission while on trips through this and other states.

But was he a Dunkard preacher? Tradition, romance, his general appearance and the doctrine of peace which he so thoroughly emphasized would indicate that he was, and yet in our church annals we have not the slightest mention of him. One historian thinks that the story of Paine, as a Dunkard preacher, got

mixed up with the story of the death of a Dunkard, who left Chicago about this time for his home in Fulton County, but never reached it. The description of the dead preacher found and buried is said to fit both men. The trouble about this part of the story is that we had no members living in Fulton County at this early period. We have no record of any members in the county before early in 1840. So that part of the story fails for the lack of evidence.

At any rate, Paine did a good work among the Indians. He went to the camps of the red men as a friend, and not an enemy, or an eager land grabber. He met them with the gospel of peace and not with bullets and bayonets. Had Spain, France and England thus dealt with the Indians from the start, as William Penn did, they might have been at least in part civilized instead of being practically exterminated. But now, as a reminder of the past, and some of the mistakes made on both sides, the traveler, who passes from Mount Morris, Ogle County, Ill., to Oregon along the river route is shown, high up on the bluff, a colossal monument, a figure of Black Hawk the Indian chief, warrior and orator. There he stands in solitary, silent grandeur looking out over the famous Rock River valley along which he had often led his braves in the interest of war or chase.

While spending a few weeks in Dixon, Ill., some years ago, we found among some old books in a back corner of the city library, the bit of information about

Adam Paine that we have woven into this story. There is a lot more of it that we never found time to run down and classify. We have told this story simply to have our readers, and especially those in Illinois, to understand that back of the splendid Brethren churches, dotting the northern part of the state, there were experiences, exciting scenes and tragedies of which the present generation knows little. With this background in mind let us, in another chapter take a glance at the early development of northern Illinois, her rapidly growing congregations, and some of her pioneer and outstanding leaders.

Christian Long

THERE were so few people in the northern part of Illinois during the first quarter of the ninteenth century that a party, so says history, went from Indiana across the whole state in 1824 without seeing a white person or being permitted to sleep in a house. But after the close of the Black Hawk War, 1832, when matters quieted down, emigrants from the east, mainly from Pennsylvania and Maryland, simply swarmed into the country, and among the numbers were scores of our own people. They settled in Stephenson, Carroll, Ogle, Lee, Whiteside and a few other counties. The Methodists took a liking to a mound on one of the broad prairies in Ogle County, established a seminary thereon, built a village around the seminary, called it Mt. Morris, only to permit the institution, nearly

forty years later, to pass into the hands of the Brethren.

Our own people commenced to establish homes in this part of the state soon after 1838, and so great was the influx of members that an Annual Meeting was held in Stephenson County, Waddams Grove congregation, in 1856, and a second one in Lee County, Franklin Grove, nine years later. These emigrants were made up of a fine type of members and among them some real outstanding, typical pioneer pathfinders. Large congregations were formed, well officered and so far as the interest and principles of the church were concerned, they were one hundred per cent efficient. At one time before the close of the fifties, they were said to be numerous enough to own all the land between Cherry Grove and Mount Carroll, so one of the old settlers told us. In a large measure that was true of the farms between Lanark and Milledgeville.

Among the early leaders were such men as Joseph Emmert, Daniel Fry, Samuel Garber, Samuel Layman, Henry Strickler and Christian Long. There were others. We were personally acquainted with but two of them, Daniel Fry and Christian Long. This chapter will deal mainly with the latter. However, in picking up the story of the early leaders of northern Illinois we are up against a problem. It is one of the most widely known Districts of the Brotherhood having no written history. Though in a sense the present "hub" of the Brotherhood, its history, rich in material, is scattered here and there in periodicals, books, records and

the fast disappearing memories of old settlers. For that reason we must depend largely upon our own observations and experiences for what we wish to say of a few of her leaders, the men who helped make the District and her institutions what they are.

I first met Eld. Christian Long in the spring of 1873. I was then a young minister, twenty-seven years old, and living near Urbana, Champaign County, Ill. Bro. Long was from Dallas County, Iowa. We were both on our way to the Annual Meeting at Meyersdale, Pa. We met at the railroad depot, Richmond, Ind., and spent a few hours together tramping over the city, leaving there the next morning. While on this trip I heard him preach one sermon, the outlines of which I readily recall, having for his text, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." I was impressed with the ease, grace and the clear cut thinking that characterized him on this occasion.

He was born in Huntingdon County, Pa., April 10, 1813. He learned the trade of coverlet weaving, and became skilled in the business. In 1834 he and Susannah Harshey were united in marriage by Eld. Andrew Spanogle, Sr. Later they both united with the church, and he was soon called to the ministry. He moved to Illinois in 1852, located near Mt. Carroll, and at once entered into real evangelistic work. Eld. Henry Strickler of Waynesboro, Pa., had located in the same community eleven years before, and so efficient was the work done by the two elders, Bro. Long, on account of

his ability as a preacher, taking the lead, that before the close of the year over forty men and women united with the church by confession and baptism. To say nothing of those who were received into the church from time to time a few years later, 1857, ninety-six persons were baptized inside of two months. Practically all of these were grown up people and probably most of them heads of families. It is sometimes said these uneducated leaders were not equal to their tasks, but these great ingatherings of souls, and many like instances might be repeated, show that they knew how to handle the sword of the Spirit in a most effectual manner.

While in northern Illinois Bro. Long did much preaching not alone in his own Arnold's Grove congregation, of which he was elder, but in others. Whenever it was known that he was going to preach people of even other persuasions, as well as no religious affiliations, would come for miles to hear his discourses. He was a large man of fine personality, perfectly at home before an audience, and seemed to talk in a most graceful manner without special effort. With him preaching was apparently a natural gift. He always had his subject well in hand, for he was methodical and analytical, and for most people it was as easy to remember a sermon of his as it was to remember an inspiring song. He wielded a wide influence and repeatedly represented his District on the Standing Committee.

He was a great admirer of Eld. Geo. Wolfe, visited him a few times, and held one series of meetings in his congregation. In 1854 Eld. Wolfe visited Bro. Long's church, Arnold's Grove, when it was probably the largest congregation in northern Illinois, and attended the love feast held on the occasion. Thus a very strong attachment was formed between the two men and when the Annual Meeting of 1855 decided to appoint a committee to look into the differences between the Far Western Brethren and the general Brotherhood, Bro. Long was placed on the committee, and authorized to make all necessary arrangements for the conference between the committee and Eld. Wolfe's congregation. When he was quite old I had him write out a report of this conference, and the impression the deliberations made on his mind. What he wrote proved quite a help in working out some of the details relating to the reconciliation as given in previous chapters. He rather prided himself on the fact that it was largely through his influence, along with the help of Eld. D. B. Sturgis, that the gap between the Western Brethren and the Brotherhood at large was closed in a creditable manner. He felt that he had lent a helping hand in a good and far-reaching work.

After spending seventeen years in northern Illinois he moved to Dallas County, Iowa, followed by several families of his congregation. For several years he gave considerable attention to the work of the minis-

try, extending his labors over much of the state and even into Nebraska. He frequently served his District as moderator of its District Meetings and represented the District on the Standing Committee. Were we writing a regular biographical sketch this chapter might be greatly extended, but our aim in these stories is to present pen pictures of leaders rather than narrate in full the incidents of their lives. Much of the last quarter of his life, however, was given to the secular rather than to the evangelistic line, and he became less known to the generation that flourished in the afternoon of his earthly pilgrimage. He died Feb. 14, 1895, and his funeral was preached by that distinguished veteran, Eld. Moses Dierdorff.

While residing in northern Illinois Bro. Long, with his fine ability as a preacher, thinker and leader, helped to give the Brethren cause a reputation and standing that proved highly beneficial. As a preacher capable of commanding a large hearing he measured up with the best of ministers outside of the Brethren communion as well as with his own people. And while the afternoon of his life was not as brilliant as the earlier periods, still he deserves a creditable mention for the splendid influence he exerted at a time when the churches of his District needed just that type of a man.

And now since we have entered northern Illinois with this story it does not mean that we are to devote all the future chapters to her outstanding leaders and

workers. We shall be here and there picking up the stories of those who have cut an important figure in some part of our church growth, upbuilding and expansion.

Our First Book

For our first widely read and generally accepted book the Brethren are indebted to Peter Nead. There were several pamphlets dealing with the claims of the church before Bro. Nead appeared upon the scene, but none of them became standard publications. The most valuable treatise, "Rites and Ordinances of the House of God," in the form of questions and answers by Alexander Mack, was published in Germany shortly after the church was organized at Schwarzenau. Later there were added to the pamphlet answers to a number of "Ground Searching Questions," and the whole thing finally republished in America both in English and German. A number of editions were issued, but the pamphlet, eighty-nine pages, never became popular. Still, in a very creditable way, it proved helpful in unifying the Brethren along doctrinal lines.

It, however, remained for Eld. Peter Nead to give to the Brotherhood her first doctrinal book of special merit. For his day, and the greater part of his generation, he was a widely known and a well beloved typical Dunkard preacher. He was born in Hagerstown, Md., Jan. 7, 1796, just sixteen years after Eld. George Wolfe came into the world, and while Alexan-

der Mack, Jr., was yet living. His parents, Lutherans, were well-to-do slave owners, and saw to it that Peter, and the other children, got what was then considered a good education. His grandfather offered to be at the expense of further educating and fitting him for the Lutheran ministry. This did not appeal to him. His father being a tanner, Peter learned the trade and later engaged in the business for himself.

When not far from twenty years old it would seem, he became religiously impressed, joined the Methodist Church, was made a class leader with permission to do some preaching. Not altogether satisfied with the doctrine held by this church he, in the course of a few years, started out along independent lines, and was recognized as a preacher without special denominational affiliations, all the while looking for a religious body whose tenets were in perfect keeping with the demands of the New Testament. While thus seeking for further light something happened. There lived near Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Va., Eld. Benjamin Bowman, a well informed preacher, possibly fairly well educated, who wrote a pamphlet in German in which he discussed with ability some of the outstanding doctrines and claims of the Church of the Brethren. Prior to the appearance of this pamphlet Peter Bowman, of the same county, had in 1817 published a German treatise on baptism. Even before this doctrinal pamphlets had doubtless been published and widely distributed. We do not know the exact

date of the publication of Eld. Bowman's pamphlet, but it was probably about 1823, only a few years after he was chosen to the ministry and began preaching. At any rate a copy of this German pamphlet fell into the hands of Peter Nead, who read German as well as English. He became thoroughly interested in the way the author treated New Testament doctrines, and immediately proceeded to look up the Brethren. He attended one of their love feasts and there saw observed the institutions over which he had frequently pondered, and about which he had done some preaching. As an independent preacher he was not long in offering himself for membership and was duly baptized, being received into the church as a private member, but permitted to fill his outstanding appointments for preaching.

Soon after uniting with the church he formed the acquaintance of Elizabeth Yount, daughter of Bro. Benjamin Yount of Rockingham County, Va. Some writers say that she was the daughter of Daniel Yount, but on investigation we found this to be a mistake. They were married Dec. 20, 1825, and at once settled on the Yount homestead, occupying the house now owned and occupied by Eld. D. H. Zigler of Broadway. For a living Bro. Nead carried on the tanning business. He was then twenty-nine years old. Two years later, 1827, he was called to the ministry and became so greatly pleased with the principles held by the church that he devoted all his spare time to a care-

ful study of these principles as they were clearly set forth in the New Testament. He was blessed with a splendid intellect, a fine memory, and from the time he had begun preaching for the Methodists had accustomed himself to systematic study. In fact he reduced everything he did to a system in study as well as in business. Around his home, in the tanning yard, on the farm and even in his preaching and church activities, everything moved off like clock work. At three o'clock each morning he left his bed, ate a bit of dry bread, walked around the room a few minutes, and then buckled down to reading, study, writing or committing scripture to memory until breakfast at six o'clock. He worked steadily during the day, spent the evening with his family and retired early.

For a man of his profession, systematic methods and steady habits in life, he had married a typical woman. She was from a fine Dunkard family, born in Lancaster County, Pa., and thoroughly established in the principles of her church. She was a woman of splendid poise, strong in body and mind, as well as in faith, knew how to regulate the affairs of her home, and how to adjust herself to the strenuous habits of a man, who as a minister of the gospel and a writer, meant to do his best. It is not every woman who would consent for her husband to leave his bed at three o'clock in the morning, or at four either, in order that he might become the more efficient as a worker. But that is just what Sister Nead did, and for what he accomplished

she deserves some of the credit. At the time of their marriage she was thirty-eight years old, while her husband was twenty-nine. This was quite an unusual difference. But both were surely old enough to understand what they were doing. Of Bro. Nead it may very properly be said that he was well born, well converted and well married.

In the part of the state where the Nead family lived most of the Brethren preaching was in German, and at the same time there was a steady, growing demand for English services. This gave Bro. Nead a fine opening for his splendid ability. He did not have to learn to preach. He had years of training in the pulpit before he came to the Brethren, and for them preached well from the start. He had a clear, strong voice, kept it well in hand, and before the public made an excellent impression. As a minister he seemed perfectly at home before an audience, had his matter well and even systematically arranged, speaking without notes, and for appropriate scriptural quotations seemed to have the whole Bible at his command. In a religious service he was always reverent, interesting, entertaining and instructive. He lived like a preacher, behaved like a preacher and looked like a preacher. He carried his clocklike system and regularity into his church services, and with him services always began on the dot regardless of the number present.

He probably read all the Brethren literature he could get hold of, practically all of it being in pamphlet form,

and in German. He at once saw the necessity for something clear, logical and systematic for the benefit of the English reader. With this in view he brought out his first book, " Primitive Christianity," 138 pages, in 1833, in which he treated about twenty subjects, the distinctive doctrinal claims of the church. The work was printed in Staunton, Va., bound in leather, was widely read, greatly appreciated and made a splendid impression on the minds of the English readers. It was our first book in defense of the faith and practice of the Brethren. Peter Nead was at this time thirty-seven years old, and with the Brethren had been in the ministry six years.

Beginning with 1840 he moved a time or two, and in 1845 while living in Botetourt County, Va., published a large pamphlet, 131 pages, in which he ably treated baptism for the remission of sins, the faith alone doctrine and other subjects. In the pamphlet was also an essay by Eld. John Kline on the Lord's Supper. Three years later, 1848, he moved to Ohio, and finally settled on a farm, partly donated to him, nine miles northwest of Dayton, where he spent the remaining years of his long, useful and active life.

In 1850 he brought together the two publications mentioned above, added sixty-seven pages, and in this way made up his book since known as " Nead's Theological Works," all told 472 pages. The pages were stereotyped, the book well bound, a large edition printed and when placed on the market was well re-

ceived, widely distributed and regarded as the best and most satisfactory vindication of Brethren church principles ever published. It easily became a standard work among us, and did much to stabilize and unify the membership in every part of the Brotherhood.

The Brethren never had a book, before or since, that was the means of converting and bringing more people into the church. The illustrations were a bit crude, as compared with the way we now value pictures, and yet they made decidedly helpful and lasting impressions on the generation for which they were intended. It was quite common to find a few copies of "Nead's Theology," as the book was generally called, in all the Brethren settlements, east and west, and when a stranger became interested in the Brethren it was thought that the right thing to do was to lend him a copy of Nead's book to read. The language was not as polished as that employed in the best of our more recent publications, and yet in the writing of the book Eld. Nead did for the Church of the Brethren and his generation a work that has probably never been surpassed. Those converted by reading the book, and there were hundreds of them, usually continued steadfastly in the faith and practice of the Brethren. In polish, fine diction and scholarship our best writers easily excel Nead, but their printed pages do not captivate and grip as did his. It might be good if the younger generation would take a few days off and read

what was once the gripping force that so thoroughly anchored most of our early church leaders.

Eld. Nead did considerable other writing, served twelve times on the Standing Committee, did much preaching, was a splendid presiding elder, lived a typical Christian life, and was for years the most beloved and highly respected Brethren minister in his state District. March 16, 1877, at the age of eighty-one, he passed into the great eternity about which he so often discoursed in his sermons. At a meeting a few weeks before he died, he announced that this might be the last time his people would ever hear his voice. During the late afternoon of his life he did not find himself in full accord with some of the pending activities of the church. His convictions once thoroughly established accepted few changes. But taking his life as a whole, the devotion he gave to the truth, and the literary and doctrinal aid he rendered to the church, just at the time his service was needed, it is safe to say that no minister among us ever exerted a greater influence for good. His one book, Nead's Theology, was a master stroke in holding us together in solid form along distinctive doctrinal lines.

I met Eld. Nead only a few times, and then when attending Conference. As an active worker I came upon the scene just as he was thinking of laying his armor by. In me he manifested quite an interest, for my father in his early manhood had worked for him in his tanning yard, and always kept in his home a copy

of Nead's work. Long before I knew enough to read with any degree of understanding what he wrote, I used to leaf through the book looking at the pictures. I could and did read the pictures before I thought of reading the book.

Annual Meeting Righting Itself

Of John C. Fremont, the celebrated Rocky Mountain pathfinder, it is said that railroads followed his trails and cities sprang up over the ashes of his campfires. Strictly speaking, Eld. Peter Nead was not a pioneer like some mentioned in previous chapters, but as far as blazing the way for the Brethren to become a reading and thinking people, well rooted and grounded in their accepted church principles, he was certainly a real pathfinder. While not an advocate of high schools and colleges among us, and having, like the scholarly Alexander Campbell, little use for the Sunday-school of his day, he nevertheless, by the seed his book planted, laid the enduring foundation for scores of prosperous churches, as well as opening up the way, unintentionally, for every Brethren educational institution west of the Alleghenies. The seed of his planting sent roots deeper and caused branches to spread farther than he ever dreamed of. Surely he did not live and work in vain even if some of the churches springing from his seed beds did, almost to excess, outrun his most liberal calculations. And what we are here saying may apply to our mission movement and

other activities. It simply means that once upon a time a thinking trail blazer chanced upon the uncharted scene, and by the grace of God did the work assigned him and passed on.

When plotting land the skillful engineer now and then runs side lines in order to correct some error, or to get his bearing. That is just what we are doing in this chapter. There is an error to be pointed out, and we want to be sure of the land marks the fathers have set. We take a careful look at the peculiar predicament in which the Annual Conference found itself for over a dozen years, from 1821 to 1834, and from which unfortunate position it finally extricated itself with honor. Conferences whether held in America or in Rome are not infallible. They will now and then make mistakes, and yet it is said, and wisely so, that "in the multitude of counselors there is safety." But even for a multitude of counselors very much indeed depends upon efficient leadership.

After the destruction of the Sower publishing plant, during the Revolutionary War, our people were cut off from any press in which they could confide. The Sower journals, one a secular newspaper and the other a religious magazine, were not church publications in any sense, and yet being edited and published by Brethren of fine literary standing, they served as a bond of sympathy that kept our people somewhat in touch with each other. These publications gone, there was nothing left as a source of information save the

Annual Meeting, an occasional letter and a now and then visitor from some distant point.

From 1800, when the church numbered not far from 2,000, until the appearance of Nead's first book, 1833, there seem to have been few outstanding leaders, and it was during this period that Conference in some way was induced to deviate for a few years from its wisely established rule regarding other forms of baptism aside from trine immersion, and to grant permission to receive devout persons on single immersion, especially from the English Baptists. This was done for the space of thirteen years, with the distinct understanding, however, that such applicants be first instructed respecting trine immersion as the true form of baptism. Most of those thus received soon became dissatisfied with their former baptism and asked the Brethren to baptize them aright.

This and other considerations put our people to thinking and realizing the mistake that the Conference had made. They saw the inconsistency of having two forms of baptism in the church, and the embarrassment of preaching in defense of the threefold form while at the same time holding in fellowship those who had otherwise been baptized. After seeing their mistake they were not slow about correcting it, and at the Annual Meeting of 1834, held in Stark County, Ohio, decided that no more members should be admitted to fellowship on backward single immersion. That put an end to our experience with single immer-

sion. In other words, Conference put on the clamp so tightly that to this day the Brethren have never even dreamed of recognizing any other form aside from the triple immersion. And this it did so decisively and instilled the principle into the membership so thoroughly that all the now living groups that became separated from the mother church, still adhere to the same policy. The two small groups that adopted single immersion, years ago, soon went to pieces, and this might also have been the fate of the early church had she not righted herself before it was too late.

But there was something that led up to this, and that is the historical point we want to rivet in the mind of the reader. During this special period under advisement the Brethren had comparatively little church literature, and to help supply this keenly felt need Eld. Peter Bowman, of Rockingham County, Va., as mentioned in a former chapter, published in 1817 a pamphlet in defense of the New Testament form of baptism as accepted by the Brethren. A few years later, possibly 1823, Eld. Benjamin Bowman of the same county issued a pamphlet in the interest of the claims of the Brethren. It must have been a treatise of unusual merit for the reading of it put Peter Nead to thinking as he had never thought before, and actually resulted in his complete conversion. After being in the church a few years, then called to the ministry, and devoting a half dozen years to a profound study of the distinctive doctrines and principles of the Brethren, he brought

out his neatly printed and bound book, "Primitive Christianity," in which for his day and generation he discussed these doctrines and principles in a most creditable and convincing manner. All of this, the issuing of the three publications, must be credited to writers of Rockingham County, Va., showing that this one county was, at this period, becoming the doctrinal fortress of the Brotherhood, the invincible defender of the faith. It may be of interest to note right here that the churches of Rockingham County have always, with their typical leaders, stood firm for the distinctive and unique claims of the Brethren fraternity.

Bro. Nead's book was widely distributed over the Brotherhood, was read with eagerness and profit, greatly encouraging and unifying the members everywhere, and by the time they met in Conference in Stark County, Ohio, the next year, they were ready to put an end to the inconsistency of receiving members on a form of baptism that they did not look upon as apostolic. Henceforth, trine immersion and that alone was to be the form of baptism. Some of the leaders might differ, as they did from time to time, as to whether the threefold immersion, administered by other churches, should be recognized by our people, but as for single immersion, after an experience of a bit more than a dozen years, the 1834 Conference settled the question, as it should remain settled for all time.

We have dwelt on this phase of our church history for the reason that some abuse has been made of our

unfortunate single immersion experience, and for the further reason that it is encouraging to learn that it may be possible for a Conference to now and then lose its bearing, and then be able to right itself and ever afterwards keep its course on an even keel. Besides, this chapter is leading up to the story of an outstanding pathfinder in another department of our church life and church activity. Peter Nead and a few other writers played their part in making of us a reading and thinking people—a people of unity and solidity in our onward movements, and we will soon be ready to study the achievements of another who came upon the scene at an opportune moment.

Finding an Editor

WHENEVER anything worth while is to be accomplished some one to lead out must appear upon the scene, and not unfrequently to offer himself as a living, lifelong sacrifice. Men of this type are hard to find. Usually they are not found. They simply come, and quite generally from the unexpected source. Nearly two thousand years ago all the Jewish world was looking for the long promised Messiah, but no one thought of looking in the Bethlehem manger for him.

Boards, committees and trustees are combing the earth for leaders, the demand exceeds the supply, but possibly nine times out of ten the leader slips into his place before he is discovered. No board, however effi-

cient, could ever have found a Copernicus, Galileo or Newton. It is said that Alexander the Great one time wept because there was not another world to conquer. Could he have put his finger on a Columbus, a world exceeding his ambition would have sprung into existence. When all the world was looking for a method to light up the great cities and palaces of earth, and to turn most of the wheels of industry, no one ever dreamed that the boy, Thomas Edison, while thumping away on a telegraph instrument, was getting ready for the task. A Lincoln out in the woods splitting rails and a Booker T. Washington dusting the furniture in a school building. Well, boards, committees and directors may have eyes and see not, but the Supreme Ruler of the universe knows when and where to press the button that springs his chosen leaders into action.

There was a day when our people needed a book. But it takes brains, will power and money to make books. And perhaps above all it requires a vision. Peter Nead was the man for the task. Always the man comes first and the book next, and the book as well as the reading public must tarry until the man enters upon his task. The men who make books that live on and on, and put the world in motion, are very scarce, and may be easily numbered by passing over one's fingers a few times. Our people got their book as soon as the Lord found the man fitted for the responsibility.

But there came another day, maybe the same day,

when a church paper was needed, and by the way, church papers, especially denominational publications, were not much in evidence in the early part of the nineteenth century. There were some religious papers, and maybe more semi-religious journals. Considering our numerical standing at that time, the Brethren were probably not so far behind in the matter of periodical literature as some present day writers have been led to think, and as regarding a church organ not one whit. At that period of American history the churches for information and inspiration depended far more on their preachers than on their papers.

For a period of thirty-nine years, from 1739 to 1778, our people were fairly well served with a class of reading, semi-religious, supplied by the Christopher Sower German weekly. His religious magazine was also helpful. Besides, prior to the Revolutionary War several of our leaders had the Sower plant publish for them a number of pamphlets and tracts. This was made possible because the authors were men of education, most of them educated in the schools of Europe, and the Sower publishers were in a position to print and distribute their productions. While these tracts were religious they were not generally distinctively denominational. Still, in a practical way, they helped to strengthen our ranks and give the readers something wholesome to think about.

For seven years and longer the war stopped nearly all the wheels of industry and put a decided check on

church expansion. In fact religious movements stood still. The same may be said of the educational outlook. The war over, there was freedom, rather much of it in some respects, and not until after Washington became President, and even later, did things settle down. Then it was that the great unconquered and untamed west began opening up, and our people along with the members of other churches, thought more about the broad acres than they did about church papers and schools. They took their religion with them and soon began to organize churches. With the Bible, a hymn book, an almanac and possibly a few Brethren pamphlets and tracts that had survived the ravages of war, they managed with their preaching to much more than hold their own. But they had no church paper. The same was true of some other denominations, and especially the smaller ones. They were too busy to worry about the paper situation, and why should they? They could not have started and made a church paper a success if they had ventured on the experiment.

Successful editors are not made; like poets, they are born, and most of them are born at the right time, when there is an open field for them. Men of this type must have a vision, and quite often some experience as printers. When there was a good opening for a book the right man came to the front and made it. And now, when the conditions seemed promising for a real Dunkard paper the right man appears above the hori-

zon, the only man by nature, education and editorial instinct fitted for that type of work since the destruction of the Sower printing establishment. For those days there was no use talking about a church paper before the right man materialized. Editors, especially level headed ones, were scarce articles. There were no church boards to select the editor, place him in a nice well equipped room and advise that a sealed envelope containing a one or two hundred dollar check be placed on his mahogany desk the last Saturday of each month. Nothing of that sort. He must know how to set type, read and correct proof, make up the forms, manipulate the press, mail the paper to the subscribers, run or help run a farm of his own in order to make some sort of a living, and write his editorials while others slept. Such men never crowd the market.

By waiting long enough our people found the man needed, or rather by the grace of God he found our people. His name was Henry Kurtz, a typical German, born in 1796 and educated in Germany, well educated too, having a workable knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages, and able to speak and write the German fluently. At the age of twenty-one he came to the United States and while teaching prepared himself for the Lutheran ministry. His parents were members of that church and in that faith he was brought up. As a pastor he entered upon his first charge in 1819 and soon afterwards married Anna Catharine Lochr, a real preacher wife. In 1820 he

accepted a call from the Lutheran church at Pittsburgh, Pa., where he remained six years during which time he became so dissatisfied with infant baptism, and so openly opposed the doctrine as to lead up to his expulsion from the Lutheran synod. Glancing about for more light he got in touch with the Brethren in Stark County, Ohio, liked the people and after studying their doctrine saw it was just what he had been looking for. He accepted it in full faith and was baptized April 6, 1828, and called to the ministry two years later at the age of thirty-four. Like Peter Nead, he did not have to learn to preach after coming to the Brethren. He talked well from the start, was exceptionally fluent in prayer, and was quite proficient in both vocal and instrumental music. While in conversation and preaching he had reasonable freedom in the English, still he was much more at home in the German. The family organ on which he often played is still doing service.

As a means of supporting his family he conducted a printing establishment. While yet serving as a Lutheran pastor he published a German monthly, of twenty-four pages, the first issue bearing date of September, 1825. On settling in Ohio he moved his material to that state and continued in the business, doing mainly job work. After being called to the ministry he began thinking about a Brethren paper, and in 1833 made the venture. For the want of paying patronage the publication was discontinued, and a second venture of a twenty-four page monthly in 1836, at fifty cents a year

met the same fate. The minutes of the Annual Meeting, printed for the first time in 1837, bear his imprint, "Henry Kurtz, the Printer." They were printed in two columns, one German and the other English, on handmade paper, and the print for all these years remains nearly as clear as the day they came from the press. We happen to have a copy in our files. He seems to have been clerk of the Conference for that year, as well as the year following, but not for 1839, for during the summer of 1838 he visited Germany and Switzerland, doing considerable preaching, baptized several and did not return until the July following. The next year, 1840, his name appears in the list of those serving on the Standing Committee, though he was not ordained to the eldership until four years later.

Here is a man of splendid education, classical in a sense, widely read, traveled extensively, a devout member of the Church of the Brethren, thoroughly in sympathy with the accepted principles of his church, a preacher of fine standing, loved and respected, enough so as to be chosen Conference clerk year after year, serving with the Standing Committee for four years prior to his ordination, and a practical printer by trade, working his way up, step by step, into the first exclusively religious sanctum known to the history of the Brethren. He has made two fruitless attempts to reach the editorial chair. But he knows no failure. His head and heart are set on a paper in defense of the gospel

as held and practiced by the Brethren. He feels that God is back of the movement, and to every reader of this paragraph it probably seems that way too. Deep down in his soul he has a motto, an old one, "If at first you do not succeed, try, try again." This means to him a third effort, and a more thorough preparation than for the first and second efforts.

Our First Church Paper

As compared with the great timepiece of eternity a few decades are far less than the tick of the church clock, but with us it means days, weeks, months and years of toiling, thinking and waiting. As we compute time it often takes the Lord years to bring about what to the superficial mind may seem like very simple results. The mere pressing of a button, so to speak, brought Gideon and his brave three hundred to the battle front. But it took years to make a Gideon. And so with the ideal king of Israel. It required more than a decade to mould the obscure shepherd boy into a king. This was true of our first editor. He was made of the sort of clay that would stand moulding and not become "marred in the hand of the potter."

In 1842, when forty-six years old, we find him located on a farm five miles from Poland in Mahoning County, northeastern Ohio. The location is said to have been undesirable for residence or business. It was low, boggy and foggy, and yet quite well suited to

farming. Bro. Kurtz had four sons and he was right in thinking that the farm was the best place for them. In the loft of a large springhouse a short distance from and still lower than his residence, he set up his small printing outfit. Two of the boys took care of the printing department and the rest of the force looked after the farm, with all hands out in the field in harvest, haymaking and at some other times, when help was needed, to plant and harvest the crops. As it related to farming and industry it was sort of an automatic affair depending wholly on the farm products for a living, a pretty good combination for that day.

Two years after locating on the farm Bro. Kurtz was ordained to the eldership, and the local church placed in his care. He gave special attention to the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, visited other congregations and preached for them, was Conference clerk and made it a point to attend each Annual Meeting, often making the trip on horseback. Of course he received no salary. It cost him little to travel. His horse was looked after; and by the good sisters—and some not sisters—he was well fed, possibly too well, as is often the case with preachers when away from home. With a good farm, an economical wife, and four trusty boys at home to take care of the farm work and the little printing office, he had good reason for thinking that the living side of life was in no danger of being neglected. In fact, German-like, he was making some money.

But all this time he was dreaming. More than dreaming. He had visions. He was thinking about that paper that had been on his mind more than a decade. Twice he had endeavored to put it on foot, and failed each time. But things had changed, he reasoned. He was a practical printer, with years of experience. He had two boys who were printers. He could edit the paper, read the proofs, attend to the business, and the boys would work for their board and clothing. The farm would make a living for all of them, and in issuing a monthly there would be little expense aside from the cost of the paper, some stamps, a bit of stationery and a few pounds of printer's ink. This thing had been in his head for more than eighteen years and he felt sure that so far as his part was concerned everything was in prime condition for a third effort. So in 1851, when he had reached the age of fifty-five, he launched the monthly *Gospel Visitor,* printing about 300 copies. Should the paper live, or would it die? He knew he was in a condition to take care of the finances, for it would not require much of a subscription list to meet the cost of paper and a few other things. For the workmen there were to be no pay envelopes. At the time the numerical strength of the Brotherhood—east, west, north and south—was not far from 17,000, with less than half that many families, and much the greater per cent of the members having in their reading not yet formed the paper habit.

As we look at industrial undertakings these days this

whole proposition was a small affair. But in the light of history it was among the Brethren the beginning of a marvelous enterprise. It was the planting of the little acorn from which the great oak was to grow. Well, this time the undertaking proved a success; the *Visitor* lived. It grew in strength and favor as the years slipped past. At the start and for more than a dozen moons, it encountered some opposition both in Conference and out of it. Church papers were a new thing for our people as well as for those of some other churches. But after a few years the Annual Meeting practically said, "Hands off. It is an individual enterprise." And so it was with a godly man back of it. The paper then had smooth sailing, and in due time was a welcome guest in thousands of Brethren families. Eld. Kurtz had fought his battle—a long one, and won the victory. It took years to bring him, as a practical printer, with boys having a will to help their father, up to a point where he could finance and take care of a strictly denominational publication. We may truthfully say that the *Gospel Visitor* came to the edification, instruction and comfort of the church just as soon as the church was ready for it, and as soon as some one could be found and divinely trained to take care of the proposition.

At this point in our story it is interesting to pause a moment and consider the two men, Peter Nead and Henry Kurtz, who came upon the scene just at the time when the church needed the help they could ren-

der. They were both born in the same year, 1796, both of German ancestry, both from Lutheran families, both well educated, both trained preachers before identifying themselves with the Brethren, and both entering the church near the same time, the former in 1825 and the latter in 1827. Bro. Nead became a minister in 1827 and Bro. Kurtz in 1830. Bro. Nead brought out the first part of his Theology in 1833, the same year that Bro. Kurtz made his first move in starting a paper for the Brethren. Eld. Nead finished his Theology in 1850, while Eld. Kurtz sent forth the first volume of his monthy *Gospel Visitor* just one year later.

It will thus be seen that they were parallel figures, each one working along his chosen line, setting in motion the very forces so much needed in the Brotherhood, one making our first real church book, and the other establishing our first church periodical. One blazing the way for books and the other blazing the way for our publishing interests.

Both were well fitted for their work in education, training and business ability. Both had accepted the doctrines of the church in full, were devout men, and remained true to their baptismal vows to their dying day, and probably did more to unify and stabilize the church in her accepted doctrinal claims than any two men of their generation. In their Conference experiences they were thrown much together, Bro. Nead as a member of the Standing Committee and Bro.

Kurtz as Conference clerk. They were God-sent men and left behind them imperishable records.

Broadly speaking, Eld. Kurtz was not an editorial genius, but he did possess in a large measure the editorial spirit. As a necessary part of training for his final and last venture he had more or less experience in the use of printer's ink before he began the publishing of the *Gospel Visitor*. Without this experience this venture would have meant another failure.

In coming to the front with his monthly he assumed a great responsibility, becoming a defender of the faith as well as a feeder of the flock. His idea was to help the church, to unify the membership, and to put all the members in touch with each other. Each of them reading the same journal would tend to like thinking and general coöperation. He had no pet theories to promulgate. He did not even pose as a leader of thought or policy. His idea was to work with and for those of like faith, and to move no faster than the church progressed. There was no thought of sowing seeds of discord. Unity and loyalty were his ideals.

In the fall of 1856 there came to the home of Eld. Kurtz a young man twenty-three years old, fairly well educated; he could speak, read and write both English and German with creditable accuracy. This young man had united with the church the year before. He hailed from Pennsylvania, and entered the office for the purpose of learning the trade. He learned to set

type in both languages, and became quite efficient as an all-around worker. In the family as well as in the office he was known as Henry. About five months before the coming of Henry, James Quinter, aged forty, of Fayette County, Pa., moved into the community and became associated with Bro. Kurtz as one of the editors of the *Visitor*. This shifting of scenes brought together two brilliant men, Quinter and Henry, destined to play important parts in the history of the Brotherhood as well as in some future chapters of this story. Henry was an ambitious young man, fully interested in the future of the church and in whose bonnet the editorial bee buzzed with considerable freedom. He proposed to Bro. Kurtz that he sell a part interest in the *Visitor* to him, make him one of the editors and convert the paper from a monthly into a weekly, probably not being fully aware of the fact that Eld. Kurtz had set his heart on Bro. Quinter as the one to be entrusted with his editorial mantle. At any rate, Henry returned to his Pennsylvania home in the spring of 1857 with the weekly editorial bee still buzzing. We are to see much more of him in later chapters.

Eld. Kurtz found Bro. Quinter to be a man after his own way of thinking, devout, well-informed, a good writer and steadily growing in influence with the general Brotherhood. The two worked well together, Bro. Quinter doing most of the editorial work. In 1857 the *Visitor* outfit was moved from the spring house loft on the farm into the town of Columbiana,

where better office quarters were found, and where better mailing facilities were available. Shortly after this Eld. Kurtz retired from the business leaving the publication wholly in the care of his son Henry and Bro. Quinter. He died Jan. 12, 1874, having fought a long and good fight, having blazed the way for our first church paper and having made it possible for the work he had started to grow and finally to reach its present standard as evidenced by the Brethren Publishing House at Elgin.

As we glance back over the early history of the Church of the Brethren, following the Revolutionary War, we recall no man among us who could have taken up the work that fell to Bro. Kurtz and carried it forward as he did. As a printer and an editor he was not only a pathfinder but he left behind him a well marked trail, and from the seed he dropped by the way have sprung more periodicals than can be named on the fingers of any two hands. He was the only editor of any of our church papers we never met. He passed to his reward just two years before we laid aside the paint brush to enter the editorial chair of the *Brethren at Work,* the paper destined to become a leading factor in the publishing interests of which he had the honor of being the real founder. Surely Eld. Henry Kurtz served the purpose of his creation and served it well.

The Man Who Stood Foursquare

It will be observed that we are not compiling biographical data. We are not especially dealing with the cold facts of the history of men. Our aim is to paint word pictures, to let the reader see how men of some distinction appear in action, and then to show up the setting, real life colors, in which they operated, something on the panorama type, in which one view after the other is reeled off before the eye. In all these pictures different figures are observed as they appear upon the scene. They are outstanding leaders, some of them decidedly so, and all of them pathfinders, trail blazers, in some department of life. These leaders, strong and brave, men of vision and character, have blazed the way for others to follow. We are taking a careful look at some of them, not as dead men, but men of action and conviction. In a sense our story is history in picture form, painted upon a long canvas, and the story is being reeled off as the chapters come and pass on.

We have seen how churches grew up in the once great wilderness west, in the marvelous Mississippi basin. Then the scene was shifted to the east, where from two German families came two well informed men, Nead and Kurtz, who gave to the church her first doctrinal book, and her first denominational paper. These men were not only pathfinders, but they were road builders, and did more to make plain and safe the

highway of truth than many of the present generation think. But almost contemporary with them was another man, unlike any other man among us before or since his day. In this story he stands out clear and distinct in a class all to himself. Of him Bro. D. L. Miller one time said that if he had been born and educated in Russia, he might easily have been recognized as a typical czar. In the time of the Civil War he was a frequent guest at the White House, and Lincoln one time told him that if he was not a preacher he would like to have him serve as a general in one of his armies. In a great sermon before a large assembly he was heard to say: "I once beheld a strong Irishman, with a heavy sledge hammer, strike a large boulder twenty-four times without seeming to faze the rock, but when the hammer came down the twenty-fifth time the boulder flew into a dozen pieces. Persistency counts for something." Those who heard the sermon felt that the story of the Irishman was by illustration characteristic of the preacher. In a matter of conviction where he thought he was right his sledge hammer knew no let-up.

This man was Eld. Daniel P. Sayler, born in 1811; he died in 1885. His ancestors were members of the church back for several generations. They were of the sterling quality, strong in faith, character and purpose. When he was converted in 1837, at the age of twenty-six, and called to the ministry three years later, though very slow about taking up the work, he soon im-

pressed the people of his community as the coming man. His first sermon, the closing part of a funeral service, demonstrated his ability to grip his audience however large. As a speaker his services were in demand from the very start. So strong, fervent and direct were his appeals to the unconverted that inside of three months one hundred, a number of them young people, were added to the church by confession and baptism. He grew in favor and strength and easily became a leader among his own people. In fact he was a born leader, and was so recognized wherever he appeared; for his day and generation there was no preacher more in demand for great occasions.

He was a fine business man, having the appearance of a man of affairs; and when he spoke, either in conversation or before an assembly, he talked as one who understood what he was talking about. When serving on a committee or in Conference he was not generally the first one to speak, but when he did speak his words went to the spot, often with laconic keenness. He knew how to make his logic sting. He once served on a committee where an elder was on trial, being charged by a deacon as self-willed. Sayler asked the deacon for a bill of particulars. The deacon said that often in official councils he and the elder differed, and as the elder would not give in and he also would not give up it made trouble among the officials. With the twitching of a half-closed eye Eld. Sayler shot this question at him: "My good brother, if the elder will not give

up as you say, and you will not give up, will you please tell this committee who has the most self-will?" There was a time in the history of the Brotherhood, about 1874, when good brethren differed about the advisability of the names of the speakers appearing with their speeches in the Full Report of Conference proceedings. Bro. John Wise, a devout man, and a man of fine ability as a public speaker, made a strong speech in favor of publishing the speeches but omitting the name of the speaker. As soon as Bro. Wise ended his eloquent address, Bro. Sayler arose, assuming a perfectly erect attitude, and in his laconic style said something like this: "Brethren, my first reason for insisting on each man's name appearing with his speech is that I do not want anybody in the Brotherhood to think that the speech just made by Bro. Wise was made by Daniel P. Sayler." At the same Conference the propriety of brethren engaging in the banking business was being discussed with considerable earnestness. Bro. Sayler listened until he saw a good opening for the last word and then put this clincher on the discussion: "You do not need to be afraid of a brother going into the banking business who has no money, and the man who has money enough to run a bank will do about as he pleases with it anyhow."

Just such incidents as these show the thinking aptness of the man, and this ability to see the weak point in an argument or a position assumed, followed him all through life. He had a clear conception of what

he believed, and knew how to express himself in such a manner as not to be misunderstood. For a man who never studied law his diction often took a decided legal turn and for that reason he became an adept in framing forms for special services, such as installing deacons and preachers, and for ordaining elders. He is said to have been the author of nearly all of the forms for these and even other services.

Probably no one among us was more thoroughly indoctrinated at heart. He accepted the doctrines and tenets of the Brethren in full and placed a good deal of confidence in the Annual Meeting and its authority to dictate to the church. And while all this was true he one time said, and with considerable force, "But as soon as Annual Meeting will assume authority to decide a question contrary to the expressed word of the Lord I am and will be her bitter opponent, and will never submit to a decision contrary to the expressed word of the Lord." While granting Conference much authority he placed the written word above everything else.

Few elders served oftener on the Standing Committee or exercised more influence in that body. He served in every official capacity at Conference: moderator, reading clerk and writing clerk, and a few times served as moderator and clerk at the same meeting. As a presiding officer he was perfectly at home with any assembly. Those over whom he presided might differ with him, or even criticise him, but they could never

confuse him. It made no difference how many were the entanglements or how exciting the proceedings, he invariably kept a cool head and proved himself master of every situation.

As regarding development, church methods and church expansion he moved in the front ranks among the Brethren. With some of us he differed most radically on occasional methods, but on the outstanding and expressed doctrines of the New Testament he stood foursquare, and in his preaching and writing not even the shadow of doubt escaped his lips or pen. He was an uncompromising defender of the order of dress adopted by Conference for the maintenance of New Testament simplicity in attire, possibly too much so, but it would doubtless prove a blessing to the present day church if we could have some of the D. P. Sayler policy on the dress question evenly distributed and well defended all along down the line. If it be maintained that he had too much of that sort of stuff in his theology, it may truthfully be said that we have too little.

Like some others of whom we have been writing, Bro. Sayler came, seemingly, just at the right time. He was a real man among men, a preacher among preachers, an elder among elders, a thinker among thinkers and a leader among leaders. His personality exhibited the real essentials of outstanding, representative manhood, and he was so recognized wherever seen, and as he traveled from point to point, and he did a lot of traveling, he gave to the church a place of dignity,

stability and prestige that proved wonderfully helpful to the Brotherhood at large. His very presence and bearing before the public proved an inspiration to many a man who needed encouragement. Along with him and at the time he lived the church was blessed with more than a half dozen strong men, able and efficient leaders, practical defenders of the faith, but as an all round man for church work Eld. Daniel P. Sayler of Maryland stood second to none. In the New Testament we read about pillars in the church. For the Church of the Brethren he was a pillar of the first magnitude.

He died on the farm on which he was born, and spent a whole lifetime in the one community. The wife of his early manhood was a Quaker lady, who never changed her religious affiliations, and yet she proved to be a most efficient preacher's wife, always catering to the needs as well as the wishes of her husband. She saw to it that everything about the immediate premises was such as to enable him to do his best, whether at home or away from home. When it became necessary for him to be absent on some mission, either for a few day or several weeks, he found his valise properly packed for the trip, containing much or little as the occasion might require, with his Bible and hymn book on top of the other contents. While on these trips, engaged in the Lord's work, he never needed to worry about his home affairs. His wife took care of that department.

The first time I met Bro. Sayler was in the spring of 1873, when I was twenty-seven years old and he sixty-two. It was near Meyersdale, Pa., just before the Annual Meeting of that year. After we were introduced in the presence of several others, in a large room, he took a seat in one end of the room and myself not far from the other. I was then just coming into some notice of the general Brotherhood, having published my pamphlet the year before—"Trine Immersion Traced to the Apostles." After we were both seated he turned his eyes on me, looking me over from head to foot, mostly the head, and continued to survey me for possibly ninety seconds. I wanted to look at him, but his eyes were set, and there was no use trying to look him out of countenance. He was on the job and meant to finish it. Finally his eyes dropped and I felt easier. He had satisfied himself, but in what way was never revealed.

Though I often met him after this, exchanged letters with him and handled dozens of his articles sent to the *Brethren at Work* for publication, he never became anything like chummy with me until 1880, when he chanced to spend a day with me in my home in Lanark, Ill. Here he opened up quite fully and told me much about his life, his method of thinking and experiences. At the end of his allotted time, seventy-four years, he passed into eternity, leaving behind him thousands of friends and admirers, and some who never took to him and his clear-cut methods and ways

of thinking, but all admitted that "a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel."

A God Sent Man

Among the Brethren there has been no royal road to honors; especially is this true as it applies to leaders of the last century. All of them had to struggle for existence and some of them came up through tribulation. In the early decades schools were few and often far between, and west of the Ohio River exceedingly few. There were some colleges and also some universities, but these were mainly for the educated ministry, the legal, medical and a few other professions. While the father in the average Dunkard family wanted his son to have a good practical education, he did not feel justified in the expense of sending him to college. He was afraid that much schooling, in the high schools, might spoil him, and considering the conditions and experiences of that day, he was nearly right in forty-nine cases out of a hundred. And thousands of others in other denominations felt about the same way. Judging all the rest by the few spoiled boys who returned from college they felt sure that advanced "learning intoxicates the brain," but it never occurred to them that "drinking deep sobers off again." The day had not arrived for high schools in Brethren communities but it was on the way.

During the colonial period of our church history we

were favored with a number of well educated leaders, educated mainly in the schools of Europe, but they were not what we today regard as active school men. That is, not disposed to venture on the establishing and maintaining of schools for advanced learning. They left that to others, men and associations of wealth and broad influence, but when it came to community and municipal educational enterprises, like the common school, or the Germantown Academy, in which the Sowers took a leading part, they were, so far as the public demands justified, right up to date, however suspicious some of them may have been about the influences of the seats of learning of their day. Like some other devout and sincere people, even of other persuasions, they were more or less divided over the educational problem.

But in the early part of the nineteenth century, 1816 to be exact, there came into the world a boy destined to help them solve this as well as some other problems. The father belonged to the laboring class, lived in Philadelphia, but moved to Phoenixville, a manufacturing town, in 1824, where he got work in the iron mills and where the boy also worked when not in school. When the boy was thirteen years old the father died, leaving the burden of support for the family—mother and two daughters—resting largely on James, James Quinter, as the name comes down to us embellished with honors. James was industrious but took to books better than to manual labor. He was naturally sober-

minded, a bit reserved, and religiously inclined almost by intuition. At the age of seventeen he, in baptism, put on the Christ that he had learned to love. In all classes of church services he was both active and delighted, and especially in the prayer meeting, where his ability as a ready speaker became quite noticeable. This ability, along with his high order of spirituality, general intelligence and the interest he took in church affairs, so favorably impressed the members that in 1838, when he was twenty-two years old, they called him to the ministry. Soon after uniting with the church he felt a desire to serve his Master in some active manner, but while quietly pursuing his religious studies he was willing to bide his time for the holy calling. It was then that he entered upon a career that in the course of years made him, for a full generation, the most beloved and influential preacher in the Brotherhood.

In his boyhood he manifested a strong desire for an education, and being encouraged by his mother and others, he made the best of what little time he was permitted to spend in the school room, and otherwise so diligently applied himself as to be prepared to take up teaching as a profession at the age of eighteen. Not satisfied with even creditable attainments in the common school branches he took up advanced studies, and in time became efficient, as an instructor, in the higher grades. And while thus pursuing his studies, and doing advanced work in the school room, none of his

friends, however skeptical regarding high schools, had any fears about education spoiling James, as they called him.

With him the pursuit of knowledge, preaching the gospel and teaching went hand in hand. He preached much, traveled a great deal, mostly on horseback, devoted every spare moment to study and taught school for a livelihood. He believed in the supported ministry, wisely regulated, but did not worry himself about it, nor did he worry others. He was glad for the blessed privilege of preaching the gospel even if he did have to toil for his own living. He read the best of books, read much and broadly, collected a large library, and even before reaching the half century milestone became an authority, especially among the Brethren, in doctrine, church history, church polity and hymnology.

In early life he was modest, very much so, almost to a fault, and this modesty stayed by him even into old age. Though a man of education for his day, a man of broad information, strong in debate, powerful in the pulpit, able in council and a writer of acknowledged ability, he was the meekest of men. It was this meekness and a high order of spirituality, along with his splendid, pleasing and cultured personality, that gave him an ideal Christian and gentlemanly standing both in the church and out of it.

Beginning with his early teens he impressed his friends as possessing the characteristics of a man

rather than a boy. He was always studiously serious, reading at every opportunity, thinking much, and much given to meditation, and at all times pleasing in appearance and general bearing. Just how he impressed the young women of his acquaintance we are not told, nor to what extent they influenced him has never been stated so far as we know, but it did seem for a considerable part of the early half of his life that he might possibly become a confirmed bachelor, a regular bachelor preacher for whom the charms of even cultured womanhood had no attraction. But to these charms he finally surrendered, and at the age of thirty-four was united in marriage with Mary Ann Moser, a Christian woman, who took a deep interest in his growing influence as a preacher, teacher and a man of constantly broadening information. There was, however, a reason for his remaining unmarried as long as he did. On the death of his father he gradually became the support of the family, and in due time the home became known as his home, with his mother and two sisters as housekeepers. Finally the older sister married, but a few years later returned a widow with two children. All these were tenderly and cheerfully provided for by the gifted bachelor preacher, who made his own living by teaching and farming. Quite a contrast with the present day pastor, just out of college, driving his comfortable car, a present, and drawing a salary of $150 or more a month with which to meet the family and other expenses. As the time honored

astronomer once said, " The world do move," or more up-to-date speaking, " The church do move."

After teaching eight years in the eastern part of the state he received a call to locate in Georgetown church, Fayette County, Western Pennsylvania. There was no stipulated salary in this call, but a little farm was offered him on which the well meaning brethren thought he could reside and make a decent living for himself, mother and sisters. Let no one at this point in our story hold up soft, polished and uncalloused hands and talk about " ungratefulness," for just to the south of our educated farmer preacher, in West Virginia, lived that distinguished scholar, preacher, writer and debater, Alexander Campbell, who lived on a farm, plowed corn many a day, preached every Sunday and raised corn, wheat, cattle and hogs for a living, positively refusing to even consider a salary of any sort for his religious work. Not a few of these old pioneers in other churches as well as among the Brethren thought there was something in the man, who could give ample time to preaching the gospel and make his own living besides. In a half dozen times out of ten he was usually the most popular man in the community. We are not saying this to discourage the growing ministerial support policy among the Brethren. In the active years gone by we have done our full part in writing and preaching in defense of the policy where it becomes necessary and practicable, but for the good of the great work in which the Church

of the Brethren is engaged it would be a mighty good thing, even right now, if the young preacher on leaving college could pack in his trunks a pair of overalls, along with his diploma, and on reaching his chosen field of labor be prepared to say something like this: "My business from now on is to preach the gospel, but in order to help along with even the better part of my support I am prepared to tackle the first job that turns up; I can plow, plant, harvest, push the plane or teach school until the flock becomes strong enough to take care of me while I give all my time to the Lord's work." Talks of this sort upon the part of a score or more of young well educated preachers, strong of body and brain, well rooted and grounded in the principles for which the church stands, would year after year do more in the way of opening money purses and putting new life into dying and new congregations than anything that has yet happened in our church expansion work.

Bro. Quinter was just this type of a man. Preaching the gospel, defending the faith and educating the people, young and old, was to be his lifelong task, but he was willing to turn his hands and brain to anything lawful for a living until the fruitage of the Lord's vineyard was sufficient to take care of him. He remained on his little Pennsylvania farm for fourteen years, teaching during the winter months and looking after his farm work in the growing season. At the same time he kept up his studies, research work and

regular preaching, and as a result of his spiritual labors scores were added to the church. Far and wide he became known as a gifted preacher and did some writing, but he was a far better preacher than farmer. One of his friends, not a member, one time told him that in the Dunkard church was no place for a man of his ability, and that affiliated with one of the larger denominations his services would be in demand in the best of pulpits. Bro. Quinter told his friend that he thought he would better stay where he was needed. And so he did, however much he at times towered above associates all about him.

But when he was forty years old there came to him a better day. Eld. Henry Kurtz of Poland, Ohio, had been editing and publishing the monthly *Gospel Visitor,* practically single handed for five years; he needed an assistant on the editorial staff and invited Bro. Quinter to accept the position. This was Bro. Quinter's opportunity. He accepted the position and in the spring of 1856 moved his family, about 125 miles, to his new point of labor, and at once became identified with the *Gospel Visitor* as one of its editors. Though not yet in the eldership, he had by the previous Standing Committee been elected assistant Conference Secretary. From now on his efficient and highly appreciated work in the Brotherhood began to broaden. By a committee of Standing Committee appointment, 1856, he was ordained to the eldership, not on the Conference grounds, as some have thought, for on account of moving he did

not attend the Annual Meeting that year, but in the congregation where he held his membership.

There was too much in his busy life, and his labors were too extensive, and the results too far-reaching to be noted in a single chapter. We must take another look at him, for in our story he is a growing man, growing in favor with God, and with the thousands to whom he ministered with voice and pen.

A Typical Christian Gentleman

Bro. Quinter having reached the age of forty, matters now began to move rapidly, but steadily with him. He was fully as well educated as any man in the Brotherhood, possibly second to none as a preacher, and the most successful evangelist among our people. Though serving on the editorial staff of the *Visitor* we soon, in 1861, find him at the head of an academy in New Vienna, Ohio, with the purpose of establishing better educational facilities for the young people of Brethren families. It was during war times, a discouraging period for educational institutions, and for the want of necessary patronage, and general depression everywhere, the school closed at the end of three years. Was the undertaking a failure? Not in full, for it gave rise to an educational sentiment that in time, like a mighty wave, swept over the Brotherhood from coast to coast. Not many years passed until he became the sole editor of the *Visitor,* with his residence at

Covington, Ohio. With his splendid ability he brought the magazine up to a widely recognized standing. He gave special attention to the doctrinal principles of the church, and in his editorials discussed these doctrines in a clear and scholarly manner, and in this way made a priceless contribution to the church. Year after year we find him at the Annual Conference serving on the Standing Committee and acting as its efficient writing clerk, and in this way he became the most outstanding figure on the Conference platform. He devoted a year or two to the study of hymnology and compiled and published for the Brotherhood the best hymn book, the best selection of hymns then known to our people. It was probably the sale of this book that brought to him the money that enabled him for the remainder of his life to live in comfortable circumstances, a competency and situation that he had more than well earned. In a sense it was the fruitage of the spiritual vineyards that he had so skillfully helped to plant and cultivate.

Though a man of deep piety, a high degree of spirituality and naturally quiet and studious, he was early drawn into the polemical arena in defense of the doctrinal claims of his church. In fact it was an age of religious debates. Such able men as Alexander Campbell, founder of the Disciple Church, J. R. Graves of the Baptist, Erasmus Manford of the Universalist, N. L. Rice of the Presbyterian, Percell, Catholic, Owen, Infidel, and a score of others, some of them holding as

many as thirty discussions, made debating immensely popular. In a way every denomination and cult stood ready to defend its principles. Bro. Quinter saw the conflict coming, and to him the Brethren naturally looked as their defender of the faith and practice held by them. Though no lover of controversy, he would not shirk duty. The way things were going he knew that our people would have to come to the defense of their gospel claims or lose out, so he got ready for whatever part he might be called upon to play.

It is quite generally believed that his first debate, in 1856, when he was forty years old, was with a minister of the Reformed Church, in the Summit congregation, Somerset Co., Pa. But late investigations show that in 1851 he held a discussion with a Methodist minister, Rev. McCleary, in the Horner church, six miles north of Johnstown, Pa., in the old Conemaugh congregation. The debate lasted three days, and proved quite an uplift for the Brethren in that community. There are those living who recall the incident. Between 1851 and 1869 he held not less than eight discussions, three of them in the same year, 1867, and two in the same month. Most of them were with the Disciples on trine immersion, the religious rite of feet-washing and the Lord's supper. Two of these debates were published. His last debate, 1869, was on Masonry, in which he affirmed that the "principles of Freemasonry are inconsistent with the principles of Christian truth." In this discussion he is said to have

defended his position in a masterly manner, and many of the Brethren who heard it regretted that it could not have been reported and published. In 1866, when I was twenty years old, I rode fifty miles on horseback to be present at his debate with L. B. Wilks of the Disciples in Macoupin County, Ill. Mr. Wilks was probably the most scholarly man Bro. Quinter ever met and was really a better trained disputant, but Bro. Quinter had the grip on him when it came to solid facts. Especially was this noticeable respecting trine immersion as the apostolic form of baptism. As the discussion proceeded day after day I studied his arguments and the splendid way he had of presenting them. Then I studied the man, and as a young man just out of my teens, I made up my mind that Eld. Quinter was the finest looking, the best informed and the best groomed Brethren preacher I had ever met, it being the first time I ever saw him. I went away from that debate thoroughly rooted and grounded in the outstanding doctrines of the Brethren and fully resolved to spend my life in their defense.

To tell anything like a complete story of his life and labors in two short chapters will not be attempted, for his was a busy life and his achievements many. He was connected with the first mission board ever appointed by Conference, a board that by the process of evolution in methods developed into the present General Mission Board. He posed as an educator the greater part of his life, and for years served as presi-

dent of Juniata College. He was among the first and foremost in Sunday-school work. Few elders served oftener on Conference committees, and no one ever surpassed him in the length of his service as writing clerk of Annual Meeting. He served a whole generation on the editorial staff, and did much in the way of bringing our periodical literature up to a creditable standing. No man among us did more in collecting and giving to the public the vast amount of information to be found in the records, ancient and modern, in defense of trine immersion as the apostolic form of baptism. His book on Trine Immersion will always remain a standard work among the Brethren. Though often in debate, sometimes with men fiery and sarcastic, he never lost his gentlemanly and Christian composure. In the midst of heated parts of vigorous discussion he remained calm, deliberate and spiritual. His debates never in the least affected his high order of piety and spirituality.

The first conversation I ever had with him was on the occasion of the Annual Meeting at Meyersdale, Pa., in the spring of 1873. I was then twenty-seven years old, and had just published my pamphlet on Trine Immersion Traced to the Apostles. On leaving Conference we happened to be in the same coach. After a few hours he came to my seat and sat down by me, saying that he wanted to have a little talk with me. Then he proceeded to tell about the church paper problem. For some years H. R. Holsinger had been

publishing the *Christian Family Companion,* a weekly paper, on the free rostrum plan, and it had got him into trouble before the Annual Meeting. Bro. Quinter said that Bro. Holsinger had proposed to sell his paper and printer's outfit to him, and he felt disposed to take him up on his offer and to consolidate the *Companion* with the *Visitor* which he was still publishing in Ohio. He wanted to know what I thought of the idea. We had quite a little talk over the situation.

But in a little while Bro. Quinter was in possession of the *Companion,* consolidating it with the *Gospel Visitor,* with the *Primitive Christian* as the name of the consolidated paper. A bit later the *Pilgrim* was merged with the *Primitive Christian.* In the meantime I had become connected with the *Brethren at Work,* first at Lanark, Ill., and then at Mount Morris. In 1883 there was a movement, backed by the owners of the *Primitive Christian* and *Brethren at Work* printing plants, to consolidate both papers. This was effected in June, Bro. Quinter being elected editor in chief, and myself managing editor of the *Gospel Messenger,* the paper to take the place of the other two, with Mt. Morris the place of publication. Bro. Quinter continued his residence at Huntingdon, Pa., and sent his editorials to me for publication. This was also true of Bro. H. B. Brumbaugh, connected with the editorial staff. Bro. Joseph Amick was business manager. As part owner, Bro. D. L. Miller, then in the

laity, was an important factor in the consolidated business firm. This arrangement brought myself and Eld. Quinter into close contact. He always wrote his editorials on foolscap paper and was quite regular with his manuscript. He dictated nothing regarding the general tone of the paper. That was left wholly with the editorial management, it being understood that the paper must faithfully represent the interests of the Brethren.

Our interviews were always short and pleasant. He was no man to prolong an interview just for the sake of talking. He never jested. He often smiled but seldom laughed. In his conversation there was no witticism and no criticism. He endeavored to speak considerately about anyone to whom he might refer. His personality and general bearing, whether in the social circle or in the pulpit were of the most cultured type. In short, he was at all times a typical Christian gentleman. In my association with him I never heard him laugh but once, and that was when he spoke of the good brethren, as he called them, in Fayette County, Pa., who undertook, by locating him on a farm none too desirable, to make a creditable farmer of him. He said in due time they learned that he was not "cut out" for a farmer.

Bro. Quinter was a man of well fixed habits, temperate in all things and considerate at all times. With him Friday was a day of fasting. Each morning he left his bed at four o'clock and went to his desk to

write, read or meditate. He was uniformly busy and contented in his work. For fifty years he preached nearly every Sunday, and during this period seldom missed an Annual Conference. It is said that he never took a vacation and never spent any time on a pleasure trip; he was always about his Master's business. Beginning when a young man he collected quite a library, and it was among his books that he spent his most happy hours. His sermons were well and systematically prepared, but he seldom used notes or manuscript in the pulpit. He was called to the editorial chair in 1856 and remained on the editorial staff for thirty-two years. He was twice married, his first wife living only seven years. A few years later he married Fanny, daughter of Eld. John Studebaker, who proved to be an ideal companion for a minister, writer and lifelong student of his type. Without such a wife he never could have accomplished what he did.

As he grew older his life became the sweeter, thus demonstrating the practicability of growing old gracefully. His whole life, from young manhood until his last moment upon the earth, was spent in active work for and among the people he loved, and one beautiful afternoon, May 19, 1888, while at prayer in service, at North Manchester Conference, Ind., he fell asleep, and was no more, for God took him. The wires flashed the news from ocean to ocean, and the reading public of the United States soon learned that "Bishop Quinter," as some of the papers designated him, editor of

the *Gospel Messenger,* gifted preacher, writer and president of Juniata College, had passed on. He died in the midst of more than a thousand people, and around his prostrate form as it lay upon the table in the Conference auditorium they wept like children.

Surely he spoke wisely on coming from early manhood into popularity, when he said that instead of seeking the popular pulpit he would remain with the people who needed him. In the midst of a nation-wide confusion and learned controversy regarding church doctrines and church policies, as well as the rising tide of education, political excitement, and all sorts of religious and intellectual fads, he became not only a real trail blazer but an actual road builder for the generations coming after him. In the eyes of nearly a hundred thousand people he dignified every movement in which he took an active part, and the part of the world in which he moved has been made only the better because he lived and labored.

A few years after his death his daughter, Mary N. Quinter, who spent a number of years as a missionary in India, where she is now buried, published a splendid book of 426 pages containing a brief sketch of her father's life, and forty of his sermons. We say a brief sketch, far too brief, only seventy-eight pages. The story as told is a loving tribute to the memory of a great and good man, but our people ought to have a more extended record of this beloved man. His life was full of noble deeds, and a well written book of 200

pages somewhat illustrated would prove an inspiration to many a young man, especially a young minister, to say nothing of its educational and entertaining influence.

A Typical Missionary

THE careful reader has doubtless observed that we have been tracing the gradual unfolding of the Brethren movements as our people followed in the wake of earnest and thinking trail blazers and pathfinders. Our story has swept over Kentucky, Missouri and Illinois in which we have witnessed the planting of churches all along the line, thus laying the foundation for forces destined to play important parts in the history of the general Brotherhood. Then we went to the east, Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and carefully followed the development of still other forces, having for their purpose the moulding of the fraternity as it expands with its many and varied activities. Now we are to bring these forces together as we study the efficient and consecrated workers who took a leading part in unfolding the church as she broadens out with her methods, activities and agencies. And in doing this we are to grapple with some of her great problems as well as with some of her tragedies, some of them uplifting and ennobling and others heart-rending. After all, real history is mainly the story of leaders and their achievements, and as we now tell of our experiences as we came in touch with some of

the more prominent among our people it will be but the unfolding of history in the making under our personal observation.

We have told the story of the beginning of our church literature as the foundation was laid and even built upon in the life and labors of that splendid trio, Nead, Kurtz and Quinter. In this chapter we are to deal with mission efforts and mission sentiment. The Brethren in their own way have always been a missionary people. The very nature of their religious claims demands expansion, and had it not been for distressing persecutions in the early stages of their movements in Germany, they would inside of two generations have planted churches all over Europe. Soon after reaching America, to which persecution drove them, the Conrad Beissel faction greatly crippled the church. This was followed by the Revolutionary War, and yet in the face of these and other hindrances our people established settlements and kept fully abreast of the emigration tide south and west. With them the United States was their mission field, and in the spreading of the principles no body of people in the whole Protestant group made greater sacrifices than did the Brethren. It would take a volume to tell the story of their labors, how the faithful preachers of the gospel went here and there, mainly on horseback, carrying the bread of life to hungry souls. In these days of conveniences, comforts and luxuries, there is nothing like it in any of the states. The privations en-

dured may be equaled in some of our foreign mission fields but probably not much excelled by any of them. These earnest workers went mainly at their own expense, thus proving to the world that they, to the man, were thoroughgoing missionaries. No one needed to go from church to church preaching missionary sermons in order to create sentiment. Not only were the ministers active, but the members of every class, young as well as the older ones, talked their religion in the homes, in the fields, on the highways and even on the dry goods boxes as they sat around in stores and shops.

Not so much was said about foreign fields, for coming from Europe as they did our people felt that America was foreign field enough, and that they would do well to plant churches in every county. And by the way, in those early days very few of the denominations were especially interested in mission work beyond our own borders. Our people were fully as much interested in the spread of the gospel as any of them, only the United States and Canada was their field. In this line of work they simply laid the foundation and paved the way for our present foreign mission movement.

In methods of expansion and building up churches our people differed from most of the other denominations. They relied largely on emigration. A few families would settle in a new locality and then call for a preacher. The preacher usually came and then the work of establishing a church began. In this way most of our prosperous congregations were brought into

existence. In time these churches expanded and still more organizations were effected. It was for its day and generation a splendid method, sort of a self-operating method, and resulted in building up more churches than any method known to our history, a method perfectly adapted to the time in which it was operated. Our real missionaries in those days were the preachers who went from point to point ministering to the isolated groups. A score or more of them each year devoted weeks and even months to just this sort of work and in nine case out of ten mainly at their own expense. In a story like this we might fill chapters recording the deeds of these self-sacrificing men who were mainly responsible for a very large per cent of the Brethren churches dotting American mountains, dales and plains. For the personal part of this chapter we could easily name a dozen devout and efficient missionary preachers, who in feeding the Lord's little flocks wore out more horseshoes than most present generation preachers ever dreamed of. As a practical lesson and by way of illustration we shall mention only one.

Soon after the Civil War one of our real missionary preachers, who had already done considerable work among isolated churches, decided that the South would be a splendid field for our people to enter with the whole gospel, so he and his wife, a splendid song leader, entered this great field, going as far south as New Orleans, but soon learned that in opening up work

among the southern people he was displaying more missionary zeal than judgment. His efforts were premature, the field not yet ready for his message. He then went into parts of Tennessee and Virginia preaching the gospel and encouraging the members living in the war torn and demoralized sections of these states, and thus the whole winter was spent. In the spring he returned to his farm to make some money for another winter's campaign.

This preacher's name was James R. Gish. He was born in Roanoke County, Va., in 1826. He was raised on a farm, had very meager opportunities for an education, spent many days and even weeks fox-hunting among the mountains of his state, became as hardy and well developed as a trained athlete, and grew to manhood pure in mind and clean in habits. He was naturally ingenious, industrious, a young man of marvelous endurance and as fleet on foot as an Indian. He went about his work intelligently and cheerfully, and did his utmost to make the very best possible out of life. His whole early life showed that he had something ahead of him and that he was aiming at something higher than making a mere living. When twenty-two years old he was married to Barbara Kindig, a fine young woman, and in the fall of the same year, 1848, took the advice of Horace Greeley and went west. In a private conveyance they drove to Woodford County, Ill., the trip requiring six weeks. The most of Woodford County was then a vast wild prairie

with only here and there a settler. Raw land could be purchased for a dollar and a quarter an acre. Brother and Sister Gish secured 160 acres where the city of Roanoke now stands, built a board shanty sixteen feet square, not plastered, set up housekeeping and went to farming. The year before his parents had opened up a farm in the same locality. Two years later, when I was four years old, my parents settled in the same community. In this new community all told there were five members of the church, three sisters and two brethren, but no religious services of any sort. The first Brethren service was in 1852, conducted by brethren from Fulton County, at which time Bro. Gish, his wife and six others were baptized. Four months later, at the age of twenty-six, he was called to the ministry, and at once began preparation for his lifelong work.

After a year or two in his home congregation and at a few other points he gradually drifted into regular evangelistic work, devoting his time and energies to the localities where his services were most needed. His wife was a splendid song leader and together they made a good evangelistic team. Sometimes they would spend a whole summer or a whole winter in one locality. A short time before the Civil War we find them conducting a revival in the northern part of Cedar County, Mo., more than one hundred miles from any railroad. At an isolated point in the east the best part of a year was spent building up and organizing a

church, and where he helped the members erect a meetinghouse. Most of his labors, however, were in the west—Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas and Arkansas. In the last named state he finally located and spent several years in real pioneer work. All of his preaching and traveling was done at his own expense. He was a good business man, knew how to make investments and money seemed to come into his coffer naturally and easily, and he used it freely in the Lord's work and in helping the poor. For establishing and taking care of new churches he maintained sort of a ministerial board of his own. He would purchase a farm and then sell it to a minister at cost and on easy terms. This was done at a number of points. His idea was to locate a minister with each isolated group of members in such a way that he could make a living and give the flock proper care.

With him the Bible, especially the New Testament, was the one Book for everybody. He always kept New Testaments on hand to give to those who had none. Under date of Feb. 13, 1894, he wrote me that he would be glad to furnish the money for purchasing Bibles to be sold to the poor at cost, if the Publishing House would agree to take care of the business. It not being convenient for the House to take care of the proposition I suggested to him that he use some of his money to print and place on the market a pocket New Testament with references and marginal readings at the close of each verse. This pleased him and that is

the way we happen to have the neatly printed New Testament published by the Brethren Publishing House. In the start it was known as the " Gish Testament," has passed through many editions, and is extensively used by other denominations as well as by our own people. When he died in 1896 he left his large estate to his wife, Aunt Barbara, as she was called, who in time turned the greater part of it over to the General Mission Board in such a manner as to form the Gish Publishing Fund, and help lay the foundation for the superannuated ministerial department.

Brother and Sister Gish for their day and the conditions of the country were ideal missionaries. Of them it might be said that they went everywhere preaching the Word, for to them every call was a Macedonian call, and no group of members was too few or too poor to be denied their services. If ever a man preached a free gospel Bro. Gish did. And wherever he went he created missionary sentiment, thus helping to blaze the way for our present missionary program, for without the work done by men of his type we would not be credited with the number of congregations we now have.

Bro. James R. Gish was not an orator. He was simply a plain, easy, earnest, straightforward talker, one who impressed his audience with the thought that he knew what he wanted to say, and knew how to say it. He knew his Bible, and possessed the art of using the sword of the Spirit in a most skillful manner. In the

pulpit as well as in conversation he handled a keen blade and many an opponent was made to feel the force of his simple logic. While a man of little schooling, he used good language, made a splendid appearance in the pulpit, and seemed perfectly at home with men of business or culture.

I first met him when I was about five years old and kept track of him until I stood by his open grave near Roanoke, Ill., and said the last word. His grave is marked by a substantial marble block, on the top of which has been chiseled the open Bible, characteristic of the man who believed in the open Bible for the masses.

Our First Foreign Missionary

In our story of men and things, mostly men, one step paves the way for another. We have noticed the intense domestic missionary spirit pervading the Brotherhood, and the disposition to carry our claims into every part of our homeland. In our papers, in our pulpits as well as in our District and Annual Conferences, the question was being earnestly and intelligently discussed. Calls for preaching came from every direction—California, Oregon, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska and even from parts of Canada. All this meant two things: church expansion and laying the foundation for reaching the world-wide fields beyond our own borders. Some writers treated the matter of foreign missions in our church papers of which there

were three. But it was all talk and no action; however, it was creating the right sort of sentiment. Fields were named but there were no distinct calls, nor was there anyone disposed to lead out and say, "Here am I, send me." This was the situation for decades. Scores thought that with our plea for the whole gospel we should take up mission work in heathen lands. There was just one thing lacking, assurance upon the part of some efficient worker that he had been called to such fields. And so far as our records show there were no late-date Paul and Barnabas to be set apart and sent on that sort of a mission. In spite of all that was written or said there was no one ready to be sent, nor was the church ready to take up the work.

But in 1875 something happened. In a small harness shop in Lanark, Ill., two men fell to talking about foreign mission work, one a deacon in the church, while the other was classed with the laity; one a school teacher and the other a harness maker. The harness maker was a Dane from Denmark, Christian Hope by name, and by the way a very nice name. He came to America as a Baptist minister, and preached for the Baptists, but down deep in his heart the doctrine of his church did not fully satisfy him. There was not enough of it. The backward single immersion of post apostolic origin, did not appeal to him. There was the omission of the religious rite of feet-washing, the Lord's supper, the kiss of love as the Christian greeting, as well as the anointing service. What the New

Testament says about simplicity in life and in attire took a strong hold on him. While he posed as a minister, preaching for years without a salary, he was constantly searching for new light, and looking for a people which in faith and practice lined up fully with the teaching of Christ and the apostles.

Bro. Christian Hope was born in Denmark in 1844, was fairly well educated, of a religious trend almost from boyhood, passed from one religious experience to another, became a member of the Baptist Church, entered the ministry, preached extensively in Denmark and Norway, published a number of religious tracts and pamphlets and in 1870, at the age of twenty-six, in order to escape arrest on account of some things said in one of his pamphlets, made his escape to America, locating in central Iowa, where he married eighteen months later. Incidentally, after a search of three years, he met up with the Brethren in Carroll County, Ill., and largely through the instrumentality of that godly man, Geo. D. Zollars, and some tracts placed in his hands, was led to apply for membership, being baptized Oct. 25, 1874. The next year we find him in the little harness shop just mentioned. During the day he worked at his trade, and spent his evenings translating some of the Brethren pamphlets, "The Perfect Plan," "One Faith," "Trine Immersion Traced to the Apostles," into the Danish language. These pamphlets had settled the church question with him and he felt sure

that they would prove helpful to other earnest souls seeking more light.

The deacon was M. M. Eshelman, more fully, Matthew Mays Eshelman, then in his thirty-first year. In his younger days he had some experience in the army, acquired an education considerably in advance of the average, took up school teaching as a profession, and made a decided success of it. There were few better teachers in any of the common schools. He was a man of considerably more than ordinary intelligence, naturally attractive in appearance and deportment, full of life and the inspiration of any group of which he might become a part. He had a very pleasing way of approaching people and almost made them like him whether they wanted to or not. In the general outstanding doctrines of the church he was sound to the core, and understood them, and withal a bit strenuous on a few points, but possessed a highly commendable spirit. In fact he was intensely religious and threw his whole soul, energy and splendid ability into anything that he took hold of. He was a good writer, wrote rapidly and accurately. He had already written a few pamphlets and one book.

These were the two men who often met in the harness shop and talked mission work. Neither of them had any more money than what was needed for living expenses, and yet they talked about carrying the gospel in its full form into Denmark, mainly by the printed page. To print what Bro. Hope had translated meant

money. How to get this money was the question. They realized that all talk and no action would result in nothing, and they further realized that if anything was to be done somebody must lead out in creating a fund, and that the way to begin the work was to begin. So in order to start the fund they took up an offering, twenty-five cents each, all told fifty cents. This was the first offering for foreign mission work ever lifted in the Church of the Brethren, and so it was that while our first church paper, the *Gospel Visitor,* was started in the loft of a farm spring house, our foreign mission work had its incipiency in a harness shop. It was a small beginning in a small place, but it will be well to bear in mind that all great enterprises begin at the small end. These two brethren now had something to talk about, and talk they did about their little informal missionary meeting and the offering. There were others that "chipped in" and they too went to talking. Bro. Eshelman wielding a fascinating pen, told the story in our church papers and money came from every part of the Brotherhood, four hundred dollars. Word came that Bro. Hope's close friend, Hansen, wanted some one to be sent to Denmark to preach the simple doctrine held by the Brethren, adding that he wished to be baptized. The news of this Macedonian call and the plan to send Danish literature to Denmark spread. It was of the spreading kind, and among our people almost like broadcasting.

In a little while all Northern Illinois was talking

about mission work, and when a whole state District begins to talk about the same thing you may look for something to take place. The District was composed of as fine a body of intelligent and prosperous members as ever graced any part of the Dunkard Church. The churches were large, well officered, active and stood well in the estimation of the public. For a time the members talked more about spreading the gospel than about their well tilled farms and fine stock. Sermons on missionary work at home and abroad became popular and touched many a pocketbook. All Northern Illinois became stirred as it had never been stirred before or since. As a result a great meeting was called to convene in the Cherry Grove church, two and a half miles north of Lanark. Every congregation was invited to send delegates. Early on the morning of Nov. 12, 1875, wagons and buggies, mostly buggies, might be seen coming from every direction. The large commodious church building was packed from wall to wall, everybody wondering what might happen. There were songs and prayers, and prayers and speeches. Enoch Eby was moderator, J. J. Emmert, clerk, M. M. Eshelman, assistant clerk, and Martin Myers, reading clerk.

The leaders chosen for the purpose got their heads and hearts together, for their hearts were in the work, and recommended that two efficient ministers be sent to Denmark, and that they be accompanied by one well conversant with the Danish language. An election was

to be held to select the latter and place him in the ministry. Everybody wanted to vote, and vote they did. It was the biggest election for a minister ever held in the state. Bro. Hope was chosen and installed. The choice was practically unanimous and it was decided that Bro. Hope and family should get ready and start as soon as possible, and that the other two brethren and their wives follow later. Money of course was needed and the meeting agreed to foot the bill if necessary, but asked the whole Brotherhood to assist.

To Northern Illinois this was an inspiring meeting. In a sense it was a regular Pentecost. It was the beginning of foreign mission work for the Church of the Brethren. The two brethren who in the harness shop had started the movement had done their work, the little leaven had leavened the whole lump. Bro. Hope said that Eshelman had planned and started the movement, had pushed it with pen and tongue, and had given to it the inspiration needed. He was probably correct, for he was the real publicity man in the movement, and it was his pen that kept the work before the public. The little harness shop had served its purpose and we soon find Bro. Hope in Denmark preaching the gospel and baptizing the converts. He will go down in history as our first foreign missionary. A year later Enoch Eby, Daniel Fry and their wives followed, a church was organized, some officers elected, Bro. Hope ordained, and the church placed on a good working basis.

For a year or two there was a little agitation in our papers and the Annual Meeting about the way the work was started, but not about the work itself. It was a case of Northern Illinois, with an abnormally long arm, reaching clear across Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and other eastern states and undertaking to direct a mission without the consent of the general Brotherhood. It was however arranged for Northern Illinois to take care of the work and the rest of the church would assist with the finances.

In looking after the mission and visiting the United States, Bro. Hope crossed the Atlantic several times, the last time being in 1898 and 1899. On his last trip to Denmark and Sweden several of us, including Bro. D. L. Miller, accompanied him. This gave me an opportunity to get better acquainted with him and to study the man. I found him a splendid traveling companion, absolutely unselfish, always interested in those around him and never idle. While crossing the ocean he devoted every spare hour to the study of his Greek New Testament, having by his own efforts become sufficiently proficient in the language to read it quite understandingly. By the members and others who knew him he was held in high esteem. They looked upon him as a spiritual father, and no shepherd was ever more loved by his flock. For them he had done a great work and they showed their appreciation by many acts of kindness. When through with his mission and feeling sure that they might never see him

again, he bade them an affectionate farewell while they stood around him and wept like children. This proved to be his last trip abroad.

Before this, out of the kindness of their hearts, the members in America had purchased for him and his family a home at Herington, Kans. No man ever loved his home and his family any better than Bro. Hope, and yet when there was a call for preaching he responded to the extent of his ability. He permitted nothing to stand between him and his duty as a preacher, and with him always went the good wishes and prayers of his whole family. His wife, a most devoted woman, and often in delicate health, made every necessary sacrifice that her husband might be in a position to do his best. We probably never had a more diligent preacher in our ranks. Whether in America or in Europe he was constantly at work for his Master. He did not live to become an old man, but in 1899, at the age of fifty-five years, he closed his earthly labors and passed into the great beyond.

On coming to the Brethren Bro. Hope accepted the doctrinal claims of the church without any mental reservations. With these doctrines he seemed perfectly satisfied and while others labored for changes here and there he was contented to make the best of what we had. To his mind every outward form, every ordinance and ceremony was associated with a spiritual meaning and it was this spiritual meaning that strength-

ened and comforted him all through life. His was indeed a spiritual life of rare significance.

Bro. Hope with the life he lived was a great uplift to the Church of the Brethren. It put our people to thinking about mission work beyond our own borders. In many ways his work was a wonderful educational movement, and paved the way for all our present foreign missionary undertakings. It broadened the minds of people and taught them to give, and in this way Bro. Christian Hope stands out clear and distinct as a typical missionary pathfinder. He blazed the way and others have followed.

Occasionally a writer in our church paper, and even in books, makes much to do over the opposition brought to bear against the Danish missionary movement. Generally speaking the opposition was minor, very much so. The rank and file of our people favored the work from the start, as they favored practically all of our missionary efforts. In writing about any helpful movement so much depends upon the side that is magnified, those favoring the undertaking or those opposing it. It is a mighty easy matter to so magnify a small opposition as to give it the appearance of a tremendous force. In this story of the unfolding of the Brethren reformatory movement, if any magnifying is to be done, our policy is to magnify the right, the good, the uplifting and minimize the wrong or that which is misleading.

Our First Successful School

To fully understand the beginning of a far-reaching movement we must learn something of the men back of it. It may be a group of persons or possibly one leading spirit, the one who had a vision. In this chapter we get in touch with a group, all men of vision, only to single out the leading spirit, who did his part in placing our first successful educational enterprise on a substantial basis. To tell the story of this leading spirit will be to tell something worth while, how it was started and how it grew to commendable stature in educational circles.

As a body the Brethren in America were just a bit slow about promoting educational enterprises, probably not any more so than other religious bodies of like numerical strength. As a strictly rural people they were succeeding so well in planting churches and building up desirable communities that the need of high schools was not felt. In fact there was considerable opposition to high schools and colleges. When a young man I heard the finest German preacher we had in the west, a man of splendid personality, a man of considerable scholarship, a real orator, in addressing a large assembly tell the people how higher education would spoil their sons, how they would come home from college dressed in fine broadcloth, wearing a high bee gum hat, swinging a little cane, and acting like dudes. While what was said by the gifted speaker did

not appeal to me but talks of that sort had their effect on any community, and in order to create school sentiment had to be overcome in some way. It took men of strong conviction and clear vision to face men of this type and do it in such a way as not to cripple their influence and endanger their standing with their own people.

Probably the first man after the beginning of the nineteenth century to realize keenly the need of high schools among our people, and that, too, in a broad sense, was Eld. James Quinter. He spent many years in the schoolroom, wrote, preached and worked in defense of school sentiment, and this too without breaking with the leaders who differed from him. This was the fine art of diplomacy on his part.

It is one thing to create educational sentiment, but quite another to establish and maintain an institution of learning. Hundreds wanted a good school under religious influences for our young people and were willing to contribute towards its support, but somehow no one could make it go, not so much on account of opposition as not knowing seemingly just how to work the proposition. Generally speaking, there is a time for all things. And so it proved in getting educational work started and kept going. The educational movement needed a man who knew how to press the button and put the machinery in motion.

On a well tilled farm in Huntingdon County, Pa.,

appeared two boys, Henry and John, born respectively in 1836 and 1848. There were other children in the family but it is with these two, especially Henry, that this story has to do. Both boys, while growing to manhood on the farm, managed to secure a creditable education, first in the common schools, then in institutions of the higher grades. Their educational attainments were considerably above the average for the community in which they lived. Their parents, George and Mary Brumbaugh, were members of the Church of the Brethren and in good standing religiously and financially. When young men both boys became members of the church. They married into good families, Henry taking for his wife Susan Peightal, and John, Eleanor J. Van Dyke. As young men they were active and industrious, and at all times greatly interested in the welfare of the church and in the cause of education. Though there was a difference of twelve years in their ages, Henry being the older, they became so closely associated in their life work that it is difficult to tell the story of one without saying something about the other.

Both were men of vision looking for something practical to engage their attention. Their opportunity came in 1870 when Henry was thirty-four years old and in the ministry, and John twenty-two. H. R. Holsinger, of whom we shall have considerable to say later on, had with his free rostrum weekly stirred up so much opposition to his paper, and his policy in deal-

ing with church problems, that a demand for a more conservative paper was in clear evidence. The two brothers recognizing this demand, and being encouraged by elders and others of influence, decided to give to the Brotherhood a weekly paper loyal in principle, conservative in method and yet aggressive in purpose. The first issue, the *Pilgrim,* was sent forth at the beginning of the year, and while the two brothers, as publishers and editors, still resided on the farm. The paper took well from the start, and had behind it enough money to give it a good financial standing. Three years later Henry, H. B. Brumbaugh, as he was now known, erected in Huntingdon a large three-story building into which the *Pilgrim* was moved in December, 1873. Right here begins the real interesting part of this chapter.

The air was full of school projects and so were our church papers. The school sentiment was strong and growing stronger day by day. One project after another, a full half dozen of them, was set on foot only to operate for a few years and then to come to naught. These efforts did three things. They sank a whole lot of hard earned money, gave rise to considerable mistrust, and created still more school sentiment. Finally John and Henry decided to take a hand in the game. They had made the *Pilgrim* and a few other things a success. And why not in a very unassuming manner do something along the educational line? They were not afraid of schools. Their experience in high schools

had led them to see that there was something good in mental training so far as they had gone, and many things quite desirable much higher up.

It so happened that John had a good friend, principal of a high school at Waynesboro, Pa., Prof. Jacob M. Zuck, originally a farm boy, born in 1846 and for his day quite well educated. He was a member of the church, very spiritual and very much interested in the future of the church especially from the educational viewpoint. Bro. Zuck having a little leisure and needing a bit of recreation, visited John, his old school chum, and they fell to talking about the school problem in the Brotherhood. It was then that John suggested that he locate in Huntingdon and start a Brethren school. Bro. Zuck said he had no money for such an undertaking. In the exchange of views in which Henry and Dr. A. B. Brumbaugh became active parties, it was arranged to start the school, Henry saying that for the purpose Bro. Zuck could have a room in the *Pilgrim* building, and John offering to board the teacher, all free for one year. The doctor said that he would boost for students. What teacher, with the necessary educational qualifications could not start a school under such circumstances? There was no money in sight, in fact little was needed. Room, board, laundry and advertising, all free. It was further suggested that those connected with the undertaking would not talk about money, but talk education and let the money problem take care of itself.

Here was a well educated young man, thirty years old, weak in body, who had spent nearly every dollar of his earnings fitting himself for the schoolroom, but willing to give his time and energies practically without compensation in order to build up a school for the benefit of the church and the principles of the church that he so dearly loved. This was real sacrifice, and is in marked contrast with an instance of several years ago, when a young man, a preacher, just out of school, turned down a pastorate just because the congregation could not afford to pay him more than $800 a year. His price was $1,800. It was however in keeping with the spirit of Henry Ward Beecher, who after graduating was assigned a charge where he could devote the forenoon to preparing his sermons, but in the afternoon with hoe, rake and spade in hand helped his wife cultivate a large garden in order to raise something to live on. He did the janitor work for his church, sweeping and dusting the auditorium and rang the bell. The world usually hears from young men, preachers or laity of this type. Bro. Zuck was made of this sort of stuff. The world glories in the pluck of the minister, and teacher too, whose spiritual hearing is keen enough to clearly distinguish the difference between the voice of God calling to duty and the clinking of gold and silver. There is always an opening for such a man whether it be in the pulpit or elsewhere.

Well, the seventeenth day of April, 1876, came, the date on which the school was to be opened. There were

just three students enrolled, one young man and two young women. Certainly a small beginning and for most teachers would have been discouraging. Not so for Bro. Zuck or any of those back of the undertaking. They knew that most great enterprises have small beginnings, have room to grow. Dr. Brumbaugh was the man of vision. He looked into the distant future. John was happy for he saw that the thing had started and he could well afford to take care of the teacher for twelve months. H. B. was the long-headed practical man, always cool and deliberate, saying that when the school outgrew its quarters others, even a special building, would be provided. And grow the school did, from three to seven and before the short term closed the number of students was vibrating between a dozen and a score. Bro. Zuck said the thing had to go even if he had to canvass the Brotherhood for students.

When the fall term opened it took a few pages to register the number. They were there from several states even from beyond the Fathers of Waters. Here was something for the friends of education to talk and write about. Very little was said about the money problem and that left little excuse for opposition. It was a wise policy upon the part of the teacher and the men back of the growing institution. It was akin to the policy pursued by those who gave the church her first doctrinal book, her first church paper and her first foreign mission impulse. Considering the way

they were put in motion there was little chance for them to fail, for they were started at the bottom, were in the beginning as low as they could get. As the years came and went, just a few of them, a special building sprang into existence on the hill set apart for a college campus, but the founder of the school weakened, he never was strong, and in the lovely month of May, 1879, at the age of thirty-three was laid to rest. In the opening up of the educational era of the Church of the Brethren he served as sort of John the Baptist. He lived long enough to do his allotted work and did it well.

But the school lived. The Brumbaughs stepped to the front, ready to direct the course of events. H. B. easily became the leading spirit. He had been a trustee from the start. In a way he was the strong man, with broad shoulders, just fitted for such occasions. Always deliberate, uniformly level headed, possibly the last man to speak in the council chambers, and generally saying the thing that focused attention. Those who have studied the Huntingdon educational movement from the start have not failed to take notice of the marked stability of the institution. Every movement evidenced a steady hand at the wheel. That man was H. B. Of course he had his helpers, but in a broad sense he was the quiet genius, and in molding a part of the Brotherhood is not receiving the credit due him.

Bro. H. B. Brumbaugh never figured largely in the council chambers of the Brotherhood. He took no

leading part in Annual Conference. He did most of his work in the editorial chair in the *Pilgrim* office, then the *Primitive Christian,* and later as eastern editor for the *Gospel Messenger.* Possibly he did more, and maybe more far-reaching work, while presiding at the trustee meetings, helping to shape the policy and direct the destiny of Juniata College. Here he was at perfect ease, at home, and here it was that his fine influence and splendid judgment were appreciated and highly respected. He was a man of deep spirituality, splendid personality, in practically every general phase of life, and in conversation talked about the things that were ennobling and uplifting.

I first met him at Meyersdale, Pa., in 1873, at the Annual Meeting. I had been doing some writing for his paper, and to encourage me in my western tract work, he agreed to advertise my " Trine Immersion Traced to the Apostles " free. He attended nearly every Annual Conference and here we often met, and while visiting in Huntingdon I was one time a guest in his home. When our church papers were consolidated in 1883 and I was placed in editorial charge, it fell to my lot to take care of his editorials, and in the course of my experience with him I handled over 1,000 of his articles. He was not a doctrinal writer, but treated questions in general and often said very impressive things. He was a man of strong, steady habits. He had a certain day in each week when he wrote his editorials. When the first page of his manuscript was

finished he laid it down with the written side up. The second page was treated in like manner and on to the end with the last page on top. These pages, usually about ten, were thus folded, slipped into an envelope and addressed to the office. When I opened the envelope I always found the last page on top. I one time asked him if he went carefully over his editorials before mailing them to me. He said he sent his matter to the office just as it came from his pen, and when it reached him in print it often seemed new to him.

He made one trip to the Bible Lands, wrote an interesting account of his observations and experiences, compiled a splendid church manual for the Brethren, and as a child of his old age, published a religious romance entitled, " Onesimus." He also did some other literary work. In 1919, after serving on the editorial staff thirty-nine years, and at the age of eighty-three, he closed his labors on earth and joined the constantly growing ranks of the faithful in the great beyond.

The Man Who Dared to Act

In the last chapter wherein was told the story of our first successful educational institution, following its history from the first word spoken until it became, as it now is, a power in educational ranks, we also traced the history of the real business genius until he was laid to rest in 1919. With the aid of the splendid group associated with him the school gave evidence of good management from the start and the fact that it was proving a success inspired the friends of education from one end of the Brotherhood to the other, and encouraged others to take almost immediate steps to establish still more schools. There was a little opposition, as there always is to every new movement, but not enough to impede progress in the least.

In a little while we find movements on foot to establish a school at Ashland, Ohio, and another at Mount Morris, Ill. The former got in the lead and a vigorous canvass was made for the needed funds. Most of the money as we shall see later came to the Mount Morris movement in a lump. The plan adopted in working up these schools was just the reverse of the method pursued at Huntingdon where the school was first procured and then the money. Right here I am going to tell something that so far as I recall has never appeared in print. Those directing the Ashland movement were an energetic group of men of vision, possibly too much so. They got it into their heads to make Ash-

land the hub of the Brotherhood. The idea was a well conducted school and a well equipped publishing house, issuing a Brethren paper and Sunday-school supplies. Bro. M. M. Eshelman and myself were then publishing the *Brethren at Work* at Lanark, Ill., this being the western paper, while the *Primitive Christian*, published at Huntingdon, Pa., was the eastern. Negotiations were opened up with a view of having the *Brethren at Work* moved to Ashland and as editors and publishers we were urged to come to Ashland and talk the proposition over. So it was arranged that Bro. Eshelman should go with the understanding that he would not accept any proposition to move the office without the consent of both of us. After a few days I received a long five-dollar telegram stating the tentative proposition for moving our plant to Ashland, editors and all. The proposition was a good one but it would leave the whole western field open for another paper. That did not strike me as good business policy, so without expressing my convictions in the matter I wired him to come home and we would talk over the proposition. By the time he reached Lanark the idea of moving our establishment out of Northern Illinois did not look as good to him as it seemed when he sent the long message. When we got together and talked the situation over it did not take long to see alike regarding the moving proposition.

In the meantime there lived about six miles from Mount Morris a well-to-do farmer, who was doing a

lot of thinking of his own, a man who well deserves a place among the Brethren Pathfinders of this story. And candidly it is interesting to note how many of these pathfinders were farmers, practically all of them either farmers or farmer boys. This farmer was a preacher but not what we would call a strong man in the pulpit. He was born in Washington County, Md., and with his parents came to the vicinity of Mount Morris when he was but twelve years old. Even then the country was comparatively new, almost in its pioneer state. He grew to manhood on a farm, enjoying few school privileges, but never attended college a day in his life. He married a good farmer wife, raised a good sized family, one son and several daughters. He early united with the church, was called to the ministry in 1869, when twenty-seven years old, and while as true as steel respecting the doctrines and principles of the Church of the Brethren, he was a much better farmer than preacher, and as he went on about his business from year to year he made money. He was a success at buying property and then selling it.

He did not belong to what some people in those days called the fast element. He was a real substantial, sensible conservative. You did not have to look at him the second time to determine where he belonged. While some of the many who knew him did not accept his theology, no one questioned his piety or honesty. He had a very pleasant way of approaching people and when differing with some of them studiously avoided

saying things that would give occasion for unpleasant feelings. Well, he made up his mind that while the churches in Northern Illinois were strong and well regulated they needed a school where their young people could be educated with good and helpful surroundings. In Mount Morris, a country village, there happened to be some splendid school buildings with ample grounds, Rock River Seminary, one time a prosperous Methodist school, for sale at far less than half the value of the property. Probably three-fourths less. After consulting a number of the leaders in the District and without asking anyone for a dollar, he purchased the property and paid for it. It was now his and he meant that it should be a Brethren school.

Next he went to casting about for two men, one for president of the proposed school and the other for business manager, to be associated with himself in the financial side of the undertaking. At Polo, less than a dozen miles away, there lived a brother, running a grocery store, a good business man, D. L. Miller, thirty-eight years old, and he too was making money. Even to the members of Pine Creek, in which he lived, Bro. Miller was then an unknown quantity, but Bro. Newcomer saw in the man something that appealed to him, so in order to secure him as a partner and a business manager he purchased his store, and ran the risk of selling it to some one else. Aside from purchasing the school property this was one of the finest business deals that Bro. Newcomer ever made. He had

his man and in due time the store was in other hands. To say the least of the transaction it was a wise way of turning money over a few times.

Bro. Newcomer then secured his president and so far as the situation was understood at the time he was given credit far and near for another fine diplomatic stroke. August 20, 1879, came, the appointed date for opening the school. The gifted president had lined up a fine faculty. Probably the school has never had a more efficient body of teachers. All the men, members or not members, wore the Brethren coat. A lot of students were on hand, bright young men and women from the best of families. Visitors were there from most parts of Northern Illinois. As senior editor of the *Brethren at Work* I reached the grounds early, coming from Lanark, twenty-five miles, prepared to pick up news for the paper and to drink in the inspiration of the occasion. The opening services conducted by the president were impressive and the whole outlook promising. Everybody seemed happy but no one more so than Bro. Newcomer. It was the biggest thing he had ever done. With a few wise business strokes he had in less than a year put on foot the first school among the Brethren west of Ohio. His friends congratulated him and some of them patted him on the back. But amidst all of it he maintained the humility and meekness characteristic of the man.

The school soon became quite popular throughout the Brotherhood. The student body increased in num-

ber and the whole atmosphere of the institution became intensely Brethren. The movement, along with the *Brethren at Work,* then located at Lanark, the Annual Meeting being held in the District the next year, and one of our elders, Enoch Eby, being chosen Conference moderator, placed Northern Illinois quite prominently before the Brotherhood. The school settled down to a solid working basis. Bro. Newcomer went on about his usual business of buying, selling and farming. His children were in the school, he had that in view when he purchased the property, and he even carried on some studies himself. But it was not all sunshine for our brother and the school. The president was a brilliant man, had won the love and confidence of the whole community; however, in putting on the armor of God he had not adjusted the different parts perfectly, and in an unguarded moment an unholy cupid dart penetrated his religious vitals and under cover he disappeared, leaving the whole District dazed. He had before him marvelous possibilities for usefulness and his name might have gone down in history covered with honor, but he now fills an unknown and unmarked grave somewhere in the west. The incident shocked the community. The churches of Northern Illinois were left in grief. Bro. Newcomer grew heartsick while Bro. Miller wept. The institution seemed to stand in the shadow of death. Some said it was doomed. For a time all was darkness. As the days passed light began to break through the clouds.

Possibly there might be a ray of hope. The two brethren called together all the elders of the District for council or something that might help out in the situation. The question was, should the school close or should it go on? It was the most solemn elders' meeting I ever attended. I was the young one in the group. Bro. Miller was yet in the laity, but he and Bro. Newcomer were with us. Finally every elder of that fine body of men voted to stop the school until the question was put direct to me. My convictions would not permit me to vote as the others did, nor did I want to stand out against a body of devout men in whom I had learned to confide. Finally I said to the moderator, "Bro. Eby, the school must not stop." There we were, about sixteen on one side and one on the other.

All the elders returned to their home flocks. Bro. Newcomer and Bro. Miller talked matters over. The cloud lifted, the sun came out brightly and the school lived and prospered. Other workers came upon the scene and by degrees the financial burden, or his part of it, slipped from the shoulders of the man who had made the school possible. He had done his full part in the educational movement and had done it well and now no history of education in the Brotherhood can be written without an honorable mention of Melchor S. Newcomer. As elsewhere stated, he was not a great preacher, nor was he what we would regard as a brainy man. But he was a good man, meek, unselfish, devout and honest. He had some money, could make money

and knew how to take care of it. An opportunity came for him to do a good thing, not that he was especially talented. He had employed his business talent in making money and now he used his money in the splendid undertaking. He did not canvass the community or solicit the District for funds. On learning the price of the property he wrote out his check, the full amount, and then trusted God and the church for the rest.

Bro. Newcomer took an active part in other lines of good work in Northern Illinois and the Brotherhood at large. He probably did more than his share in establishing a home for the old people of his District and also showed a practical interest in other lines of charity and good works. Having done what he could in the world and that was a good deal, he closed his eyes in death, Feb. 18, 1920, aged seventy-eight, and passed into the realm of the faithful, saying just before he expired: "If this is what you call dying, then it's a fine thing to die." He enjoyed the activities of life while in this world and found death as pleasant as the setting of the sun.

But what if Bro. Newcomer had not purchased the Rock River Seminary and opened up the way for Mount Morris College? Think of the long line of students that have received their training in this school and have gone out into the activities of life! Think of the ministers and their wives, if you will, hundreds of them, who did good work at the school and are now preaching the gospel in many lands! Then think of

the missionaries, more than a score of them, on whose fields of labor the sun never sets! Think of all this and even more and then estimate if you can the grand results that have grown out of the efforts of a quiet farmer who dared to think and act when the opportune moment presented itself. Surely Bro. Newcomer did not live to no purpose. He may not have charmed public assemblies with his oratory but he blazed the way and even paved it with his own money for establishing a school that in due time became a veritable beehive for the training of workers. He not only made the world better because he lived in it, but he cast into the quiet pool a great pebble, the waves from which are still sweeping on and on, practically encircling the earth. The man deserves a fitting bronze tablet on the walls of the "Old Sandstone."

A Financial Venture and Success

In parts of southern Florida, near where we have been living for more than a dozen years, the growing of fresh vegetables for the early market has become a very extensive business. Now and then a lucky grower hits the top market with a product much in demand, it may be peppers, tomatoes, cabbage or something else. His neighbors seeing his success may plant the same thing the next season and in this manner help overstock the market. It is a case of following a good example and meeting with bad luck. This illustrates the policy of our Brotherhood in the school business.

The success of the school at Huntingdon, as well as the one at Mount Morris, inspired the friends of education just a little too much. Before the establishing of our first high school it was thought that the members of the church were lacking in school sentiment. Be that as it may, we got our first school just as soon as we were ready, or in a condition to take care of it. With the Huntingdon movement we got started and then kept on establishing schools until we simply overdid the good thing and now have more educational institutions than we know what to do with. We probably would be better off with half the number well supported and possibly to our sorrow we are finding out that it is easier to start a school than to stop it. I have seen the day when it was deemed proper to do a good deal of writing and talking in order to create educational sentiment. Well, we created the sentiment all right and solved the then problem by getting the schools. Now it is the problem of the Education Board to say what shall be done with them. As everybody observes, the market has been overstocked. But we go on with our story.

Things are done because some one leads out in thought or action, or takes care of that which has been accomplished. It is one thing, however, to put power enough back of the propeller to rush the ship through the waters of a boisterous sea, but quite another to keep the vessel on an even keel and headed in the right direction. In this chapter we are to deal with

a man eminently qualified by nature and training to take care of that already possessed, to add still more and then keep the business moving steadily and in the right channel.

That man was Joseph Amick, born in Mifflin County, Pa., Oct. 28, 1838, who grew to manhood as a farmer boy. He taught school a number of years. Later he moved to White County, Ind., where he combined farming and school teaching. At the age of twenty-seven he became a member of the church, and five years later was called to the ministry. In due time he was ordained to the eldership and became active in different departments of church work. As a minister, teacher in the public schools, and Sunday-school worker he grew quite efficient and at the same time accumulated considerable property. The school room as well as the farm and even the church work falling to his lot were not sufficient to measure up with his ambition, so he was on the lookout for something of a business nature that would demand his close attention. The opportunity came in the fall of 1881 when Bro. M. M. Eshelman, who then owned the *Brethren at Work* publishing business, offered him a half interest in the plant, which had been moved from Lanark to Mount Morris. Two years before I had sold to Bro. Eshelman my interest in the establishment.

Bro. Amick accepted the proposition and thereby became not only half owner of the plant but business manager as well. While a man of good business in-

sight he did not at the time realize what he was getting into for the plant was greatly in debt and a heavy mortgage maturing. Bro. Eshelman withdrew from the business and that left the property in the hands of the sheriff to be sold under the hammer. I had been called from Lanark to take editorial charge of the paper until some disposition could be made of the situation. On a set day the sheriff came, took possession and down on the street, in front of the office, offered the property to settle the demands of the mortgage to the highest bidder. According to an understanding I had with Bro. D. L. Miller I was to put in the first bid. This I did and Bro. Miller followed up with the next. The property was knocked off to him. Bro. Miller and Bro. Amick then formed a partnership, each one half owner and Bro. Amick business manager of the concern. As there were no funds Bro. Amick was to work for nothing and board himself. Bro. Miller agreed to pay me forty dollars a month out of his private account to come over from Lanark three days out of the week to look after the editorial department. Bro. Miller still in the laity had other things to look after. In fact he was getting ready for his first trip to Europe and the Bible Lands. I was taking care of another publication at Lanark and so I had two papers on my hands. While at Mount Morris I was for my meals assigned a place at one of the tables in the college dining room. This was the first and only course I ever

took in college, a course that never brought me a diploma.

With Bro. Amick as business manager everything moved along smoothly. He took good care of the money as it came in, kept a keen eye on the expenses and soon gave the *Brethren at Work* publishing plant a creditable standing in commercial circles. He knew how to turn a liability into an asset and place a run down establishment on good solid footing. Under his skillful management the business was in the course of a few years making money and paying good dividends.

The whole community soon recognized Bro. Amick's financial ability and in a little while we find him a member of the college trustee body and treasurer of the institution. When money was raised for new buildings it was all turned over to him without bonds and he saw to it that every dollar paid for work or material was wisely placed. In addition to taking good care of every interest relating to the publishing house he looked after the erection of the college buildings almost in detail. Later in the course of events Northern Illinois decided to establish an Old Folks' Home and by the District Meeting he was made a trustee for that establishment and foreman of the committee to locate the home and erect the necessary buildings. To this work he gave the same close and personal attention that had characterized him in other financial propositions. Here he was with the financial responsibilities of three institutions on his hands, being

treasurer for each and running three separate accounts. To each institution he gave not only time but money, receiving no compensation whatever from either the college or Old Folks' Home. His salary as business manager of the publishing interests was less than seventy-five dollars a month. Besides all this he had considerable business of his own, and even looked after the settling up of some estates. However in each of the three large financial propositions he had as advisors M. S. Newcomer for the Home, D. L. Miller for the publishing house, and J. G. Royer along with Bro. Miller for the college. So accurate were his business methods that one of the bankers at Mount Morris said that in passing more than a million dollars over his counter there had never occurred a difference of even one cent in their accounts.

It was mainly through his untiring efforts and business sagacity that the publishing house was placed on a good solid financial basis. He made it one of the best paying investments in the community and in that fine condition it was in 1897 made the property of the Brotherhood. So much for the achievements of the man eminently endowed with the ability to take care of business and make money for the honor and glory of God. To Joseph Amick along with D. L. Miller, for in the financial department they worked well together, must be given the credit of building up for the Church of the Brethren one of the most profitable denominational printing establishments in America. It

is not by any means the largest, but as regards its financial solidity there is none better. To be able to accomplish this much, to say nothing of what was done for the college and the Old Folks' Home, means much more than ordinary ability.

In addition to his extensive business relations and financial responsibilities Bro. Amick did his share of preaching and church work. For the community in which he lived he probably preached more funerals and solemnized more marriages than all the other Brethren ministers put together. He was never too busy to respond to the calls of those berefit of their loved ones. He had a kind and pleasing way of entering the house of mourning and consoling bleeding hearts. Then on the other hand, he was perfectly at home amidst the joys and festivities of the marriage occasion. No minister could solemnize a marriage more impressively. With perfect composure he could go from the funeral procession to the marriage festivities and from there to the business circles in which he figured and at each place adjust himself to the conditions. Or from all these he could pass, meet with his brethren around the council table and with becoming reverence and sincerity talk about the things pertaining to the church and her interests. And yet the man was not forward. He never pushed himself to the front. That was left for others to do. Among us there was no man sounder in the faith and practice of the Brethren. He was not an extremist in any department in which he labored, but exact to the

last figure in finances. He wanted his figures to tell the truth and they surely did. Still he was not close fisted or lacking in charity. His heart and purse were always open for every good work and the donations he made at all times in a very quiet way would run up into the thousands.

As we have seen, Bro. Amick was a man of varied talents. He could make himself useful along many lines, but the contribution he made, entitling him to an honorable place in this story, was in the financial department. It was here that he displayed his strength and it is because he lived that we have institutions bearing the imprint of his untiring efforts and splendid financial foresight. And for that reason we are classing him with our Pathfinders.

He was twice married and leaves behind several children, one of them being the wife of the present efficient business manager of the Brethren Publishing House. For a number of years I was closely associated with him in the publishing interests and found him not only a Christian but a gentleman as well. It was my business to have editorial supervision of the *Messenger* but his to take care of the business department, and of him it can be truthfully said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A Coming Leader

Some weeks after we began publishing the *Brethren at Work* at Lanark, Ill., in the fall of 1876, there came from Polo, twenty miles distant, a long and neatly arranged list of subscribers over the signature of "D. L. Miller, Agent." Later on other letters came with still more subscribers, always accompanied by the cash. The whole thing impressed us as a very businesslike way of looking after our paper interests. Possibly seven or eight months later I had occasion to visit the Pine Creek congregation and on the way stopped at Polo, and met our efficient agent in his grocery store. It was on Saturday afternoon and he was kept quite busy waiting on customers, many of whom were in from the country. One man called for ten pounds of sugar, and the skillful manner in which he weighed that sugar, poured it onto a large paper (there were no paper bags in those days) and wrapped it up in a neat package in just a bit more time than it takes to write these lines, led me to say to myself, "That man understands his business."

I do not recall the first time I met Bro. Miller. It was probably at the first District Meeting I ever attended in Northern Illinois in the spring of 1876. He was then thirty-four years old, and near six months past, while I was thirty. I met and greeted him as I did dozens of others at the same meeting, there being nothing about his appearance to indicate the important

part that he was some day to play in the history and activities of the Church of the Brethren. In Polo, and in the country for miles he was known as a first-class business man, and one making money selling groceries. He attended a few Annual Meetings, made some trips to Kansas in the interest of emigration, and as there was no Sunday-school in his home congregation, Pine Creek, he taught a class in the M. E. church. A year or two after we started the *Brethren at Work* he sent me a well prepared article in support of the Sunday-school, this being a live question in the Brotherhood at the time. As successful schools were in operation in a few of the Northern Illinois congregations, and strong Sunday-school sentiment was rapidly coming to the front in most of the other churches, I deemed it the better policy to avoid precipitating a discussion of the subject in our columns. So I returned his article, telling him that in our judgment the Sunday-school would make better headway if left to quietly work its way into the different churches. He took the return of his article kindly, but never got past teasing me about the first article he sent to my desk. Nearly ten years later, when he was in charge of the paper, and myself living in Florida, he did not see his way clear to publish one of my articles. We were then even.

As we would meet from time to time we got the better acquainted. During these years Bro. Miller did a good deal of thinking about his real purpose in life. To him it seemed that he was placed in this world for

something higher and more far-reaching than the mere making of money, and so far as he could see there were no stepping-stones in the grocery business. He had higher aspirations but there was no open door. He was working and waiting for a call to come up higher. God had endowed him with splendid talents, capable of marvelous expansion, ideal for the pulpit, but to the leaders of his congregation these talents were undiscovered values. As near as we recall it was one Sunday in May, 1879, that by chance we happened at a Milledgeville service ten miles south of Lanark and were invited to the same place for dinner, the farm home of a deacon. After the meal we went out and sat together on the edge of the unbanistered porch. He wanted to talk to me about purchasing an interest in the *Brethren at Work,* and becoming business manager of the concern. He recognized the fact that Bro. Eshelman and myself had more editorial ability than business capacity. Besides he had money, while we had hardly enough to keep things moving in good form. There was something in the publishing business that was appealing to him. We separated without reaching any conclusion. Maybe I did not weigh his proposition as carefully as I should have done. He was then in his thirty-eighth year and would have made an ideal business man for our plant. However, matters were not running any too smoothly in our printing concern. The day had come when I must either sell my interest in the *Brethren at Work,* or become the owner of the

entire establishment. I decided to sell. Then it was that Bro. Miller asked me why I did not consult him before disposing of my interest, reminding me of our conversation on the farm house porch. His idea was to put up the money, purchase the other interest and together we would run the paper, he taking care of the business end.

It did not happen as he had planned. But suppose it had. Then what? Bro. Melchor Newcomer would have been under the necessity of finding another business man for Mount Morris College and our western publishing house would have either remained at Lanark or been moved to Polo. But some unseen and wisely directed hand touched the moving events here and there, and after a few years we find Bro. Miller, as shown in our last chapter, coming to the rescue at a time when his money and far-seeing ability proved an absolute necessity.

The turning point in Bro. Miller's life and career came to him in the afternoon of a day in 1879. At a special District Meeting in August, held in the West Branch church west of Mount Morris, a Committee of Arrangements was appointed to locate and take care of the Annual Meeting for 1880. Bro. Enoch Eby was made chairman of the committee and myself secretary. Bro. D. L. Miller, though not a member of the committee, was elected treasurer. This brought him in close touch with the leaders of the District. A little later, as we have already noticed, he became busi-

ness manager and part owner of the Mount Morris College. This placed him in direct touch with the growing educational interests of the Brotherhood. We soon find him associating with some of the most promising educators in the west. As a man among men he was in his element. His vision was growing broader and deeper. A few wisely directed steps had placed him far above and beyond his little grocery store in Polo. Scores of bright young men and women, the pick of the western Brotherhood, conferred with him about their studies and future course in life. Some of them talked with him about their souls. They learned to love him as a father. Every professor in the school became his friend, and between him and some of them, as well as the students, were formed bonds of friendship severed only by death. Of him it has well been said that he never went back on a friend.

He worked, studied and planned. He entered into the Sunday-school work with zeal and ability. One writer says that he was the first superintendent of the school at Mount Morris. This is not correct. W. C. Teeter was the first superintendent, and Bro. Miller, placed in charge later, brought the school to a high standard and did much in the way of encouraging and developing our Sunday-school literature. His influence had something to do in moving the *Brethren at Work* publishing interest from Lanark to Mount Morris. With the school and the publishing interest located within a stone's throw of each other the future for

Mount Morris seemed bright. The environment became ideal. Everybody was happy, none more so than Bro. Miller. He and Bro. Amick had acquired full ownership of the printing establishment. This was consummated the first week in March, 1882, as announced in the *Brethren at Work* for March 2. The two conferred regarding the business department. Bro. Amick was made business manager, and Bro. Miller's time being fully taken up with the school he hired me to take editorial charge of the paper. Aside from reports of a few trips he did little writing before the latter part of 1882.

Bro. Miller was a good diplomat as well as a good organizer. He knew how to talk about business affairs in a business way. He attended the Annual Meeting at Milford Junction, Ind., 1882, where the standing of Bro. H. R. Holsinger with the church was discussed and disposed of, but being still in the laity, he took no part in any of the deliberations relating to this question. However, when the matter of paper consolidation, or church ownership of our publishing interests came up he made a few short and well received talks. There was something about his personality, and business way of looking at things that commanded respect. Serving as foreman of a committee on consolidation he was in a position to help direct a movement that resulted the next year, June 26, 1883, in bringing together the *Primitive Christian* and *Brethren at Work,* with *Gospel Messenger* as the name of the consolidated paper.

One historian has said that before the consolidation the *Brethren at Work* was edited by M. M. Eshelman, S. J. Harrison and J. W. Stein. This is incorrect. The business card at the head of the editorial department bore this announcement, "D. L. Miller and Joseph Amick, Publishers and Proprietors. J. H. Moore, Editor." For the consolidated paper James Quinter was chosen Editor, J. H. Moore, Managing Editor, and Joseph Amick, Business Manager. The first issue bore date of July 3 with Mount Morris, Ill., as the place of publication. Having seen the consolidation of the two leading papers of the Brotherhood and the publishing plant placed in charge of men of experience, and having already turned the school management over to others, Bro. Miller entered upon a far-reaching undertaking. In four years he had climbed from the steps of his grocery store to a plane of distinction. He had gone through some distressing trials but had come from the ordeal untarnished and only the stronger in the faith of his Lord, and much more confirmed in the doctrines and principles of the church with which he had cast his lot.

For a few years in early life he had taught school and while connected with the college had taken up several studies. From boyhood he had been an inveterate reader, and in fact was well read. He realized the need of broadening out intellectually, had in contemplation a lot of research work and knew there was nothing like travel for results of this type. He had ample

means, possessed good health and probably the most pleasing personality of any man in Mount Morris. Everybody liked him, had confidence in him and looked upon him as a friend. In a general way the same was true regarding his wife. They passed as an attractive, well mated couple.

The Man of Many Values

In our last chapter we left Bro. Miller in a happy state of mind. The merging of the *Primitive Christian* and *Brethren at Work* into the *Gospel Messenger,* and having Conference recognize the paper as her approved publication, was probably the most far-reaching piece of work in which he ever took a leading part. He was evidently the leading spirit in the movement. Everything now being in readiness, and just twenty days, July 23, after the first issue of the *Messenger* came from the press, Bro. Miller, accompanied by his wife, started on his first trip abroad, the trip that made him famous in the Brotherhood, a trip in which he visited not only many European countries but many parts of the Bible Land besides. His well written story of his travels, as the chapters appeared in the *Messenger* week after week, soon made his name a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The trip occupied nearly a year but before his return I had resigned my position on the paper and slipped away to Keuka, Putnam County, Florida. However, I met him

at the Dayton Conference in June. During the summer he published his first book, Europe and Bible Lands. It had a splendid sale and added immensely to his growing popularity. He sent me an autographed copy. Jan. 1, 1885, he entered upon his editorial career, being appointed Office Editor of the *Messenger,* and continued on the staff until his death. One rather careless writer dates Bro. Miller's editorial experience from 1881, while in fact he did not become identified with the Brethren publishing interests in any form until in the early spring of 1882, and then only financially. In the second year after entering upon his editorial work, to be exact, June 15, 1887, he was called to the ministry, lacking only a few months of being forty-six years old. He wrote me a real touching letter about his call, saying that he was too old to learn to preach. I wrote him that he did not need to learn to preach, that we probably had preachers enough, such as they were; what our people wanted was men who could talk, could say something, and that those who voted for him knew that he could talk. His marvelous development as a preacher and lecturer showed that he was not too old to begin, though he ought to have been placed in the ministry at least twenty years sooner. Four years later, 1891, he was in the eldership and represented his District on the Standing Committee.

Soon after his return from his first trip abroad, 1884, he was made a member of the General Mission Board, and for him work on this Board was a lifetime

service, and no one connected with the Board did more to advance our world-wide missionary interests. He was in the work with brains, soul and money, and it was probably in this department of church activity that he displayed his greatest ability, enthusiasm and liberality. He was, however, not the author of the "Plan for General Mission Work." This was written by Bro. Daniel Vaniman, and adopted by the Board. Still he and Bro. Miller worked together most harmoniously in everything that fell to their lot jointly. It is further safe to say that no man in the church did more than Bro. Miller to place our publishing interests wholly in the ownership of the general Brotherhood. This was another of his fine business strokes.

Bro. Miller was the greatest and best traveler known to the Church of the Brethren. He visited Palestine six times and passed twice around the world, to say nothing of a score or more long trips he made in his home land. His travels easily foot up to considerably more than a quarter million miles. Then he wrote books, mostly about his trips and observations abroad. They are good books too and full of valuable information. Besides he rendered assistance on other books. He possessed a large library and knew what was in his books. In fact he was broadly read, possessed a fine memory and had the faculty of saying what he knew in a manner to be easily understood. Soon after his first return from the Old World he entered the lecture field, almost exclusively among the Brethren.

This he did under the head of Bible Land Talks. Practically every church door in the Brotherhood was thrown open to him. In many localities no room could be found large enough to accommodate the thousands who desired to hear him. He received more calls than he could fill and in the course of his labors visited nearly every state in the union. To see him before an audience no one would imagine that he was much past the first half of the usual length of life allotted to man before he began his career as a public speaker. As a speaker he was in the front rank of the best we had among us.

As an editor he was efficient, broad-minded, careful and loyal to the principles of the church he represented. After a few years in the chair his paper became decidedly doctrinal. He became a teacher and a defender of the doctrines and principles of the church. Any one reading the paper could easily understand where he stood regarding the outstanding claim of the church his paper was intended to represent. He not only wrote in defense of our church tenets, but he selected the best of writers and gave them live topics on which to write. Under his efficient editorial management the *Messenger* almost doubled in circulation inside of six years.

He did not come into official prominence until the major part of the trouble was over regarding the Progressive and Old Order movements, but when he took charge of the *Messenger* he saw to it that nothing was

published calculated to stir up further strife. While strictly loyal to the principles of the strong conservative body his idea was to treat the two other groups kindly. He stood foursquare regarding the distinctive claims and principles of the church. Respecting methods for promoting principles he was decidedly conservative, and endeavored to throw his influence on the safe side of the question. Strongly opposed to overstressing the Brethren order in Christian attire, both for men and women, he and Sister Miller remained strong advocates of this order and wherever they appeared, in any part of the world, they could be easily recognized by their dress. His idea was to swing all of our religious and educational institutions to the side of the principles of the church, and especially was this true with our schools. Taking him all the way through the Church of the Brethren never had a better all-round friend.

While not a born, outstanding and outspoken leader of men, still Bro. Miller led as has been the privilege of few other men among us to lead. Many of his visions were worked out by operating through others. He was an expert at getting onto the good side of others and getting them to do this, that and the other thing. People liked him and he probably had more close friends and could call more men, women, boys and girls by their first name than any preacher who ever wore the approved Dunkard garb. So he became a leader by strongly advocating sensible things, and by

his friendly way of influencing those with whom he came in contact. And while an advocate of the higher and better principles in life, his own manner of life measured up well with what he preached and taught. The fact of being a man of simple ways, always a good giver, possessing splendid business principles and methods, proved a marvelous aid in giving him an ideal standing among the best and most successful of people.

We have never enjoyed the company of a better traveler. Whether among the cultured people of Europe, the half civilized of other parts of the globe, whether on the land or on the sea, he seemed to know just what to do under all circumstances. Then as a companion traveler he was absolutely unselfish, more concerned about the welfare of others than of himself. His broad reading and observation enabled him to see things to advantage and to talk and write about them understandingly.

As early as 1883 we began exchanging letters and kept it up when separated until within a few days of his death. It made no difference in what part of the world he happened to be he wrote me regularly. His letters were well written, often full of information and showed many marks of the higher order of brotherly love and friendship. While I was in the South and he at Mount Morris in charge of the *Messenger,* he now and then asked if I was ready to return to the editorial chair. Finally in the fall of 1890 he wrote me that he was planning for another trip abroad, that I had been

selected as Office Editor of the *Messenger,* and that the publishing company would not take no for an answer. Well, in the spring of the next year I was back in the chair that I had vacated seven years before. In turning the work over to me he said that there was but one suggestion that he wanted to make regarding the policy of the paper and that was that the *Messenger* at all times be kept fully lined up with the Annual Meeting.

For nearly twenty-five years we worked together as editors and never once differed regarding the policy of the paper. We held different views about many things, but when it came to the general policy and the purpose of the *Gospel Messenger* we were one, and many were the encouraging letters he wrote me. Soon after I took charge of the paper I outlined a series of thirty-four articles, under the general heading of " Primitive Christianity," in which the outstanding and distinctive doctrines of the Brethren by the best writers in the church were to be treated. This pleased him very much. From the list of topics he selected the few on which he wished to write, and it was in these articles that he displayed rare skill in treating fundamental questions. They will be found in the volume for 1893. The list of subjects was given in a neatly printed, four-page folder, mailed to our best informed doctrinal writers, of whom we had a creditable number in those days, and the well prepared articles that came from their pens were as a whole probably the best doctrinal

productions that ever appeared in any of our papers.

While he had charge of the paper he set apart a few issues especially devoted to the doctrinal claims of the Brethren, and after the management was turned over to me, he urged that so far as practicable, there might be a doctrinal issue each year, and went so far as to have the General Mission Board, of which he was chairman, lend its influence in having these doctrinal papers widely distributed. These papers were sent in great numbers to all of our home mission points and to all others requesting them for general distribution. We are saying this to show the emphasis he placed on doctrinal teaching, and the method resorted to in that period of our history to keep our people thoroughly indoctrinated, and to reach others with our distinctive claims. And while all this was true of him, we had among us no leaders with deeper or more refined spiritual convictions. He not only stressed the doctrines of the New Testament, as accepted and interpreted by the Brethren, but he stressed with equal force the spirit that should constantly attend the observance of any rite relating to these doctrines. Like some others mentioned in these stories, he could be loyal to the church, an advocate of her doctrine and distinctive claims, and yet manifest in his life a high order of spirituality.

We now come to Bro. Miller's place in the history and activities of the Church of the Brethren. He certainly filled a big place, and as a leader in educational work and the publishing interests of the Brotherhood,

he was an ideal pathfinder and trail blazer. And some of the trails he took an active part in blazing he helped to pave with his own money, for he was a most liberal and cheerful giver to every good work with which he came in touch. He was born in a Maryland mill Oct. 15, 1841, was practically raised in a mill and on the farm, and by hard study and little schooling prepared himself for teaching. When twenty-seven years old he married Miss Elizabeth Talley, an ideal wife for a man of his type and marvelous future, united with the church, went west to Polo, Ill., where we found him in a grocery store. By the grace of God he lived a long, useful and successful life, passing from the scenes of earth into the realm of the blest, June 7, 1921, while on a preaching tour in the east. His body was laid to rest in a lovely wooded cemetery near Mount Morris, not far from the college he helped to make possible, near the place where he entered the editorial chair, where he was called to the ministry, ordained, delivered his first lecture, preached his first sermon and published most of his books. It is hard even now to realize that Bro. D. L. Miller has gone. But he left a large section of this world a great deal better than he found it. His life was a blessing, and it is a comforting thought to be able to feel and realize that during more than half of his life I was closely associated with him in his labors and had the privilege of enjoying his intimate friendship. And what I say concerning friendship might be truthfully said of many others, for he numbered among

his friends the best thinkers and the most influential in the Brotherhood. As a closing thought in this story of Bro. Miller it may not be too much to say that during the forty years of his real active church life, he probably filled a larger place among his people than any other man known to the history of the Church of the Brethren.

A Defender of the Faith

As I now recall, it was in the fall of 1870, when I lived near Urbana, Champaign County, Ill., and after I had been preaching a bit over one year, that it became convenient for me to attend a love feast in the Brick church near Cerro Gordo, fifty miles distant. The then very large and prosperous congregation was presided over by that godly man, Eld. John Metzger, who had for assistants Elders Joseph Hendricks and David Frantz. I had attended feasts here before, but this was looked upon as a great occasion for it had been noised abroad that Eld. R. H. Miller of Ladoga, Ind., would be present and possibly do most of the preaching. I had heard a good deal about Bro. Miller, had read with interest the articles that he had contributed to our church papers, and had also taken a special interest in the reports published concerning two of his debates. Much had been circulated regarding him as an able preacher, a gifted debater and a man of broad information. To even see such a man and study him would be to me a treat.

Well, Bro. Miller was present and so was an immense congregation. There was some good singing in the old-fashioned way; the meeting opened, as we then spoke of the devotional service. As preliminaries there were no announcements, no offering and no introduction of the preacher for the occasion. Bro. Miller arose deliberately, read several scripture verses, and began to talk quite slowly at the start, seeming to measure his words as uttered. There was no pulpit. The speaker and the congregation were on a level. He was a fine looking man before an audience. He stood erect, shoulders square, head large, face and beard a bit long, forehead broad and high. His voice was strong, clear and well modulated. He spoke as a man understanding and having faith in his message. For much more than an hour he held his congregation spellbound. As he discoursed I, like Isaac Newton, separated my mind into compartments. Of Newton it is said that he kept his religion in one compartment and his science in another. For this occasion I had three compartments. With one I sized up the man—his brain structure, mental development and his capacity as a thinker and speaker. The second was employed in studying his methods, his poise, his voice, his emphasis, his systematic manner of treating his subject and his unique way of clinching his points; and in this he was so keen that the whole assembly would at times have broken out in laughter had they not been at church. My other compartment was intently occupied with the sub-

ject treated and when through everyone present felt that the sermon was a well-rounded-out whole, a sermon all complete in itself.

This was my introduction to Eld. R. H. Miller. By chance we spent the night at the same place, just across the road from the church, and at his request I occupied a bedroom with him. After we had retired he said he wanted to have a talk with me about the impediment in my speech, which along with complete deafness in the right ear came to me from childhood. He told me that my voice was not so bad but that it might be greatly improved by persistent efforts. He spoke of methods for voice culture and the value of a strong, distinct and well modulated voice, saying that an attractive voice was a marvelous asset to any public speaker. He had spent much time on his own voice, and was now endeavoring to help a young preacher just at a time when such help was needed and appreciated. Not a word was said about my theology or further mental training. The entire lesson was devoted to the voice. From that day on I kept in touch with Bro. Miller, meeting him nearly every year and some years several times, until it fell to my lot to stand by the side of his couch when he took his departure from earth.

Bro. R. H. Miller, or more complete, Robert Henry Miller, was born in Shelby County, Ky., June 7, 1825, the same county in which the Brethren organized one of our first churches in the state, and where they built the first and only Brethren meetinghouse known in the

early history of Kentucky. While not of Brethren ancestry he, as a child, came marvelously near getting in touch with Brethren influence. His father was a Baptist, located near Ladoga, Ind., when the lad was seven years old, and here Robert grew to manhood; here he was educated, first in the public schools and then in an academy. After reaching manhood he taught school, studied law, did some work at the legal bar and farmed. In young manhood he entered the debating arena, debating society, and engaged in public discussions not a few on literary, religious, moral, temperance and even political questions. He was much in demand as a public speaker in temperance campaigns and now and then took part when political issues were at stake. As a debater he displayed rare talents, always cool, logical, keen, clear, well informed, resourceful. At times he was witty; he had also the faculty of tearing the opposing arguments to pieces. It was a day when debating was popular, in church and out of it. Robert, as his friends called him, seemed ready for any one that would tackle him in private, in store and street groups, as well as before the public. He became so skilled as a disputant that he was looked upon as just a little too much for anything in the community. Possibly he was a bit like General Lee one time said of Grant. He said the trouble with General Grant was that he did not know when he was whipped. But there came a time, as we have told elsewhere, when Robert, the temperance lecturer, public speaker, champion

community debater, but no church member of any sort, met his master in the field of polemics and was made to feel it. Eld. Wm. Gish, though not a man of much schooling, was a born logician, as keen cut in his argumentative thrusts as a Damascus blade. He also knew how to make a point stay clinched. The community champion went to his farm home that evening with more Bible in his head than he had ever got at one sitting. He resolved to study the Bible for himself, and as we have stated this finally led up to his conversion.

In 1846 at the age of twenty-one he was united in the holy bonds of matrimony with Sarah C. Harshbarger, two years younger than himself, whose parents were members of the church. She was a fine woman, was from a splendid Christian family, and it was through her influence that he was kept in touch with the church. Twelve years later they both made application for membership and were baptized.

He was not in the church more than six months until he was called to the ministry, being at the time thirty-three years old. He did not have to learn to talk. He had been accustomed to talking before the public almost from boyhood, but he found work at the sacred desk a different thing. However he preached well from the start, and grew in efficiency and popularity as the years came and went. His reputation as a preacher spread and many calls came to him for meetings, so much so that he in part neglected his farm work. It

was the farm that he depended upon for a living. He had been preaching only three years when called on to defend the doctrines of the church in a public discussion. Eight years later we find him in a debate with another man, Eld. B. M. Blount of the Disciple Church, a preacher of ability and creditable standing, but Bro. Miller was equal to the occasion. He had now fully entered into his debating career and held no less than a dozen public discussions, one of them, the one with Eld. Daniel Sommer, Ray County, Mo., being published in book form.

Bro. Miller did not seek discussion. He entered upon it only when he thought the interests and standing of the church were at stake. He lived in a period of church history when religious debates were not only common but popular. Practically all the denominations took more or less part in public discussions and that too without jeopardizing their spiritual standing. In fact it rather intensified the religious interest of the country and caused the members of the various persuasions to feel that their claims meant something worth while. In the midst of the great, active religious movement the Brethren felt that their whole gospel plea was worth all the consideration that they could give it. In the way of gospel fulness and New Testament perfection they believed that it was the best religious system before the public, and thanked God for such men as Eld. James Quinter and R. H. Miller to stand in its defense. Of the two men Bro. Miller

was considered the better debater, but was probably not as widely read. In presenting his side of the question he was very systematic, clear and persistent. He made his points plain and then presseed them home, and from start to finish stayed by his propositions.

Debating did not mar his fine spiritual standing. He was naturally courteous and pleasant and always remained calm and deliberate. He spoke as a man who thoroughly believed the principles that he taught and thought that they were worthy of the respect and even the esteem of everybody else. He talked and reasoned like a philosopher and before the public posed as a man of sacred dignity, great piety and lofty aims. Wherever he held a discussion he made a splendid impression on the people of the community.

A Wise Counselor

To narrate all the experiences that came to Bro. R. H. Miller during his many public discussions would make a most interesting book of itself. I heard him tell how one of his opponents, when discussing the subject of feet-washing as a religious rite, undertook to show that John 13 related to a lesson in service, and that he himself could carry out the spirit of the lesson just as well in polishing his brother's boots as in washing his feet. In his reply it took Bro. Miller but a few minutes to make the theory look ridiculous to the audience by reading into the chapter the story of the Mas-

ter polishing the boots of the disciples, and then saying: "If I then, your Lord and Master, have polished your boots, ye also ought to polish one another's boots." One lesson of this sort would prompt an opponent to be on his guard about misconstruing the meaning of scripture.

In an amusing way he used to tell how some live wire boys spoiled one of his debates. In a village in Southern Illinois, some distance from the railroad station, arrangements had been made for a discussion. The coming debate was the talk of the community. One of the brethren drove to the depot to meet Bro. Miller and bring him to the village. A group of village boys took a day off, and on horseback, rode to the depot to get their first view of the great debater. Bro. Miller was naturally a fine looking man and at first sight made a splendid impression on the boys. He had with him a large trunk, which was placed in the brother's spring wagon. Some one suggested that this trunk might be full of books. That was enough for the boys, so back they went to the village in all haste, told their neighbors as they met them that they had seen the great debater, that he was a fine looking man, had a trunk full of books, and was reading Greek, Hebrew and Latin all the time. The stir the boys made so affected public sentiment that his opponent could not be brought to accept the proposed propositions and so the discussion, much to the disappointment of the community, failed to materialize.

But debating was not his sole field of activity. He was a great preacher, we had no one better in his day and generation. He usually talked an hour and fifteen minutes, and no one ever complained about the length of his sermons. He was strictly a subject preacher. He took his text and stayed by his subject to the end of his discourse, and was noted for the great depth and thoroughness of his line of thought. We probably never had a finer doctrinal preacher and yet he did not impress his audience as being unduly doctrinal or legalistic. His appearance and reverent manner of treating his subject gave to his discourses a decidedly spiritual coloring. However doctrinal a sermon, he filled it to the running over point with the spirit. While not posing as an evangelist he spent much time in revival work, and was uniformly successful in bringing good thinkers into the church. Those converted under his preaching remained true to their vows.

He wrote but one book, " The Doctrine of the Brethren Defended." This he had printed in the spring of 1876. It had an extensive circulation and will long remain a standard work among the Brethren. He did considerable writing for our church papers and served at different times on the editorial staff of two of them, the *Gospel Preacher* and the *Brethren at Work*. When with him, as managing editor, on the latter, I had a good deal to do in handling his manuscript. He wrote well, composed well, his diction was good, but his handwriting was terrible. I seldom read his manu-

script but turned it over to Bro. Plate, our foreman, and told him that I would take my turn in reading the "printer's proof." In all his writing he gave no uncertain sound. The reader always knew just where to find Bro. R. H. Miller.

When he came to the church he accepted her principles in full. There were no mental reservations with him, and it was soon observed in his preaching, writing and debates that he could be depended upon in taking care of the doctrinal claims and interests of the church. This naturally guaranteed to him a prominent place at all of our council tables. He repeatedly served on the Standing Committee, one time as Moderator, and probably served on more committees than any other man among us. Twice he was chosen president of Ashland College, Ohio, when it was connected with the Church of the Brethren. He figured prominently in the councils of the church during the unfortunate years when the two groups, Old Order Brethren and Progressive Brethren, became separated from the mother church, and while he stood for all that was good with the former, and accepted all that was lawful and helpful with the latter, he unhesitatingly threw his whole force and splendid influence with the mother church and rendered fine service in giving the church the stability so much needed in these years of trial and testing.

Just how a man, not strong of body, could maintain himself in all these years of intense activity, and at the same time make a living, principally farming, for him-

self and a large family, comes marvelously near being almost superhuman. By his first wife he had eight children, two of them dying young. When his older son was of the proper age to take care of the farm he died, and a grown daughter also died. Debts and failures here and there swept his farm away. All of this was too much for the distressed wife, never strong, and she too passed over into the beyond, thus leaving our Bro. Miller with four dependent children and yet practically stripped of temporal belongings. The blow was a crushing one. Only the strongest soul, heart and faith could survive such an ordeal. What help he got from serving as president of Ashland College, and on the editorial staff of the *Gospel Preacher,* tided him over while he went on about his church work. Eighteen months without a mother for his four children, and he was married to Sister Emma Norris of Maryland, a noble Christian woman for a busy preacher. This was in 1881. A few months later we find him pleasantly located on a farm some good brethren had helped him purchase, near North Manchester, Ind. In this community he spent the remaining years of his useful life farming, preaching and looking after church work in general. Had the brethren especially interested in him and the welfare of the church the thing to do over, they would probably have located him on a few acres and provided him with ample support so he could devote his time and strength in the interest of humanity instead of wearing himself out on a farm.

But with our people this was before the day of the supported minister, and some of our preachers had to make a good many sacrifices in order to tide the situation over to a better period, and even now with all of our rather boasted liberality and advanced methods we may not be giving the attention we should to a thousand faithful workers, who have been bearing the heat and burden of the day.

Even with the burden of a farm resting upon him life went pleasantly with Bro. Miller. He was no man to complain, or look on the worst side of the picture. He was happily married and in the family things ran smoothly. Four more children graced the home, one of them, Eld. R. H. Miller, named after his father, and now connected with Manchester College. In church work he was a wise counselor as well as a fine leader. With him church government had been reduced to a science and he was master of the situation. Always in favor of the better methods but never disposed to move any faster than the church as a body could move with him. He was no man to divide the church over issues. The church and her leaders working as a unit was his idea and plea. Though his labors had been many and arduous it was thought that he should leave to posterity one more book. He was hardly strong enough to write, for writing was not easy for him. He could talk better than he could write, so it was arranged for him to go to Mount Morris College, in January, 1892, and at the

Bible Institute give a series of talks on the outstanding doctrines of the church, these talks to be taken care of by reporters and brought out in book form. He began his talks for which he had made ample preparation. He was not well at the time and soon took sick, and was confined to his bed for several weeks in the home of Eld. J. G. Royer, and there on the morning of March 8, in the presence of his devoted wife, D. L. Miller, J. G. Royer, Joseph Amick, your humble servant and others, passed from the scenes of earth into the land of the blest. His death was a great loss to the Brotherhood at large. Had all the leaders in the church during the period of the divide been as wise, considerate, patient and charitable as he was, the once noble Brethren Church would not at this late date be classed in groups. He now rests in a beautiful cemetery near North Manchester. Concerning a suitable monument to mark his resting place he one time said: "Let me live in the hearts of my people. I ask for no other monument." Among the Brethren his name will go down in history as the defender of the faith, a great preacher and a wise counselor.

The Methodical Man

THE first contact with a man of striking personality and influence, upon the part of a young man looking for something higher than the common run of thinking, has much to do in shaping his life. At least I found that to have been my experience. During all of my teen years, with just a little exception here and there, I was up against things common, very common, and some of them too common to prove helpful. My parents had moved about a good deal, and finally settled in Cass County, Ill. While living here something happened. Twelve miles away lived a small group of members. Fifty miles to the south was Girard, Macoupin County. Here lived a number of members and several preachers. These preachers were great missionaries, going in every direction to carry the bread of life to members living at isolated points. They kept up monthly appointments with the little group referred to. One spring, Sunday morning, father and myself rode horseback to the services. Two preachers were present. The older one preached probably forty minutes. I can not say that I was interested in the sermon. I was more interested in the younger preacher, a fine looking man, neatly dressed, and having the appearance of a man of much more than ordinary intelligence. I sized him up in every way possible. Noticed the shape and size of his head, a well rounded out head; keen cut features. For some

time I had been all wrapped up in phrenology and kindred studies, and was using what information I had along these lines for all there was in me. Perhaps this was not a good way for me to spend the hour of worship. In those days I had more thirst for knowledge than that which was spiritual. Finally the older minister closed his discourse and the younger man began to talk. Every word rang out clear. I liked his distinct articulation. His sentences were brief and his points clear. His theme was the Divinity of Christ. He quoted one scripture after another and then followed up, reciting from memory what Josephus, the Jewish historian, had said concerning One called Christ. He talked possibly fifteen minutes and what he said and the way he said it stirred me as I had never before been moved by a talk, long or short. I went from that meeting almost boiling over with enthusiasm. As I met my friends for weeks afterward I would repeat the whole talk to them.

That man was Daniel Vaniman, then thirty-one years old. He had been in the ministry only a short time. He was born Feb. 4, 1835, in Montgomery County, Ohio, and was raised on a farm. With a small amount of schooling and much private study, he prepared himself to teach. He was a born student, and while teaching and in later years, continued his studies, taking up a number of the higher branches. In the course of time he became well read, a man of broad and varied information. Mentally and spiritually he absorbed

everything that he thought would be for his good, upbuilding and general usefulness. At the age of twenty-three he married Sister Maria Kimmel, who after becoming the mother of A. W. Vaniman, did not live long. In 1861 he married Sister Elizabeth Stutsman.

About 1863 he and a number of other members from Ohio settled in the vicinity of Virden and Girard, Macoupin County, Ill., where in the spring of 1865 he was called to the ministry, and where he lived at the time he visited and preached for the small group of members referred to above. When called to the ministry he was ready for the work and entered upon his duties with enthusiasm and marked ability. When a much younger man he was impressed with the conviction that he would some day be wanted in the ministry, so without saying anything about his feelings he went to work, procuring needed books, and prepared himself for the task, leaving it to the church and the Lord to direct the call. In 1876 he was ordained to the eldership and at once placed in charge of his home congregation.

Probably no man in Southern Illinois was better qualified for his task when the call came to him to enter upon the work of the ministry. He threw his whole soul into the work and inside of a few years became the strongest preacher in his District. His quiet preparation for the call served him to an excellent purpose. He lived at a time when clear cut doctrinal preaching was in demand, in fact it was a neces-

sity, and few if any preachers in the western part of the Brotherhood could handle the sword of the Spirit more skillfully. In the debate with L. B. Wilks, as noted in a previous chapter, he was Bro. Quinter's right hand man, and what he learned on this occasion helped to fit him for the opposition he had to meet in many of the new fields. He not only studied books but he studied trained men and their methods. There was among the Disciples a preacher known as Benjamin Franklin, editor of the *American Christian Review,* a man who had held near forty debates with some of the most talented men in the United States, and the author of a book of sermons, The Gospel Preacher. Franklin had practically mastered the art of talking about New Testament things in New Testament diction. He had a brief, pointed and persuasive way of saying things, and in his book of sermons, twenty sermons, beginning with the Authenticity of the Scriptures and closing with the Second Coming of Christ, and Future Punishment, came as near teaching sound Dunkard doctrine, as far as he went, as any one well could, not to be one of our own people.

Bro. Vaniman got hold of this book, studied these sermons, and the author's laconic way of presenting things, then went to hear the man preach, and studied the man and his keen, logical and laconic methods. This is what helped Bro. Vaniman to his keen, clear and brief way of expressing himself. He simply appropriated and assimilated the best there was in

Franklin, applied his well-worked-out methods to our principles, often turning Franklin's guns against the claims of his own church, when emphasizing the biblical soundness of the faith and practice of the Brethren. We never had a preacher among us who could say so much in a few words. He was by nature a clear, systematic thinker, and the adopting of the best he could find in others, and adapting it to his own use, made of him the sound, clear-headed man he was.

His ability to do things in a business way was early recognized and for years he was made secretary of District Meetings, then repeatedly member of the Standing Committee and finally moderator of Conference. It was here that he displayed his ability as a presiding officer, first by making it his business to preside while others did the talking, and then to see to it that the Conference was conducted in an orderly and systematic manner. He was the one to introduce the custom of each speaker pronouncing his own name before being accorded the floor. In the start it was a little embarrassing for some widely-known speakers to announce their own names, but he held all speakers to the rule though it was a bit in excess of parliamentary usage.

While sound to the core in the Brethren doctrinal principles, and loyal to the usages of the church, he was an earnest advocate of improved methods all along the line. Aside from Eld. D. P. Sayler he probably did more in the way of shaping plans for church

activities and in working out plans for improved methods, than any other minister in the Brotherhood. Writing of him in "Some Who Led," Bro. D. L. Miller says: "To him, more than any other member of the [Mission] Board, is due the credit of opening up the India Mission Field. To him belongs the title of father of the India Mission." He also wrote the Plan for General Mission Work, and took an active part from start to finish in the plan and details for turning the Brethren Publishing interests over to the Brotherhood. When the opportune time came for raising the money for this purpose he took the matter in hand and inside of a few months had the task completed. He was a fine solicitor and could spend weeks raising money for a good purpose without giving offense.

It is not so generally known, but a fact nevertheless, that he was the man who clinched the plan for making the Gish Fund a possibility. Aunt Barbara Gish, then of Roanoke, Woodford County, Ill., had been thinking seriously of turning $50,000 left her by her husband, Eld. James R. Gish, over to the General Mission Board to be used in supplying Brethren ministers with books at little cost. Word reached me, then at my *Messenger* desk in Elgin, that Aunt Barbara was at Burr Oak, Kans. I at once wrote Bro. Vaniman of this fact and he, quick to sense an opportunity, dropped everything and was soon at Burr Oak talking to Aunt Barbara. She had been thinking the matter over for more than a year and was then ready to sign all necessary papers

to that effect. What if Bro. Vaniman had waited for possibly a more convenient season! He was not that sort of a man in things temporal or spiritual. Many a good opportunity vanishes by some one being a bit too slow.

Much might be said of the many committees on which he was appointed, the ofttimes he served on the Standing Committee, the years he spent on the General Mission Board, the writing he did for our church publications, the interest he took in the educational movement among our people. Suffice it to say that he was always in the front ranks, always busy and practically devoted his whole life, his fine talents and splendid influence to the cause of his Master. Few men have done more work for the Church of the Brethren, have worked harder for the church and her interests than Bro. Daniel Vaniman.

About the year 1889 when fifty-four years old, and at the meridian of life, he moved to McPherson, Kans., and took an active part in promoting the Brethren college at that place. After fifteen years he passed on, not an old man, sixty-nine, but he accomplished more during these years than the average worker would turn off in twice the length of time. It was our privilege to have been with Bro. Vaniman much, to have handled probably more than a hundred of his articles for publication, and during all these years, more than forty of them, always found him a sensible, clear,

clean and helpful thinker. It was a blessing to have associated with such a man.

Uncle John Metzger

From the day the first group of our people from Europe entered upon their work in Germantown, Pa., to the present we have had among us many interesting preachers, some of them exceedingly interesting. It would take a large book to tell the story of even half of them. By some dispensation of providence, beyond human comprehension, these unique characters were assigned their places in the endless file of moving events. They played their parts in the great drama of history, leaving it to other generations to recount their labors of love and devotion. In this chapter we are to tell the story of a man of God whose history, if written by one possessing the "tongues of men and of angels" might be made more interesting than a most fascinating romance.

Long years ago, 1758, it is said that from Holland there came to Pennsylvania a young husband and wife unable to pay their fare for the Atlantic voyage. As the laws then permitted, these two young people were sold to different parties for a time equal in value to the cost of their ocean trip. After serving out their time they were then free, and happy as larks. They made their way into the interior of the State, worked, saved and raised a

family. December 20, 1807, in Blair County, there was born a grandson, whose name was entered in the old family Bible as John Metzger. In 1819, when John was twelve years old, his parents located near Dayton, Ohio, at that time a small village. When twenty-one years old John took to himself a wife in the person of Hannah Ulery. A little later they both entered the Church of the Brethren by confession and baptism. In 1834 they moved to Tippecanoe County, Ind., and the next year, when John was twenty-eight years old, he was called to the ministry. His schooling was scant, very much so. In those pioneer days schools were few. In raising a family it was not so much a matter of educating the boys and girls as producing enough for them to eat and wear. However, John during his teens learned to read and do some writing. He knew a little about arithmetic, but nothing about grammar, geography or history. To his credit he could read and speak both the German and the English, one about as well as the other. But unlike some preachers we meet with now and then, he had the preaching spirit in the superlative degree, and with the Bible open before him he felt that there was a place in the world for him, and that God being his Helper he was going to find it.

His first preaching service was in a sawmill and there were just six persons present to hear his maiden sermon. For him in a thinly settled community that was a good beginning. Having six people

to tell the neighbors about the sermon meant a much larger congregation at the next service. It was not long until we hear of his preaching in different parts of the State. He went for miles to fill appointments in localities where there were but few members, making most of his trips on horseback but sometimes, when the roads through the dense forest were almost impassable even for a horse, he would walk rather than disappoint a congregation. Now and then, on reaching a stream overflowing to its banks, he would remove all his clothes, tie them into a bundle with his Bible in the pack, and hold the bundle high above his head, while wading the stream, the water often coming up to his neck. On the other side he would dress and go on his way rejoicing.

Everywhere he went the people heard him gladly, for they looked upon him as a man of God with a message. Under his marvelous preaching men and women were converted and baptized regardless of weather conditions. With him conversion was not a mere matter of joining the church. It was a matter of salvation and to neglect it meant condemnation and eternal separation from God. It was in this sense that he preached the Gospel and he made those who listened to him feel that there was something in the act of turning to God. In those days there were ungodly men who presumed to dictate as to whether their wives should join certain churches. A few of these rough char-

acters threatened Bro. Metzger with bodily injuries if he attempted to baptize their wives. With such he would try to reason, but most of them remained obstinate, and would not listen to reason. Under such circumstances our pioneer John the Baptist, so to speak, would unhesitatingly do his duty, and proceeded to baptize all who demanded the sacred and initiatory rite, though some of it was done in the very face of threats.

In 1842 he was ordained to the eldership and six years later moved to Clinton County, Ind. Seeing the need of a more suitable place for meetings than small uncomfortable schoolhouses, he built for his residence a log house twenty-five by forty feet, so arranged that part of it could be used for preaching services. After collecting the logs, about eighty in number, he drove, in the winter, one hundred miles to purchase the needed hardware for his building. The house once ready he announced services and the people coming from every direction easily filled the chapel part and the large porch besides. Here a church was organized and he broadened out still more and more in his work. Wishing to take up work in a still larger field, in 1861 he located near Cerro Gordo, Piatt County, Ill., where a large and influential congregation soon came into existence. While looking after his well cultivated farm and his flourishing congregation he preached and traveled extensively in Illinois and Indiana, and even in other states. In

their covered buggy he and his wife made many trips to Tippecanoe, Ind., and it is said that he preached in every schoolhouse between the two points, more than a hundred miles apart.

On one of these trips he heard that two members of the church, Geo. Dilling and wife, lived a short distance east of Urbana, Champaign County, Ill. With a pilot to guide him through the woods late at night, he located the Dilling family, left an appointment for one month later, was on hand for the appointed date, preached to a large assembly and was so impressed with the conditions that he kept up meetings regularly and in a short time had members enough to organize what was then known as the Urbana church, the church in which your humble servant was, in 1869, called to the ministry. This is characteristic of his method. He went everywhere preaching the gospel and probably preached at more points in Illinois and Indiana than any other man of his generation.

In some ways Eld. John Metzger, or Johnny Metzger, as people generally spoke of him, was a remarkable man. The Brotherhood never had another preacher just like him. He had a personality all his own, and an ideal personality it was. He was a well built man, possessing a fine face, always beaming with love and cheerfulness. His eyes were sparkling, his face large, complexion fair, and his hair as black as a raven, and just wavy enough to make him attractive. His voice was

strong, well modulated, at all times under control and on still evenings could be heard a mile distant. Many times he was heard quite distinctly for several hundred yards. When thoroughly warmed up in a discourse he had a way of gracefully swinging his head so as to cause his long black locks to seem fairly alive as they swept to and fro in the air. All this seemed wholly befitting the man and his message. When he had before him a mixed assembly he would sometimes preach about forty minutes, then excuse himself to the English part of the congregation and say that he must now preach some in German. This he would do with the same grace, efficiency and power displayed in his first discourse. Those who understood both tongues said that he could talk as fluently in one language as in the other.

There was a great demand for his preaching. He was called on for many funerals and many were the marriages he solemnized. If the bridegroom offered him money for the services he accepted it politely, and then on giving the bride good-by would place it in her hand and give her and her husband a parting blessing.

Under his preaching hundreds of people came to the church and demanded baptism at his hands. But how is it, some one is ready to ask, that a man without even a common school education could exert such an influence over the public? With

Eld. Metzger there were several things that more than made up for his lack of schooling. He was a thoroughly converted man. It could be seen that he was a thoroughgoing believer in the doctrines and claims of the church as he had accepted them, and that he lived as he preached. Probably his great strength was in his marvelous spontaneity, ability to act intelligently, to the boiling over point, on the spur of the moment. His flashes of thought, in the sweep of his native oratory, almost like flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, gave to such preachers as John Umstead, John Metzger and others of the past generations, a power that can be acquired at no seat of learning. It has well been said that spontaneity can not be worked out at the office desk or in the studio. It must be generated on the spot, and to the men of proper native qualifications it will come, regardless of education, with Pentecostal power. And in this connection it is as good a time as any to say that it makes little difference what be the future educational standards for Brethren ministers, there will always be plenty of room for preachers of the Johnny Metzger type. Any devout man of creditable ability, with even an ordinary education, full of the preaching spirit, and able to provide for himself and family, will never need to want for an appreciative congregation. There is room in the United States and Canada for a thousand men of this type and we would be glad to welcome a full

dozen of them to help feed and care for the groups of members in Florida, who are not yet in a position to support a regular pastor.

While Bro. Metzger devoted much of his time to preaching, all at his own expense, and was away from home a great deal, still he accumulated property and possessed ample means for the support of himself and family. All at his own expense he built for his people a church in Cerro Gordo. He devoted time and money to building up a church in St. Louis, first by working himself into the good graces of the people, by meeting with the Salvation Army workers and often speaking in their meetings. He thought the Brethren ought to be represented in this great city and employed a bit of strategy in order to get a foothold. He never considered a town, city or community overchurched when there was in it no church, like the Brethren, standing for the whole Gospel for the whole world. He often visited prisons and preached to the inmates. He called on President Lincoln and told him that he had been on the farm that he helped clear, and where he split some of his rails. He also visited President Harrison in the White House, telling him that he had often preached on the Tippecanoe battlefield where his grandfather defeated the Indians. He one time said that he had been in all the principal cities between the Atlantic Ocean and the Pacific Coast and had preached in nearly all of them.

In May, 1887, his wife died. Mentally speaking she was not a brilliant woman, but she was a good wife, an affectionate mother and a splendid home keeper. She saw to it that not a thing lay in the way of her husband doing his best as a preacher of the Gospel. About two years later he was married to Sister Permelia Wolfe, widow of Eld. David Wolfe of Adams County, Ill. David Wolfe, once a member of the state legislature, was the son of Eld. George Wolfe, of Far Western Brethren fame, of whom we have said much in the early chapters of this story. I once lived in the home of Aunt Permelia and to one of our Annual Meetings, more than forty years ago, she brought the neatly framed large photograph of Eld. George and made me a present of it. From this photograph have come all the pictures of Eld. Wolfe appearing in any of the Brethren publications. This framed photograph now occupies a place on the wall of my library and had the Brethren a permanent hall of fame, with space set apart for pictures of leading Brethren, this photo would in due time find its way to that hall.

By Conference appointment Bro. Metzger served on many committees, possibly dozens of them, and many times represented his District on the Standing Committee. He often served as moderator of the District Meeting of Southern Illinois. The late winters of his life were spent in Southern California. At La Verne he built a comfortable home

for himself and Aunt Permelia. While maintaining his residence at Cerro Gordo he is said to have made fourteen trips to the Pacific Coast. By and by he finished his course, he had kept the faith, and May 25, 1896, aged eighty-eight and past, he was in the world no more. He had passed on and all that was mortal of him is at rest near his Illinois home.

I first met Bro. Metzger at the home of John Wolfe, a deacon and son of Eld. Geo. Wolfe, in Adams County, Ill., when I was about sixteen years old. As a young minister I was much in his company, often heard him preach, and while engaged in editorial work kept in close touch with him until near the close of his long and useful life. He was a blessing to humanity, and wherever he touched the earth he made it better and more beautiful.

Rocking the Old Ship

In a former chapter mention was made of an ambitious young man, Henry, in the spring house office of the *Gospel Visitor*. No series of articles like the one we are writing or history of the Brotherhood would be considered anything like complete without something being said about Henry, for the story of Henry naturally leads up to the saddest period ever known in the history of the Church of the Brethren. Eld. H. R. Holsinger, or Henry Ritz Holsinger, with whom we are now to deal, was born in Morrison's Cove, Blair County, Pa., May 26, 1833. His father as well as his grandfather was a Brethren preacher, and his grandmother was a granddaughter of Alexander Mack. In ancestry he was well related. His education, which seems to have been fairly good, was secured in the common schools. In 1855, at the age of twenty-two, he united with the church and the next spring went to Poland, Ohio, to work in the *Gospel Visitor* office and learn the printer's trade. Being able to speak, read and write both German and English he easily learned to set type in the two languages. At this early age he had some editorial aspirations, and observing a strong sentiment in the Brotherhood for a weekly paper he suggested to Eld. Henry Kurtz that he convert the monthly *Visitor* into a weekly and take him in as a partner. This did not appeal to Eld. Kurtz who had already decided on Bro. James Quinter as his associate on the editorial staff.

So after the expiration of his year in the *Visitor* office he returned to his Pennsylvania home, where he taught school during the winter months and worked for the farmers in the summer. At Tyrone he purchased a secular paper and its printer's outfit and ran a local paper for a short time. A secular paper was not to his liking but paved the way for something else. In 1864, when thirty-one years old, he had married Susanna Shoup, and the next year started the *Christian Family Companion,* a weekly published in the interest of the Church of the Brethren. The year following, when thirty-three, he was called to the ministry. His paper was well received and proved a success from the start. Within a year after he started the *Companion* I came near finding a place in the office. In answer to his advertisement for a boy or young man to help in the work and learn the trade, I made application for the place and from him received a very nice letter saying that he would hold the place open for me. On account of the great distance from home, I then lived in Cass County, Ill., I was led to change my plans and so advised him. Soon after this, April 1, 1866, James A. Sell, a promising young minister, twenty-one years old, entered the office and remained one year. Sometime later J. W. Beer became associated with Bro. Holsinger on the editorial staff.

In his make-up Bro. Holsinger was decidedly aggressive, extremely so. He was mentally alert, quick, keen witted and outspoken. What he thought he wrote

or spoke regardless of results. In a general way he was in accord with the outstanding doctrines and fundamentals of the church, but differed sharply with the most of the leaders on policy and methods. He was a born editor, and our people probably never had in their ranks a man of finer editorial ability. But he was no diplomat. He compromised on nothing. In a sense he was a clear-cut agitator. And still, getting on the right side of him, he was found to be one of the most pleasant of men. He made many friends, fast friends too, but he made twice as many enemies.

In starting his paper he had before him a marvelous opportunity. Our people were almost impatiently longing for a weekly church publication, and welcomed the *Christian Family Companion* on first sight, but he declared the policy of the paper to be that of a free rostrum with the privilege of writers to say what they pleased, in the way they wanted to say things within the limits of what he considered propriety. The free rostrum idea was probably not so fatal as the abuse of it, and he himself abused it badly. At the time the church needed some reform along several lines, likely a good deal of it. This was recognized all over the Brotherhood, but instead of adopting an educational policy for his paper, a policy that would create sentiment as fast as it could be assimilated, he and a number of his writers severely criticised the church, many of her leaders and her Conferences as well. Some hard things were said and they were not all on one side. At

the first Annual Meeting in which he ever took an active part he was made the storm center of an intense excitement. Speaking of it himself, in his History of the Tunkers, page 477, he says: "By this time the audience was excited to the highest pitch. I never before or since witnessed such intensity of feeling in an assembly. The council was held in a dense grove, and men and women wept aloud, and several voices shrieked so as to awaken the echo." While he was induced to make an apology for arousing such a state of feeling, still the news of the excitement spread and as the years passed the feeling cropped out more or less in the Annual Meetings following.

There was one man in our Conferences in those days who knew how to handle him. That man was Henry D. Davy, the Moderator. He did not like Davy or his church methods, but he respected him. In a moment of excitement a word or two from Eld. Davy would render him as submissive as a child heeding the voice of its mother. Speaking of those times, in his history he says of Davy: "He was the most dignified and efficient chairman that ever swayed the scepter over a Tunker Conference. Being of a pleasant countenance he could order a brother to take his seat, or inform him that he was out of order, without any danger of giving offense. He was a natural diplomat and peacemaker. . . . With a liberal education Henry D. Davy would have been the peer of the best men in any denomination in the country." With such a moderator

swaying the scepter, Conference proceedings could be kept moving pretty steadily even if he did have to say now and then: "Henry, be careful." But the excitement went on, not because of the reforms and activities Bro. Holsinger was urging, but because of the way and the spirit in which it was done.

Instead of unifying our people his policy arrayed the different elements against each other. He certainly did put the Brethren to thinking, but it was not always the most helpful sort of thinking. This went on until the opposing sentiment in opposition to his course reached Conference from nearly every section of the Brotherhood. He had carried matters too far, almost to the breaking point, saw the tide was going strong against him, so in order to avoid a division, as he says, he asked Bro. Quinter to purchase his paper and take charge of the situation. This Bro. Quinter did in the summer of 1873.

After this matters quieted down somewhat. Later we find Bro. Holsinger in Chicago running a job printing office. I visited him in his office. In a room adjoining and facing the street his wife was serving oysters. I called for a stew and as I ate she sat at the table and we talked. I had never met her before. She impressed me as one of the noblest of women, willing to share any hardship with her husband. Finally she said, and her pathetic words still cling to my memory: "Bro. Moore, I never thought it would come to this." Mentally speaking Bro. Holsinger was then in his

prime, always brilliant, and undaunted by his unfortunate experience he was soon back in Pennsylvania, at Berlin, planning to start another paper. Five years before he had sold the *Christian Family Companion* to Bro. Quinter who, with the aid of Bro. Beer, a real aggressive writer and others was giving the Brotherhood a good wide-awake paper. The *Brethren at Work,* another live wire weekly, was serving the west in a most aggressive manner. Both of these papers were thoroughly interested in everything relating to the development and expansion of the church and especially along educational and mission lines. In fact Bro. Quinter was then president of one of our colleges, while the western paper was intensely missionary. Sunday-schools were springing up in every part of the Brotherhood. Two other colleges, one in Ohio and another in Illinois, were on the eve of being launched. The churches were thoroughly alive in evangelistic work, our efficient evangelists going everywhere holding revival meetings. The church was simply bubbling over with intensity, and in some places with enthusiasm. Writers in our papers and some of the editors, were talking about opening up city missions, entering foreign fields more fully, a better educated ministry especially along biblical lines, more aggressive Sunday-school work, and even in behalf of the supported ministry. Of course there was some opposition. There always is in the process of development, for it takes time to educate people up to a desired

standard. In a healthy way our people were headed in the right direction.

As we now view the situation, after a period of more than fifty years, conditions were exceedingly favorable for a steady and even an aggressive advance onward and upward. As a matter of historic record that was the very thing that the church was doing. She was forging ahead, and endeavoring to reach higher ground. Matters were in a fine shape for Bro. Holsinger to fall in line and help the church in her onward and upward efforts. He believed in her general doctrines as thoroughly as any man we had among us. He had ability; he was a good preacher and a good writer. Besides he had a lot of friends, and as he would move they would follow. In spite of the fact that he came near breaking with the Brotherhood, there was a splendid opportunity for him, as a leader and a worker, to do a marvelous amount of good in the interest of unity, harmony and aggressiveness. Instead of doing this he, in the fall of 1878, decided to help start another paper, the *Progressive Christian*. With this paper he was possibly more outspoken than before and a number of others fully as outspoken soon lined up with him. Feelings grew more intense than in former years. The situation grew more and more ominous.

At this time there were three elements in the Brotherhood, the Old Order, Progressives and Conservatives, the latter being the main body. The two former were practically antipodes and so far apart in their methods

of service and thinking that there was no possibility of holding them together on any common grounds. In 1881 and 1882 the Old Order group, a fine body of people, about 3,000 of them, became separated from the mother church. They stood opposed to colleges, Sunday-schools, missions and some other things. The opposition against Bro. Holsinger, and the course he was pursuing, grew so strong as to call for a Conference committee, 1881, to go to Berlin, Pa., and wait on him in the congregation where he held his membership. The coming of this committee was vigorously advertised in his paper, a shorthand reporter employed, the trial was announced to be a wide open affair for everybody, members or no members, and the readers of the paper promised a full report of the trial proceedings from start to finish. The thing thus advertised caused no small stir all over the Brotherhood for it was evident that something was rocking the old ship Zion.

Breaking With the Brotherhood

At the appointed date, August 9, 1881, the committee came, but refused to conduct the trial on the plan that had been decided upon by Bro. Holsinger and his church. As the committee had never been consulted regarding this arrangement, and as it was contrary to our general church usage, those composing the committee did not see their way clear to proceed. The next day the committee decided, and so announced to the members assembled, that since Bro. Holsinger refused to have his trial conducted in harmony with the general Brotherhood, he could not be held in fellowship. Of course, the decision would stand subject to the approval of next Annual Meeting.

While hundreds of good people thought that Bro. Holsinger had gone too far in criticizing the Conference and the church leaders, they also felt that possibly the committee in its rather severe decision, under the excitement of the occasion, had overstepped the bounds of wisdom and discretion, and there came a day of more mature deliberation when some of the committee also felt the same way. Some thought that it might have been better if the committee had withheld its decision until Conference could be advised of the situation. However, what was done simply added fuel to the fire, and our people never approached an Annual Meeting with more fearful apprehensions than the one of that year, 1882, held near Milford, Ind. They were

there by the thousands, probably the largest Conference attendance seen up to that date. For nine months the committee's report had been criticized in the *Progressive Christian* and *Gospel Preacher,* and even by widely distributed tracts. Some very hard things were said, and feelings worked up to a pretty high pitch on both sides. Not much was said in the other papers, *Primitive Christian* and the *Brethren at Work.* In the meantime, public sentiment began to crystallize and every well informed member could observe that in the open Conference the report of the committee would likely be approved. Even Bro. Holsinger and his friends realized this and were much discouraged. They, along with everybody else, could see that the agitation had reached a critical point.

The meeting was opened in the usual way. Enoch Eby was moderator, John Wise reading clerk, and James Quinter writing clerk, with D. E. Price in the chair pro tem on account of Bro. Eby being a member of the committee. The report was read and then explained. Several talks followed and then a motion to adopt the report of the committee. At this stage of the meeting friends of Bro. Holsinger presented a compromise paper which Bro. Holsinger had agreed to sign if acceptable to the meeting. The paper was as follows:

"I, H. R. Holsinger, herein set forth the following declaration of purpose and conduct which shall be my guide and standard in my future relation with the church. First, I humbly ask the pardon of the breth-

ren for all my offenses, general and particular, committed in the past either through the *Progressive Christian* or otherwise. Second, I promise hereafter to administer the discipline of the church in harmony with the practices of the church, and will cease to practice or teach any system of church government not in harmony with that prevailing in the church as set forth by A. M. Third, I promise to cease to speak or write in antagonism to the general order and union of its practices as now prevailing in the church. Fourth, I promise to cease the publishing of the *Progressive Christian* or any other paper or anything in fact in opposition to A. M. Fifth, I promise to publish these declarations in the *Progressive Christian,* and to harmonize action with the church. I ask that they be placed upon the minutes of this meeting."

A number of us felt that signing and accepting of this paper should render all necessary satisfaction. The best part of the day was spent over the question in most solemn and prayerful deliberation. But public sentiment seemed fixed. The motion to accept the committee's report was pressed, and when the vote was taken, every member present being allowed to vote, that vast congregation, possibly 7,000 members, arose to its feet in solid mass, only about one hundred standing in the opposing vote. I was present at that meeting, forty-seven years ago, took an active part in the proceedings, and representing the editorial staff of the *Brethren at Work,* wrote up a long account of the

meeting, two articles, for our paper. In my time I have attended a good many Annual Meetings, forty-three of them, but I never before or since witnessed such an impressive moment. And while there were many sad hearts, still there seemed to be a feeling of relief.

But we did not at that time see the end from the beginning. Bro. Holsinger had carried his attempts at what he looked upon as reform too far. He had broken with his clientage, the best clientage he ever knew in his active and vigorous history, the mother church. At the time he felt it keenly and seemed depressed. He complained of not feeling well. He may have meant it well, was doubtless honest and even sincere, but reckoned wrongly with the force he was attempting to influence. By moral force a sturdy body of people like the Brethren might be educated up to desired standards but they can not be driven. On account of a seeming lack of interest in favor of higher education, there was no occasion whatever for severe criticism, for at that very moment the church had three colleges in operation and these were paving the way for a better educated ministry. Revival meetings for more than a half dozen years had been sweeping people, young and middle aged, into the church by the thousands. Our people were taking up work in towns and cities. In the way of intelligence, culture and efficiency our ministers were broadening out, and we had among us some men of decided ability as speakers and writers.

The church may have been a bit slow in coming to the financial support of her ministers, and yet these ministers in planting, building up and maintaining churches found it possible to cope with the best in their respective communities. There were, all told, about three points on which he held views different from the practice of the church. He denied the authority of the Annual Meeting to discipline individuals or churches. He had little use for the prayer veil, and also thought that the church was making too much of the dress question. Maybe she was, but if he could now visit most of our congregations he would say that she, as well as all other churches, was making too little of it. Had he been half as patient and one-third as diplomatic as were thousands of aggressive members who stayed by the mother church, he might have seen the day when most of the changes for which he contended were accepted by the church without any noticeable opposition. And this not because he was contending for them, but because the church in a normal way was naturally moving out in that direction.

It was unfortunate, very unfortunate we think, that the Milford Conference did not instruct Bro. Holsinger to sign his declaration, and then have the committee incorporate it in their report, and then let the past be past. He would doubtless have lived up to the pledge thus made and that would have put an end to all further division sentiment. While some others were exceedingly radical none of them would have headed a

movement for separation. But there were mistakes on both sides. There was too much excitement and too little diplomacy—too much zeal and not enough charity. The Dunkard Church has always been sensitive and on this occasion this sensitiveness may have gotten the better of good judgment. Still, when one carries matters so far as to break with the Conference of his church, it is hard telling what may happen. But the worst came to pass. Bro. Holsinger drifted from the church and many of his friends, some of them men of ability, went with him. They gathered around him, organized, and now we have two churches where John 17th chapter would indicate there should be but one. Yea, we have three, possibly four, where one should answer every purpose, having one Lord, one faith and one baptism. With him went a few thousand, in the course of a few years, possibly 5,000. Some said that he left more friends in the church than he took out, and some of them remained lifelong friends. They liked the man, admired his splendid ability, believed he was honest and held sound views regarding our generally accepted New Testament fundamentals, but felt quite sure that he had made the mistake of his life in permitting himself to break with the church of his fathers.

As to how much good he accomplished, or how much harm he did, it is not proper that I should venture an opinion, but there are a few things certain. He made quite a stir and commotion in the church while he was

with us. He put our people up to some most vigorous thinking and wakened them up all along the line. There can be no question about it but that he paved the way for the division, not intentionally, but as the natural results of his undiplomatic methods. Speaking of him in the memorial issue of the *Brethren Evangelist* for March 29, 1905, Bro. Howard Miller, editor of the *Inglenook,* a personal friend, and one who knew him at close range has this to say of Bro. Holsinger: "It would be hard to find another person, or to name one, who has so marked the Brethren Church at large. He was about forty years ahead of his surroundings. He was not a scholarly man in the sense of schools. He was a fighter. If he thought a thing ought to be done his plan was to do it, and like all such people he generally got the worst of it. He was nearly always in hot water in the church, and if he had his dues, as the world construes such things, he would have a monument for what he did. . . . Nor was Henry a good waiter. He was too impulsive a Peter for that."

After the organization of his church, the Brethren Church, he was held in high esteem, served in different capacities, sometimes as editor, and then as pastor. Seeing the comparatively small number that left the mother church, he was doubtless a disappointed man. On this point a year or two before I retired from the *Messenger,* I had quite a talk with one of his most enthusiastic comrades in the early movement of the division, S. H. Bashor. Bro. Bashor now and then vis-

ited me in my office at Elgin, and during our last talk he said something like this: "On leaving the old church I was never so badly disappointed in my life on noticing how few went with us. On throwing the gate wide open so that each one could dress as he or she pleased, we thought they would come by the thousands. But they would not come, showing that dress did not cut much of a figure." However, matters moved on and Bro. Holsinger's health grew worse. He had not been a well man for years. So in 1897 he went to California, where he with the help of Bro. J. W. Beer, his old time friend, wrote his "History of the Tunkers and the Brethren Church," a well illustrated book of 826 pages.

After his separation from the church I met him several times during a period when age and ill health were telling on him. On such occasions we talked of the past and about how things might have gone different. He complimented me on the splendid progress the Church of the Brethren was making. He spoke of our fine publishing house at Elgin. He had been anxious that our house should print his book, and in the early part of 1902 wrote me a very nice letter, asking us to advertise it at any rate. This letter I turned over to the General Mission Board for decision and reply. In the last letter he wrote, a long one, he had much to say about the *Messenger,* how he enjoyed the first page, and then made several suggestions regarding the general make-up of the paper. When he sent me a copy

of his book I did not give it as full a notice as might have been done. The book contained some valuable information, but in it were some things decidedly overstressed and others that should have been forgotten. He was naturally impulsive and did some writing while thus affected.

By and by, when growing weaker, he had a longing for his Pennsylvania environment and decided to go east. On this trip I met him in the home of Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago. Here we had our last talk. We had known each other for nearly forty years and while we had in the years gone by differed, even sharply, in our paper policies, still we had both lived long enough to get far away from any feelings growing out of the incidents of church separation. On Sunday, March 12, 1905, at Johnstown, Pa., he laid aside his earthly mantle, not quite seventy-two years old, and now over his grave there stands a suitable memorial block, and by his side rest the remains of Susanna, as devoted a wife as ever stood by the hymneal altar.

I have waited long, nearly fifty years, before writing this story. I wanted to get as far away as possible from the exciting scenes of the division so that I could write with charity for all and malice towards none. As is well known I, as an active editor, in charge of leading church papers, passed through the whole period of the exciting years. I knew all the leaders on both sides, talked with many of them as the years went by and have seen practically all of them pass from the

stage of activity. And so far as I can recall this is the first time that the story of the divide, from the Conservative side, has been written up by one who went through it all.

Practically all the leaders of those unfortunate years have passed over, but the churches they left still stand apart. Are they ever to get together again? If so, how and when? On this point I would like to write a whole chapter. But this part of our story is already long, too long. We can only pause to say that putting two churches together, and making one out of them, is no child's play. People can drift apart much easier than they can be won back to their former love for each other. Only wise and level heads can be entrusted with this reunion affair, and it may require years to bring about results. What we are here saying ought to serve as more than a hint to those who are so anxious to pull away from the mother church and establish something just a little different. However, we have this fortunate situation. The door of each church is standing wide open for the members of the other one to enter. It may be only a question as to which door we should all enter and become one in Christ Jesus.

Lewis W. Teeter

It was on Friday afternoon, May 30, 1890, at Warrensburg, Mo., that three brethren, along with hundreds of others, boarded a train headed for St. Louis. With one of the seats turned they sat facing each other and talking. It was a committee meeting on the moving train, while homeward bound. The Annual Meeting of that year, held at Pertle Springs, had just closed. The meeting had been asked to have published a commentary on the New Testament in keeping with the interpretation placed on it by the Brethren. The meeting decided favorably and appointed a committee, L. W. Teeter, Daniel Hays and myself, to take the matter under advisement and report at the next Conference. The three brethren thus conferring were holding their first committee meeting. In those days it was not customary for committee brethren to meet at some convenient point, take their time to working out their problems, and hand in a bill of expense for transportation, eats, hotels, Pullman and even time. We were saving expenses by discussing the problem as the train reeled off the miles.

In this meeting it was learned that Bro. Teeter, then forty-five years old, had already outlined a plan for a New Testament commentary. After discussing the plan somewhat freely Bro. Hays and myself suggested that since Bro. Teeter had the project in contemplation, he, on his own responsibility, should proceed with the

work, and that we would so report to the next Conference. This practically ended the responsibility of our committee, and Bro. Teeter, after reaching home, buckled down to his task. He devoted four years to preparing his notes, and then came to Mount Morris, Ill., with his well prepared manuscript. As the printers put the matter in type he read proof. In due time the work, in two large, neat volumes, was completed and put on the market. This was the crowning effort of his life and labors and while the work, as a commentary, never became popular, still it was well received and enjoyed a creditable circulation. Whatever he undertook he endeavored to do well, and as he had an eye for the artistic he saw to it that the type, paper, style of binding and general appearance of the volumes were attractive. This made the work rather costly, and that figured against its circulation. Still, it is a work of merit in many respects and is probably the only commentary in the English language having the references and marginal readings directly below the different verses.

At this time Bro. Teeter was probably in his prime as a preacher, evangelist, writer and religious statesman, for he was a statesman almost by nature. He was born in Wayne County, Ind., Oct. 15, 1845. Educated in the common schools, he spent some months in an academy, and taught a few terms. He was always studious, had a special liking for literature, formed good habits of study and living, and remained a student all the years of his life. At the age of twenty-one

he was married to a daughter of David Bowman, and the same year they both united with the church. A few years before this there were two incidents that greatly impressed the young man. The Annual Meeting for 1864 was held at Hagerstown, where Bro. Teeter then lived, and was presided over by the gifted Eld. John Kline, of sacred memory. He looked upon Eld. Kline as the most marvelous man he had ever seen before a public assembly. He was not only a great preacher but he was a most efficient presiding officer. Still a bit earlier he attended a meeting where Eld. R. H. Miller, then about forty, did the preaching, and years afterward said that he was simply carried away by his pleasing style of speaking, and by the resistless force of his logical arguments. In the very atmosphere of these incidents he put on Christ in baptism. He felt that in the church, ahead of him, there were great thinkers who would prove an inspiration in helping to mould his own life.

At the age of thirty-one, 1876, he was called to the ministry, and nine years later was ordained to the eldership, and immediately placed in charge of the congregation. He proved himself a most efficient overseer of the flock as well as a preacher of marked ability. So skilfully did he manage the affairs of the kingdom that in due time his became the largest church in Southern Indiana, and was also looked upon as one of the largest and most active churches in the Brother-

hood. As a preacher we had among us few better, more instructive and more entertaining.

In arranging a sermon and treating a subject he was systematic almost to a fault. At outlining a discourse he was simply an adept, and when once prepared he permitted nothing to swerve him from his line of thought. The most of his sermon thinking was done at his desk with pen and paper in hand. When it came his turn to preach he entered the pulpit prepared for his task. He never desecrated the pulpit with jokes and witticism. With him preaching the Gospel was a serious matter and he felt keenly the responsibility resting upon him as a message bearer. In dealing out the Word at the sacred desk he was as exact as the bank cashier in passing out money. He deemed it his duty to preach the Word as he found it in the Book, not a select part of it but all of it. As the message came from him it was, so far as he was able to make it such, a well balanced, spiritual meal, the word and the spirit. In his way of thinking they both went together, stressing one just as much as he stressed the other. Some looked upon him as almost legalistic, but he was nothing of the sort. His idea was to give the people the Word, as well as to help them to the spirit for all there was in both of them. He never attempted to separate them, or try to make it appear that one was of more importance than the other. This policy of dealing with scriptural questions made of him the ideal preacher he was. As a rule people converted under his preaching were not

only soundly but intelligently converted. On coming to the church they knew just what they were doing.

In a revival, or any place else, he was fine on the church doctrine, and New Testament fundamentals in general. He presented them in spirit as well as in truth, never permitting a command or a doctrine to stand separated from its spiritual setting. Listening to him no one would dream that he thought of one without thinking of the other. His manner of treating a doctrine was most pleasing and convincing. He did not censure others for holding different views, but presented his views as though he thought there was no other side to the question.

One would have to go a long way to find a man of finer personality and more appropriate pulpit ethics. He was perfectly at home before an audience. A speaker of rare dignity and yet a man of rare meekness. He seemed to have been made on purpose for the pulpit. He was a man a little above the usual size, well built, almost perfectly so, large head, strong and full face and wore a beard universally admired because of its beauty and well kept condition. Wherever seen, in public or in private, in the pulpit or on the crowded streets, he looked like a preacher and behaved like one. No one had to look at him a second time to determine what he was and where he belonged.

He was a good writer as well as a good preacher, and was as careful in the preparation of his manuscript as he was in preparing his sermon outlines. It

was simply a pleasure to receive articles from his pen. His matter for the press was not as full of pep as that contributed by some others, but the articles made good solid and helpful reading, and on no occasion did they give an uncertain sound. This was also true of his preaching. He could be depended upon to say the correct thing in a creditable way.

After entering the eldership he rapidly rose in influence among the Brethren, both in his own State and in the Brotherhood at large. He often served as moderator at his home District Meetings, and also as moderator and reading clerk in general Conference. He was repeatedly chosen a member of the Standing Committee and served twelve years on the General Mission Board. In short, he probably filled as many positions on committees, boards and in all classes of church work as any man we ever had among us. He was a good, intelligent and deliberate counselor in practically every department of church work. Here he displayed his finest ability. He understood the rules, regulations and genius of the church, and meant in his teaching to be as true to these principles as the magnetic needle is true to the poles. In this particular he was looked upon as a trusty, religious statesman. He made it his business when acting on a committee or a board to take care of the interest of the church. Some did not always agree with him in some of his carefully reasoned out conclusions, but they listened to his reasoning with

the keenest of interest. Probably no elder among us was more highly respected.

His personal life was ideal. Uniformly unselfish, always pleasant. I served much with him on committees. Was often with him as he met with the different boards of which he might be a member. In a most tactful manner he brought his fine congregation through the disturbing period when several thousand members, the Old Order and Progressives, became separated from the church. In sentiment he was a strictly loyal progressive, accepting and encouraging all that was found good in the different elements. After getting fairly free from the elements and issues that had given her so much trouble, the church forged ahead and made more rapid progress than she had done in any former period of her history and it was during these years of rapid strides that Bro. Teeter proved of great value in helping to hold things steady. Under all circumstances, however exciting, he kept cool and carried a level head.

In every way you might take him he was a fine family man, at home or away from home. When attending the General Mission Board meetings at Elgin he nearly always made our home his home, and in my family he was a most welcome guest. To us his visits were regarded as so many blessings. After remaining in this world a little more than eighty-two years he closed his earthly mission Oct. 28, 1927, having been a lifelong blessing to his community and an honor to the

church. The life he lived is accurately set forth in James 3:2: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body."

A Busy Teacher, Preacher and Writer

It was Saturday evening, Sept. 28, 1850, that two Brethren preachers rode up to a farmhouse of a devout and well-to-do deacon in Union County, Pa. They hailed from Rockingham County, Va. They had been on the road nineteen days and had done much preaching of evenings and Sundays en route. On this occasion they were on a preaching tour, meaning to visit a number of the churches in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. Union County is near the middle of the state. Both preachers, one especially well and widely known, were welcomed by the deacon and his good wife and invited to spend the night in their home. The day had been clear and the evening was cool enough to make the fire in the old-fashioned fire place feel real comfortable.

The family was large, five sons and two daughters, and as the conversation proceeded in front of the blazing fire, each of the children listened, and some of them with intense interest; especially was this true of a twelve-year-old boy seated back in one corner of the room. The boy had been afflicted for five years, with no prospect whatever of relief, and was very despondent. One of the visitors was not only a gifted preacher

but a practicing physician as well. As the hours passed he occasionally glanced at the boy in the corner, and finally made inquiry about him. He was told of the condition of the lad by the parents and also the boy himself. After talking with the boy a bit the beloved physician told him what medicine, herbs, to procure, how to use them, and then how to take care of himself, saying that if these directions were followed he would get well. The boy went to bed that night with something new in his head. The next morning, Sunday, the boy was up and out, bright and early, admiring the man who had started his brain to acting more vigorously. The medicine was procured, and the boy never had but one spell of his affliction from that date on. He buckled down to study, in school applied himself diligently, and in a little more than three years we find him as teacher in a school of forty pupils, not a few of them older and larger than himself.

That preacher was Eld. John Kline, then fifty-three years old. When he spoke encouragingly to the despondent boy that evening he did not realize that he was dropping into the ocean of time a pebble creating wavelets that would some day encircle the globe, and cause his name and the incident to be mentioned by a dozen historians. Many a preacher, by a passing notice or a word of encouragement, has touched the mainspring of a boy's activity at the opportune moment. That boy was J. G. Royer, or John Grover Royer, for full, whose real history dates from the memorable evening

mentioned above, though he was born twelve years before, April 22, 1838. In early life he was not strong enough for manual labor, but after meeting with Bro. Kline took to books like a duck to water. He mastered the different branches rapidly, and that is why we find him a teacher while yet in his teens. He taught school during the winter months and attended an academy and then a seminary in the summer. In this way he became a most efficient teacher. He not only learned what to teach but he made a specialty of the science of teaching. Teaching was his profession, and he honored the profession in the highest degree. As a teacher he was simply a genius, and continued in the active work for fifty years.

When twenty-three years old he was married to Elizabeth Reif, a typical wife and mother. Two years later, 1863, he moved to Darke County, Ohio, and after eight years we find him in White County, Ind., and in the spring of 1876, principal of Monticello school, same State. In 1884, when forty-six years old, he became president of Mount Morris College, which position he held for twenty years.

When thirty-three years old, 1871, and while yet living in Indiana, he was called to the ministry, and entered upon his new duties with zeal and intelligence. He had been so accustomed to the public, even from boyhood, that he did not seem to have to learn to preach. He knew how from the start. Beginning at the age of thirty-three would appear a bit late in life

to take up a new line of work requiring strenuous effort. And yet it is remarkable how many of the gifted preachers mentioned in this series of articles were not elected to the ministry until after the age of twenty-six. They all, without an exception, made a success of their high and holy calling. In his home State Bro. Royer, as a minister, came rapidly to the front, and was soon recognized as a man of ability and influence. When Eld. R. H. Miller held his debate with Aaron Walker in Miami County, Ind., in 1876, he served as Bro. Miller's representative on the committee of moderators, and it was here that he got an insight, keen and deep, into the principles held by the Brethren, and their manner of defense, that stayed by him all the years of his life. While always a man of activity and mental vigor the discussion put into him a lot of genuine pep and self-reliance.

On assuming the presidency of Mount Morris College he entered upon his real life's work as a teacher. All prior to this was a matter of preparation, not so much in scholarship as the ability to teach, to know what should be taught and how to teach it. Our people doubtless had better scholars among them but no one commanded more influence in educational circles than Bro. Royer. His standing among the school men was not gauged by the degrees held but by his efficiency as a teacher and a school manager. Probably not another man in our whole list of teachers could put more life into a class, be it a class in a Bible institute, in normal

training or in his own classroom. As a teacher, and that is what he was by nature, he certainly made his calling a success.

He entered upon his work at Mount Morris College at a time when hundreds of our young people needed training as well as inspiration for the ministry. The missionary spirit was bubbling up here and there and we needed trained workers along this line. Teachers were needed everywhere, and the church as a body was badly in need of better educated fathers and mothers. In his teaching he broadened out over this whole field, and we are safe in saying that in this training he touched the lives of more of our young people than any other man of his generation. In a sense his school became a veritable beehive for church workers. While keeping up the literary standing of his school he made the very atmosphere religious, genuine Dunkard religion at that. It was a Brethren school in name, practice and spirit. Under this influence went trained young men and women who are circling the globe in their mission efforts, a working force on which the sun never sets. This was the result of the little pebble dropped by that grand man, Eld. John Kline when he incidentally started the despondent boy on the road that led up to health, efficiency and fame.

During his years of activity at Mount Morris College Bro. Royer came in contact with the leaders of the Brotherhood. Hither, from time to time, came the best thinkers among us. The Brethren Publishing Company

and headquarters of the General Mission Board being located here made the little country town for the best part of a generation the hub of the Brotherhood. To be constantly in touch with these influences, to mingle almost daily with those having charge of these activities, as well as other prominent thinkers, was a privilege that he highly prized and appreciated, and by which he was immensely encouraged and stimulated. Bro. Royer was a good teacher, did an unusual amount of teaching, and while some of his sermons were better than others, still I never heard him deliver a poor discourse. He put a lot of hard work on his sermon notes, using for the purpose any slip of paper that might come handy, filling even the margins; I used to wonder while he was preaching, how he could keep track of his crowded notes. He always seemed ready and had the faculty of concentrating his whole thought power on the subject in hand. The ability to concentrate his thoughts on a given point had been acquired in long continued efforts in the school room and served him in an excellent way while in the pulpit. Of him we may very consistently say that in at least three things he excelled: in teaching, in preaching and in institute work. Place him in charge of an institute, biblical or educational, and he would soon have things boiling over with interest and enthusiasm. In not a few instances he served in other capacities, sometimes on the Standing Committee, and four times as Conference secretary. He did good work on important com-

mittees and there were few who could measure up to him as a presiding officer in a ministerial or Sunday-school meeting.

I never met a man who could so readily assume an easy and natural pose on entering a home for the first time. He knew just how to approach people in their homes so as to make every one in the home feel easy. His manner of approach, when calling on a family in the community, where he was holding a revival, was ideal. Though a stranger in the community he wanted no one to accompany him. On entering a family, large or small, he had the knack of taking in the whole situation at a glance and winning the confidence and often the admiration of people from the start. It was this social quality that helped him so greatly in his revival, Bible reading and institute work. In every department of life he acted the part of a gentleman. In a well filled railroad coach I have seen him give up his seat to ladies, though strangers, and seek accommodations elsewhere while a dozen other men, half his age, would not even move their feet and luggage from the extra seats they were attempting to appropriate.

Bro. Royer was a good writer. Did a great deal of it for different publications in the Brotherhood. He put a lot of work on his manuscript, even on the margins, and was pretty free with interlining. One day on handing me a manuscript interlined here and there and some of the margins pretty well occupied, I told him that it might be a good idea to organize in his

school a class having for its purpose a course of lessons on the preparation of manuscript for the press, and I would suggest that he become teacher of the class. He took the hint good-humoredly, as he did all such things. I handed him a manuscript tablet and told him when that was used up to come and get another, that the extra paper he might use, by writing on the lines only, would cost a good deal less than the time required to make out many of his closely written words found between the lines and on the margins. We had no more trouble with his manuscript, but he used much more paper which we were quite willing to furnish. Under the significant and striking title, The Sick, the Dying and the Dead, he prepared one of the best manuals of the sort, sixty-four pages, that we have ever seen. In a brief way it abounds in helpful suggestions and gives every evidence of much thought and skill in its preparation.

In the way of the outstanding doctrines and tenets of the Church of the Brethren Bro. Royer was reckoned among the trusty ones of the Brotherhood. He gave evidence of this in his preaching, writing and teaching. His was a large family, eight children, and every one of them united with the church in the teens. When closing his connection with the college he had no thought of retiring from work. Probably, like Edison, he did not consider retiring healthful. His philosophy was to work, should he live that long, till Jesus comes. All the afternoon of life he kept up his preaching and

revival work until within a few weeks of his call to come up higher. He often visited me in my office in Elgin, and usually had in mind some point as a topic for conversation. On one occasion, probably four years before closing his earthly labors, he remarked that a good deal was being said and written about old men retiring from the ministry while they yet had sense enough to do it gracefully. He wanted to know what I had to suggest about the proper time for him to wind up his preaching. I asked him if he was still receiving calls to come and conduct meetings. He said that he had more calls than he could fill. I told him I would suggest that when the calls stopped coming it might be a good time for him to take the matter of retiring under advisement. For him the calls did not cease coming until Jan. 25, 1917, when he was called from the field below to the great unexplored field above, aged seventy-nine years, and all but fifteen of these strenuous years were given to public service for the good and upbuilding of humanity. In his labors our brother made a marvelous contribution to the age in which he lived, and left to others, in the way of training and character, an influence that encircles the globe.

A Literary Critic

EVERY one who reads the *Literary Digest,* has a copy of the new Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia, or a copy of the late ever-growing Standard Dictionary, knows something about the great publishing house of Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York. Prior to 1912 Dr. Isaac Funk, head of the firm, was the literary genius of the editorial staff. The firm made dictionaries, encyclopedias and nearly everything else that deals with words, their meaning and use. One day, nearly forty years ago, a young well educated man recently from Europe, walked into the great establishment, and without leave or formality, approached the editor at his desk and said: "Mr. Funk, I want to work for you on your dictionary and I am well qualified for it. To prove to you that I am I will work for you two days for nothing." Mr. Funk accepted his proposition and put the willing young man to work, and he is with the firm to this day, posing as editor of the New Standard Dictionary, and several other works of the dictionary type. That man is Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly. He lives and works in a den of books, is as happy as a lark, and probably more words and their meanings pass his editorial scrutiny than any other man living. In the way of value in the literary world he is worth more than his weight in gold and yet only a few people know anything about him.

In a large measure this may well represent the story

of Bro. Lewis A. Plate, who for nearly fifty years was practically submerged by the publishing business of the Church of the Brethren. To the editorial chair of our church papers editors might come and go, as they did to the number of a full dozen, but Bro. Plate remained to serve with all of them, in a sense was a servant of all, sometimes eyes and ears and possibly brains when and where his help was needed. An editor, or all of them for that matter, might be absent or indisposed for days, and even weeks, and yet the church paper would come forth almost as regularly as the rising and setting of the sun, simply because the man who indulged in no vacations and was seldom sick remained at his post. He would take a manuscript, however faulty its condition, put it in good reading form, and in days when composition was done by hand, put the article into type, read the proof, write up the editorial news, make up the forms, send them down to the press rooms, and then go to work on the next issue. All this he often did without one word of complaint. Some of the readers might write the editor nice letters thanking him for the splendid spirit of this, that or the other paper, but never think or concern themselves about the diligent and efficient man sitting back in the corner or in some quiet room smoothing off the rough corners and polishing up the language for the reading public. He may not have been the power behind the throne but he saw to it that the throne was taken care of and properly represented.

Bro. Plate was delighted with his work. He seemed to want to do nothing else. He was a practical all-round printer, fine proof reader and a good writer. His knowledge of the English language was far above the average even among the educated. As a literary critic of the constructive type he was a genius. When it came to printed matter he gloried in perfection in appearance and scholarship. He detested a mistake and from early in the morning until noon, and then till the evening quitting hour, with well shielded eyes, he would buckle down to manuscript correcting, proof reading and writing. He wasted no time. No business manager ever complained about Bro. Plate not putting in full time or not earning his wages. By diligent application and studied efficiency he made himself as nearly indispensable as it is possible for human flesh and brain to become.

I knew Bro. Plate as I knew no other man connected with the Publishing House, and was in close touch with him for a longer period than any other one serving on the editorial staff. We were not chums, for neither of us ever had a chum, but regarding our religious views we were in perfect accord. Somehow he saw things as I did and I saw them very much as they appeared to him. The doctrines, principles and policies of the church were his. He was quick to detect in a manuscript any expression out of line with the accepted claims of the church. He thought that a church paper should line up with the teachings of the

church it represented to the last dot. Yes, he was aggressive, but thought the church was the one to lead out. As a writer and critic he was as efficient in general literature as on religious questions. He seldom discussed or treated a subject at length. His method was brevity, seldom developing a thought beyond two and three hundred words, and no one ever grew tired of reading what he wrote.

Besides his service, first on the *Brethren at Work,* then on the *Messenger,* he did an amazing amount of work as literary critic and proof reader on a score or more of books, pamphlets, tracts, Sunday-school and other papers put out by the Brethren. For a period of near thirty-five years he dressed up the manuscript and read the proof for nearly everything coming from the Brethren. Those eyes of his saw more words, scanned more sentences and detected more mistakes than any other two eyes ever set in a Dunkard head. It is because of his efficiency as a constructive critic that the bulk of our publications during the years of his activity read as well as they do. Now and then coming to my room in a state of excitement he might say, " Bro. Moore, I can do a lot of things but I am no mind reader. If the fellow writing this article," referring to a manuscript he was putting in shape, " would say what he means I might help him. He must think I am a mind reader." And while thus worked up he might for the moment make use of some pretty vigorous English. He had his faults as everybody has, but his efficiency and faith-

fulness overshadowed all his defects. He was not only efficient in English but in German as well. There was a time when the Conference Minutes were published in German as well as English. It was his business to make the translation and then set the German type. I have seen him place the English minutes on his copy holder and make the translation as he put the matter in type. This he would do by the hour. In the early history of the *Brethren at Work* we published a German monthly for which I did some writing. He would take my manuscript to his German type case, set it up in German, translating it as he proceeded.

Bro. Plate was born in Bremen, Germany in 1855, coming from a well educated family. His father, a Ph. D. professor of languages in the Collegiate Institute of Bremen, was the author of several textbooks. The educational advantages of Bremen were first class, and after Lewis, as we generally called him in the office, completed the course he took some advance studies at Zurich, Switzerland. In order to escape military duty he came to America when seventeen years old. Attending the Annual Meeting at Meyersdale, Pa., the next year, 1873, he got in touch with the Brethren and a little later united with the church. As a printer he did some work in the *Christian Family Companion* office and also the *Pilgrim* office at Huntingdon. In 1875 he started a small German paper at Lancaster but later moved it to Philadelphia where he in the little enterprise became associated with Bro. J. T. Myers.

In the fall of 1876 the outfit was moved to Lanark, Ill., where I first met him. He was then twenty-one years old, a typical young German with German ways. He became foreman of our printing department and lived in my home until I solemnized his marriage. With the exception of a brief period he remained with the office through all its changes until his death Dec. 31, 1923, aged sixty-eight and six months past, having been connected with the printing business among the Brethren for fifty years, first as a compositor and finally assistant editor of the *Messenger*. For a number of years he served in the deacon's office and a good deacon he was, always at his post and ready for any task coming his way. He was not by nature a leader but preferred the subordinate position. However, as foreman of the deacons he kept his forces well lined up and saw to it that everything pertaining to the deacon's work was properly and timely done. In this way he proved a wonderful help to the pastor. As a Sunday-school teacher he was probably without a rival in his State for punctuality. In a Sunday-school parade, a few months before his death, he carried a banner on which was inscribed: "Perfect Attendance for Twenty-four Years."

In the way of creditable printing, good proof reading, well dressed up matter and literary polish, Bro. Plate surely made his mark among the Brethren and that, too, in a measure never before excelled by any member of the church. Here was his forte. Here lay

his strength and real worth. And in this capacity he was contented to serve and so far as enjoyments were concerned, his office room was his haven. He was not what we call a deep thinker but he was a broad thinker, his thoughts and knowledge of things encircling the globe, even reaching the realm of the stars. We are not likely to ever have another man just like him. In a way he was unique.

Explanatory

Serving the purpose of an explanation I now wish, in these concluding paragraphs, to invite attention to an incident that occurred in Bro. Plate's room a few years before I left the office. We were discussing the origin and use of words as editors and literary critics sometimes do, when he called my attention to the etymology of the German word Dunkard, or Tunkard as it is in the German. He said that Tunkard was a hybrid, that is, a word formed of elements from two different languages, having a German stem, "tunk" and a French ending "ard." Putting the two together we have Tunkard. The word Tunker, as applied to our people, who immersed, meant dipper or dippers. By and by it was observed that Tunker did not exactly describe the action in baptism, for there were three dips instead of one, as was the custom among the Baptists. So some genius for word making added the French "ard" to the German "tunk" thus coining the word Tunkard, meaning not only dipping but persistency in dipping,

dipping to excess, or overdoing the thing. Possibly much dipping would express the idea.

It was not until after I came to Florida that I found time to look up the possible origin of the word. I wrote a number of our brethren who are familiar with the German. Bro. S. Z. Sharp, quite at home in the German, says: "Bro. Plate is right in saying that the suffix 'ard' attached to the root of tunken, to dip, means to dip repeatedly. Hence Tunkard means one who dips frequently." He further says: "In Greek we have the word bapto which means simply to dip, but when the suffix izo is attached to the root bapt, we have baptizo which means repeated dipping." I wrote Dr. Vizetelly, mentioned in the early part of this chapter, than whom there is no better authority, telling what Bro. Plate said. After citing certain authorities he says: "They bear out the statement you make with one exception, and that concerns the suffix "ard," which is French as you say, but which was obtained by the French from the German." So there would seem to be something worthy of note in Bro. Plate's contention that Tunkard originally meant those who in baptism dipped repeatedly. This meaning of the word, to dip repeatedly, has been lost, while in most parts of the United States the "T" has been dropped and replaced by "D," hence Dunkard. These paragraphs quite briefly explain my reason for employing the word Dunkard instead of Tunker in this story of Some Brethren Pathfinders. Often when asked by intelli-

gent strangers for the origin and meaning of the word I take pleasure in telling them what gave rise to the word, how it happens to mean those who in their baptism have the repeated action, much the same as is expressed in the Greek baptizo, to dip repeatedly. For whatever else may come out of a further development of the subject Bro. Plate should be given the credit for first suggesting the idea. And in fact there may be more in it than most readers ever dreamed of.

The End

To all things there must be an end, and here ends my story, not because the material at our disposal is exhausted—for there are fully twenty others of whom we would like to say something—but we think enough has been told to show that in the generations gone by we had a band of devout and efficient leaders worthy of any honor that we might possibly be able to confer upon them. All honor to the noble heroes of the cross and heroes of the wilderness. They blazed the way for present and future generations and we shall do well to keep their achievements in mind, and profit by their devotion, experiences and sacrifices.